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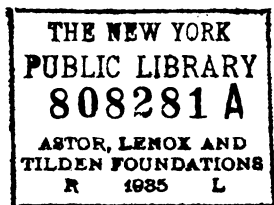
NASA
Childs

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND;
DESIGNED FOR
FAMILIES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS;

EDITED BY
ELIZA L. FOLLEN.

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VOLUME III.  
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BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES,
1845.



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THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1844.

NO. 1.

ON HUMILITY.

WHAT is humility? How was it manifested in the life and teachings of Jesus?

Meanness of mind, calling yourself the vilest of sinners, thinking that you can do no good thing, this is not as some think, humility. But to think soberly and justly of yourself, this is true humility. He who fixes his eye steadily on perfection, and compares himself only with that, while he strives ever to approach nearer to it, he must of necessity grow humble. And yet the soul that thus feeds on excellence must also grow nobler and greater with every rising sun.

To keep perfect excellence ever in our eye and to compare ourselves only with that, this then is the way to learn humility; this also is the way to grow truly noble, this will carry us on from glory to glory; that is, from one excellence to another. So is it that "he who humbleth himself shall be exalted."

VOL. III.

1

Let us examine the life and listen to the teachings of Jesus, and see whether they taught humility, and how. Jesus knew that he was endowed with miraculous power; he felt that the Father had sent him into the world with a message of love to all mankind that would be heard and felt to the end of all time; he did not hesitate to declare that he was the Son of God, that the Father had sent him: he ever appears possessed with a serene, a sublime consciousness of power; he heals the sick, he declares pardon to the sinner, he controls the storm, he raises the dead, he rebukes the wicked, he threatens men in power with punishment, and yet how gentle, how meek and lowly, how truly humble he appears to us, how continually does he teach this virtue to his disciples. He began by setting a little child before them as an example that that they were to imitate, as a model of true humility to them. But his life and teachings are full of such lessons. He says to his followers, "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant,"—that is, the most perfect man will be the most kind, the most forgetful of himself, the most thoughtful and careful of others. "Neither be ye called masters."—"Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." That is, whoever thinks of and seeks only for his own good, shall lose sight of perfection and become low and degraded, and whoever, forgetting himself, seeks after excellence, strives after the highest good, he shall become truly great and noble. "If any desire to be first the same shall be last of all." "Whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister." That is, your helper and friend. "When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room"—These

and many more precepts of a like character were his lessons of humility, and how did his conduct correspond with his teachings? We must not forget, that although Jesus was persecuted and insulted, and finally crucified, yet never did any man produce such an effect upon mankind as did he. He, who as he appeared to many, was only the son of a carpenter, from the despised city of Nazareth, was yet followed and admired by multitudes of the people, many of whom gave up their employments, their family, and homes, and all things to follow him; many were ready to fall down at his feet and worship him as a God, and all were prepared to be his instruments for any selfish end. Remembering only the cruel death of Jesus, and the apparent triumph of his enemies, we are perhaps not enough aware of his great success, of the immense power he possessed over the people, if he had been disposed to use it for his own selfish ends: But in this, as in all things, he was a perfect example that we may follow.

Let us take some parts of his story as illustrations of this truth. It says in the seventh chapter of John that when he taught in the temple, the Jews marvelled, saying, "How knoweth this man letters having never learned them?" Jesus answered, "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself. He that speaketh of himself seeketh his own glory." It was evidently the wish of Jesus to turn away the thoughts of the people from himself, and his wonderful powers, to the truths he taught, to the Father who inspired him, and he tells them that any one who did the will of God would know of his doctrines

whether they were true or not. He says, "I seek not my own glory"; and in all his actions we feel the truth of this declaration. When the disciples wondered at the destruction of the fig-tree, and as we may imagine, were more than usually impressed with his power, Jesus disclaims any other power beyond what they or any one might possess if they had the same faith. "If" he says, "ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig-tree, but also ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, and it shall be done." So when the poor woman touched the hem of his garment that she might be healed of her disease, he turned and told her, that it was her faith that had made her whole. Far from seeking honor and glory for himself, he sought to avoid all expressions of it from men. Any but a truly humble as well as noble being would have been ready to think, and to allow others to think, that it was his own miraculous power, rather than the perfect faith of the poor woman, that had cured her disease. In studying the Gospel you will find many instances like this of humility in Jesus. Observe how constantly he refers those, who overcome with love and admiration, at the wonderful perfection of his life, and his sublime teachings, would worship him, would bow down before and do him reverence, how he refers them to the All Perfect One. He says, "Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is God." He tells his disciples, that he is sent by the Father, but he speaks of this, as a proof of the love of God, not in order to glorify himself. The great purpose of his teachings, and of his whole life, was evidently to bring men to God, not to exalt himself. He says, "who-

soever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Spirit, it shall not be forgiven him." This means that whoever spoke against him or despised him, as a man, a finite and therefore imperfect being, might be forgiven; but whoever hated the Infinite Spirit which inspired him, he was the sinner, whom Jesus declared might not be forgiven.

So at all times, we see the soul of Jesus is dwelling in the presence, and in intimate communion with the All Perfect; and that the idea of self is swallowed up and lost in the idea of the Great Being, whom he spoke of to his disciples in his last hours, as their Father, and his Father.

This unwillingness to draw attention to himself is strikingly and beautifully shown by Jesus after his transfiguration. He tells his friends who were with him at this solemn, mysterious hour, to "tell the vision to no man until the Son of man be risen from the dead." In many instances after he had cured the sick, he desired the grateful sufferers to tell no man, he refuses their grateful homage to himself, and sends them to the temple to return thanks to God, from whom all good things proceed.

Contemplate Jesus on the night he was betrayed, the last night of his great and beautiful life; see him washing the feet of his disciples, teaching them by this act that we should serve one another; acting out his own precept, that he who was greatest among them, should be ready and willing to minister to the commonest wants of the body as well as to the highest wants of the soul. Does it not melt your hearts with love to Jesus when you

remember that the performance of this humble service was his last act of love for his friends.

Cannot children, cannot we all,—for in comparison with the perfect Jesus we are all children,—imitate his humility? Cannot we strive to keep perfection in view and habitually measure ourselves by the standard of perfect excellence which he has set before us, and thus shall we not at last learn to be humble? He that has lived in the sight of God's glorious sunshine, would not be contented to live in a cavern with only a dull lamp. So if you contemplate perfect goodness you will think little of your small excellence, and you will of necessity be humble.

If you possess any uncommon gift, like Jesus you can ever remember the Giver of all good gifts. Have you riches, have you talents, have you wisdom, have you power, have you a full and generous and loving heart, have you health and strength and beauty, have you reputation and power? like Jesus, you can ever remember that there is but one Good, one all-powerful, all-loving, all-wise Being. In thinking of Him and his perfections, you will not think of your poor attainments or excellencies be they never so great, but you will

“Lose yourself in Him, in light ineffable.”

E. L. F.

WITH respect to Christ, the wisest are but elder children performing the office of monitors to younger Christians.

C. FOLLEN.

GRACE MILLS.

The thoughtless tongue the weather chides,
Though God's own hand each season guides.

"OH! mother, I am tired to death of sewing" said Grace Mills, dropping her work, crossing her hands listlessly on her lap, and throwing herself back in her chair; "It is so terribly warm this afternoon that I cannot sew, and I do wish that I had something else to do to keep myself awake."

"Do not, my dear child, yield to such indolent feelings," replied Mrs Mills; "indeed I think half the heat of which you complain is in your imagination; for, though I have been working on this gown all day, I have not felt disposed to complain of the weather. If you do not wish to sew longer, we will go to Mrs. Berry's, and carry to Becky this gown which I have now finished."

"I should be delighted to go with you, mother; for Becky is a dear girl, and always seems so happy."

"You may well take an useful lesson from her, Grace, who, deprived of some of the greatest blessings of life, is still contented and cheerful. Put on your bonnet now, for I have another visit to make, and it will be dark before we return, unless we go immediately."

While Grace was adjusting her dress, Mrs Mills put into a basket the gown and some oranges which she was to take to Becky, and they set out on their visit to the poor child. It was a sultry day in July; and though the sun shone very brightly, it yet had not dried away the pools of water in the road, occasioned by the heavy

showers of the previous day. The patience of poor Grace was sorely tried in this walk ; added to the heat, of which she had made so frequent complaints before, was the muddy walking which she had not anticipated. Some contented children would have thought nothing of these discomforts, or regarded them as trivial compared with the pleasure she expected from her visit ; but Grace, though an excellent girl in many respects, had the disagreeable habit of complaining about trifles ; and when everything was not exactly as she wished, would wonder why it was not so, and what need there was of its being otherwise ; quite forgetting that others might be equally dissatisfied with what pleased her. After walking for some time by the side of her mother in silence, she resisted no longer the inclination to express her vexation, but sighed loud and long.

“What is the matter now, daughter,” said Mrs. Mills, “are you tired of this walk and wishing to return ?”

“Oh ! no,” said Grace, “I would not for the world give up going to see Becky ; but I have been thinking how tedious it is to pick our way through this mud, with the scorching sun in our faces ; and then too how much better to have this rain tomorrow after we have taken this walk, and had the pleasure I lost yesterday. I never was so disappointed in my life as when I saw the rain pouring down yesterday ; after expecting so long to pass that day with Annie Tracy, to have it rain so that I could not go——oh ! it was too bad.”

“Why, my dear child, yesterday was not the only day that could be passed with Annie ; there is a Thursday every week, and you know she is always at home from school on that day.”

"But I may not be invited there again," said Grace.

"I have already received an invitation for you to go there next Thursday," was the quiet reply.

Grace was somewhat soothed by this anticipation, but expressed her opinion still that the rain had been better postponed. Coming to a part of the road, extremely muddy, she proposed to her mother to walk near the fence, where the bank was shadowed by the pendant branches of the kindly protecting elms, and skirted by the fragrant sweet briar.

"A pathway so uneven as that near the fence, is better suited to your young active feet than to mine," replied Mrs. Mills; "and while you go there, I will keep pace with you on this more level part of the road." It was not long before Grace cried out, "Stop, mother; stop for me;" and, looking back, her mother saw that her dress was entangled in a bush, from which she was trying in vain to extricate it. She climbed the bank, and helped to disengage the dress. "Oh! these plaguy sweetbriars," pettishly exclaimed Grace, "what torments they are! They have been scratching me, and catching my dress ever since I came upon this bank." "That was rather troublesome, my 'dear; but as you went to the bushes, and not they to you, I do not see that you have any right to complain of them."

"There, I knew, mother, that you would say something of that kind, for you never think anything worth complaining about," said Grace, quite vexed that her mother should be so free from irritation. "I resolved at first to say nothing of the ugly briars, which tormented me so; but when they held me so fast I could not help it; and now I must say I do not see what need there is of

such thorny things in the world ; the roses would smell quite as sweet without thorns."

"Do you remember, Grace, the lines you read to me this morning from Thomson's Seasons, where he speaks of the thorns catching the wool of sheep as they passed, and this wool being used by the birds in building their nests? There is *one* use, at least, of the thorns ; and probably the reason that we do not find every thing in the whole world useful is from our limited knowledge of their properties. Science is continually making new discoveries of the uses of things before unsuspected ; and when you have lived a few years longer, and studied the wonders of our Father's beautiful universe with an attentive mind and loving heart, you may be convinced that there is nothing which is not 'formed for admirable ends,' which is useless, though you may not know the particular use to which it may be applied." They had now come within sight of Mrs Berry's house, a poor, unpainted hut, containing but one room with a single window, and apparently the abode of great want. But a nearer approach gave a more pleasant impression than the distant view ; the rows of hollyhocks, marigolds, and chrysanthemums in the narrow yard, with the woodbine and morning glories twined round the window, and climbing over the shabby fence, shewed that if the inmates of that dwelling were poor, they were not idle ; and that, though deprived of most of the comforts, and all the luxuries of their wealthy neighbors, they were still inclined to enjoy the blessings which Providence had granted them. Mrs. Berry saw them approaching, and recognizing her kind friend, laid by her work to receive them.

"How is Becky this afternoon?" said Mrs. Mills, as she

placed in the poor woman's hands the basket of comforts for her suffering child, "is she able to receive a visit from us, or shall we call another day?" "Come in, ma'am, pray come in," said the widow; it gladdens Becky's heart to have a call from you and Miss Grace; she is but poorly, but I know a visit from you would do her good."

They entered, and found the invalid resting on pillows in the easy-chair which Mrs Mills had given her; it had been drawn near the only window of the room. There she sat smiling; with pale and hollow cheek, languid frame, and almost inaudible voice, deprived of the solace of beholding the friends who were ministering to her comfort, and those surrounding objects within doors and without, which long acquaintance had rendered dear, and which seem doubly valuable when taken from us. Her eyes were closed in hopeless night. She had suffered from a severe attack of measles six months before, which had proved nearly fatal at the time. Her eyes were so much affected that no medical exertion could restore them, and when the measles left her, the physicians pronounced her blindness hopeless; while a cough and other undoubted symptoms proved to him, as well as the rest of her friends, that she was just passing away from her earthly home. From this time the sun cast no glad-some ray for her; the face of nature was to her as in a moonless, starless night; the countenances of her brothers and sisters, though indelibly impressed on her memory, were forever excluded from her gaze; the eyes of her mother, though often fixed upon her in deepest love and compassion, were to her expressionless. Yet this poor girl, deprived of so much that renders life desirable, was contented and cheerful; no murmurs, no complaints ever

escaped her lips ; and if she sometimes uttered a groan, she would regret that the feebleness of the body should, for a moment, have power to ruffle the serenity of her mind.

"How pleased I am that you have come to see me," said she in a whisper, her debility rendering a louder tone impossible ; "do sit down that I may know you are not going away immediately."

Mrs. Berry handed one of her well-worn wooden chairs, and Grace seated herself on a block at Becky's feet.

"Do you not find this day uncomfortably warm ?" said Mrs. Mills. "I feared that the heat would be very oppressive to you."

"Not at all so," said the gentle invalid ; "when it is cooler than to day the fresh air makes me cough, and then I cannot sit at the window ; mother can tell you how much I enjoy these very warm days."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Berry, "such a day as this is the best in the world for Becky ; and when others are complaining of the heat she is enjoying most ; not to say that she ever makes any complaint when it is not pleasant. She often says she can hear much better than when she had the use of her eyes ; she loves to sit by the window that she may hear the wind among the trees, the rustling of the woodbine which she planted with her own hands, and the buzzing of the insects."

The tears rose into Grace's eyes at the recollection of her own repinings that very day, and at Mrs. Berry's simple recital of her daughter's enjoyments, she pressed the hand of Becky which lay in her own, but said not a word.

"It seems to me," said the patient sufferer, "that the flowers were never half so sweet as they are this sum-

mer, and that the roses, which I used to tie in bunches, were scentless compared with these which little Nannie gathers for me every morning. The voices of the birds were never so sweet as they are now, and I seem to hear these gay creatures express their thanks to their Maker, as they pour forth their rich strains to welcome the rising sun. They might teach me a lesson of gratitude. Many, very many things have I to be thankful for; and, not the least, for the taste which I have always had, but never so much as now, for the beauties of nature. I pray daily to my Heavenly Father—to make me more grateful for His goodness, and less inclined to regret those blessings of which, in his unerring wisdom, he has deprived me.”

Here she paused, exhausted with the effort she had made; her little sister Nannie put her head on the bed, and sobbed aloud, while her mother, scarcely less affected, occupied herself with her needle to conceal her agitation. Mrs. Mills rising to retire, Grace could only imprint a kiss on the pallid cheek of the patient girl, for her heart was too full for words; she felt that it would be a relief to be in the open air. They walked on silently, for Mrs. Mills was unwilling to disturb the meditations of her daughter, certain that what she had seen and heard would make more impression than anything she could say. When she was turning the corner of the road which led home, her mother reminded her that they had not yet been to Goody Woodberry's as they intended. The Goody was a kind old woman, whose quick step and cheerful voice seemed to belong rather to a light-hearted girl than to a woman of seventy years. She lived in a small cottage at the end of the lane, near the river, and employed herself in washing for a few families. Grace

loved the dame who was always kind to children ; as long as she could remember she had seen her pass their house every day, with her little black cambric bonnet, and neat dark blue gown, a bundle of clothes in her hands to be washed, or a tin-kettle of provisions which had been given to her. Dame Trot was her familiar appellation with Grace when a child, and it was always pleasant to her to go to the Dame's house.

She said nothing more about the road or the heat ; for she had too lately felt self-rebuked for her folly in complaining of the sun which our beneficent Father causes to shine and the rain which he sends in due season, to feel inclined to err again in that way. They found Goody Woodberry busily engaged in ironing in the same room where her sister was lying in the bed ; this was a poor cripple, totally helpless, whom the Goody supported by her own exertions.

"Take a seat, if you please, ladies," said the industrious laundress, wiping her forehead with the corner of her neat white apron, as she turned from the hot coals with a flat-iron in her hand, her face heated by her oppressive work in that warm day and little confined room, but brightened still by a smile of content. "I am very glad to see you," she continued, "though I do not leave my work to wait upon you. Take off your bonnet, Miss Grace, for you look warm after walking."

Mrs. Mills told her they could only stop a moment, as it was late, and that they had come to bring some medicine and clothes for her sister. "Bless you, dear lady," said the old woman ; hard work should I have to make her comfortable, if I had not such kind friends. - As long as I can work I shall ; and when I am unable, God, I know, will still provide for us both."

Mrs. Mills inquired whether she had as much work as she wished. "Yes, ma'am," was the reply ; "the ladies are very kind in giving me work ; but I began to think this week that I should have no water to wash with, as my hogsheads were nearly empty in this dry time ; and as these clothes must go home tomorrow, because the gentleman is going a journey, I felt much puzzled what to do. You may suppose I was glad enough when I saw it raining so bountifully yesterday ; for as all the neighbors were as much in want of water as myself, they could not assist me. But with getting up before light to wash, and with the hot sun that we have had all day, so delightful for drying, I have got all my clothes ready for ironing, and shall be able to carry them home to-night.—Some of my neighbors hang their clothes on their fences ; but I put mine on that sweetbriar bush, just to the left of the door, Miss Grace, which was washed in yesterday's rain, then I do not have to watch lest they should blow away as they do from the fences, for the thorns hold them fast." Grace looked at her mother as if to acknowledge her error with regard to the rain, the heat and the sweetbriar's uselessness. They bade Goody Woodberry farewell, and returned home ; one of them with a lesson she never forgot.

H. E. S.

THE love of man to man begins with the daybreak of human existence, it is the angel that welcomes him into being, it gives him a home, it leads him to the temple of knowledge, it continues with him in his temptations, it leans on his bosom, it stands by his cross, it opens the heavens, and sees him at the right hand of God.

C. FOLLEN.

THE FLAX-PLANT.

A FLAX-PLANT just raising its head above the soil was delighted with the appearance of a neighboring morning-glory. The vine was just opening its variegated blossoms bathed in dew, and well deserved the admiration of its simple neighbor. The flax-plant anticipated with pleasure the opening of its own leaves and its pale blue flowers. But alas it was so closely sown that it produced only slender and almost leafless stalks. When at last its buds opened, an unseemly shed of brushwood was interposed between them and the sky. Through the interstices of this it could see the morning-glory mounting higher and higher, and adorning the tree which supported it with new generations of flowers and fruits.

But before the flax ripened its seeds, it was pulled up by its cruel master, exposed in heaps to the scorching sun, combed and pounded till every vestige of leaf and seed disappeared, soaked for many days in running water, spread to dry on a barren heath—broken, bruised, and shaken—scraped with a knife, brushed, and prepared for new tortures. Then the spinner and weaver twisted and fashioned it—bleached it beneath summer suns and midnight dews—till, at last, a robe of fine linen, it wrapped the form of beauty.

Perhaps after three thousand years it again saw the light as the wrapping of a mummy. But where then was the morning-glory?—perished long ago—there was nothing in it worthy of such torturing. c.

THE BIRD AND THE MAN.

[This lively little dialogue, translated from the German of St. Schutze, illustrates the old adage, that every heart knows its own burden, and may serve to show our young friends the folly of envying those whose lot may appear in many respects superior to their own.]

Man. O little bird, hopping at my feet, how happy thou art! Thou canst swing thyself through the air; I can do so only in dreams; thou art ready drest when thou risest; thou hast no trouble, no care, and no knowledge of death.

Bird. You are mistaken, my dear Sir, I am not so happy as you imagine. I can indeed fly through the air, but—

Man. And is not that a pleasure? To soar away so freely! Our balloons, driven by the wind—our swiftest coaches with their clumsy harnesses are mere bungling in comparison.

Bird. We seldom fly for pleasure; we fly because we must.

Man. How so?

Bird. You store up every thing that you want in your houses, and then look out at the windows. We have to bestir ourselves and hunt after what we need, now upon the ground, now among the bushes, now in the trees round and round from twig to twig, and when we are thirsty we are often obliged to fly far away, in order to find a fountain or a brook.

Man. The very thing I have been saying—that it is

no more to you, than a leap is to a cat. But how now? Why dost thou start?

Bird. I am frightened at your speaking about cats. If you will talk with me, do use prettier words. Had you said, than a leap is to a grasshopper, I should not have been alarmed. But thus it is with you men. You have no refinement of feeling. There is more tenderness and delicacy in the eye of a single bird, than in all your faces.

Man. I thank you for the compliment. But as we were saying, when a bird desires to get drunk—

Bird. Get drunk! what do you mean? Man alone gets drunk, birds never. As for quenching thirst indeed—when everything is parched up in summer, this is no laughing matter. All of us do not live by streams, neither have we wells in our yards, nor alehouses in our streets, like you. Especially when the young ones still occupy the nest, it is impossible for us to go to any distance.

Man. “Distance,” that is a joke for one who can fly. You shoot through the air like—

Bird. Pray do not name shooting; I can imagine nothing in the world more rude. You not only have branches growing out of your bodies by which you can catch every thing, but you add to them long poles armed with thunder and lightning. We have only our beaks, or at most, a claw. And with them it is impossible to do as much.

Man. But our arms do not reach as far as your wings. Heavens! To be able to sweep from one part of the world to another, I would give all the equipages of the city for them.

Bird. Do not put me in mind of our everlasting cam-

ing and going. We always depart very unwillingly ; and when the maidens sing at the fountains,

“ Parting and leaving bring woe,”

we sorrowfully sit around and cannot make up our minds. The cold air alone slowly drives us away.

Man. You afterwards travel in company, so much the better.

Bird. Ah me ! the tiresome fussing before we all collect together, that is an additional trouble. The trailing on from field to field, from vineyard to vineyard ; and at length upon our flight when we sometimes make a descent in our progress, we often find no food, and at last reach our second home quite famished.

Man. So much the greater is your pleasure when you come back again. It is heard in your cry of jubilee.

Bird. It only appears so to you.

Man. You fly with your mates in eager sport ; you build yourselves a nest, and live in it joyfully all the day long.

Bird. O man, what a false idea you have of our life. We are obliged to struggle for almost every thing. We have either lost our mates, which is one of our frequent calamities, or we have none. In this case, we must first fly around for a long time, and scream and call, and probably encounter others upon the same pursuit. What you take for a cry of jubilee, is frequently nothing more than a piteous love-wail, or the strife and contention of rivals. It often proceeds from the one who can bite the sharpest, fly the swiftest in a ziz-zag, or hide himself most craftily ; and yet all have the credit of being happy. When now two have agreed together and wish to build a nest, the trouble begins anew. If they desire to alight in a certain

place, another has selected the same ; then there is war, and it comes to which shall drive off the other. In like manner they must avoid building too near another's habitation. Each one has his own hunting ground, and will by no means endure in it a second proprietor. Forthwith they scream and wrangle until one gives way to the other. You may know this by the nightingale who must always have some empty bushes around him. And I, who am a finch by profession, require in like manner a hundred paces to the right and left. Not another finch may warble where I do.

Man. Upon my word, you live like gentlemen. You have precisely like our celebrated singers, (Prima donnas) for they will endure no second. But then you will have no need to trouble yourselves about a wardrobe. Rain or shine, you are always drest and always ready.

Bird. Do not name the weather. That gives me my first sensation of suffering. Think you that I feel secure before a tempest, a hail-storm, or a flood of rain? How often we tremble in bad weather! Many of us even fall dead to the ground. And the poor mothers on the nest, are they not still obliged to stay and shelter their young? How drenched they become!

Man. What of that! They dry their clothes again directly. You do not have to mend them; they serve for all occasions. With us it is quite otherwise.

Bird. O happy one, how little you comprehend your good fortune. When you send a garment to the tailor, it occasions no pain to your limbs; but every repair makes us ache. And what an advantage it is that you can change your dress according to the weather. We lift up our wings in the heat to every cooling drop of

rain, and we chatter in the cold. It occasions the death of many.

Man. Ha! What dost thou know about death?

Bird. I know him, for I fear him. Every day I flee from the murderer, especially from thee, dread Man!—But we have now talked enough! I must go away to work.

Man. To what work?

Bird. I am hungry; I must seek food, and must keep on seeking.

Man. How happy thou art, O bird, that thou canst eat all day long! Is not that a privilege? But he hears me no longer.

It is true, he has his troubles also—more than I was aware of. And in addition to them all, he does not know, whether his soul will go to heaven. I therefore still have quite the advantage.

L. O.

FILIAL TRUST.

'Twas when the sea with awful roar
A little bark assailed,
And pallid fear's distracting power
O'er each on board prevailed,

Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who stedfast viewed the storm;
And cheerful, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.

"Why sporting thus?" a seaman cried,
"Whilst terrors overwhelm?"
"Why yield to fear," the boy replied,
"My Father's at the helm?"

ANON.

OF CRYSTALS.

I MUST tell you this time what I have to say of crystals. First remember what a crystal is, or if you would like to have some before you, this is a simple way to make them. Take some common salt or some alum, or Epsom salt, or Glauber's salt, and dissolve it in very hot water till the water will not dissolve any more. This is called *saturating* the water. Then, put it in a still place to cool, and hang by a thread, a rough cinder in it. Now cold water will not hold so much salt dissolved as hot; so when your water cools, part of the salt will leave the water and form in crystals on the cinder. If you try all the salts, you will find that the crystals of each will have a different shape. Snow and ice are crystallized water, rock candy is crystallized sugar, granite is crystallized stone, for once it was all melted. If you break a piece of iron, you can often see its particles arranged in forms that are a little regular. Among minerals there is a great variety of brilliant crystals, and beautiful metallic crystals are often found. Perhaps you have sometimes seen at the druggists piles of splendid crystals of green and blue vitriol or sulphate of copper.

Crystals with their elegant forms and beautiful colors might be called the blossoms of minerals, and you would expect, from their curious regularity that there was something more to be said of them than of minerals of irregular shape. What I shall say will be about this regularity and the laws which govern it.

Crystallization is properly the tendency substances have

to take a regular form, in changing from a fluid to a solid state, by cooling or from any other cause. I suppose all substances have this tendency, though we cannot make crystals of them all ; the cause is probably the electricity of the particles.

Now the curious part of the matter is, that it is not determined by chance what regular form a substance takes when it crystallizes, and the same substance does not take a great many different forms. But they are governed by exact laws. There are sets of forms, sometimes three or four or more in a set which are like each other in certain things, and every substance belongs to one or the other of these sets, that is, its crystal can take all the forms of the set it belongs to, but cannot take any other. One of these sets I will tell you. It contains three forms. One is, two pyramids with perfectly equal sides joined together by their bases or bottoms : another is the cube or solid with equal square sides, and the other is a form bounded by 12 sides, all equal. What these are alike in, that causes them to belong to the same set, I will not explain to you here. It belongs to Geometry. Now, alum is found crystallized in all these three forms, but never in any other, while salt is never found in any of these forms because it belongs to another set. Mineralogists reckon six of these sets or systems.

Now if you take some crystals of any substance, and examine them, you will say I have been telling you what was not true ; for instead of all being of three or four simple shapes, you will find them of ever so many, very irregular and unlike each other. Yes. Crystals take millions of forms. And now what am I going to do ? First I tell you that there are six sets of forms each con-

taining about four, and six times four make 24, and then I tell you that there are millions. Here then comes another curious law, for both my statements are true.

Compound crystals form themselves, that have sides of all the figures that belong to their set of forms. Thus crystals of alum will be found of a great many sides, some three-cornered like those of the first form of its set, some square like those of the second, and some like those of the third. Now of these compound crystals there are innumerable kinds. But here comes another curious thing. If you take one of these crystals and with a very delicate knife, attempt to cut it, you will find that in certain places, *not everywhere*, little layers will come off, and leave the surface of the crystal just as polished as it was at first. If you attempt to cut such a layer in another place, you will only break the crystal, and leave a rough surface. Now of course, if you begin to take off such layers at the corners or edges of the crystal, as you will often find you can do, it will change its shape very much, and by continuing to take them all in the same direction, the crystal will take successively a number of different shapes : or if you can take them off in two or three different ways, as sometimes you can, it will make still more. But at last you will come to a shape that will not change but will only grow smaller and smaller. This will be the simple shape of the crystal and will always belong to one or the other of the sets or systems, I have told you of : and no matter how irregular or how different crystals of the same substance may be at first, you can always reduce them, in this way, at last, to one form or other of the *same* set. Is not this regularity curious in such little things ?

You cannot try the experiment easily with a real crystal, but take a piece of potato instead.

Cut it first into the shape of a cube though this itself is a simple form. Then begin to cut layers, from each corner, and of course the form will change. First, you will have a figure with a little triangular side at each corner, and 14 sides in all. These little sides will grow larger and larger as you take off more layers till they are as large as the other sides. This will make a new figure. Then they will become larger than the other sides, and this will make another figure. At last the first sides will entirely disappear and you will have a figure with eight sides, the two pyramids joined together at their bases. This might be done with that splendid mineral, fluor spar or fluete of lime.

Now you might find another substance that had also crystallized in cubes, but would not allow you to take them from its *edges*, and this would make quite new figures. Try it with your potato, and see what they would be. Then again common salt crystallizes in cubes, but you cannot take layers either from their corners or edges; you can only take them from their *sides*, which would not alter their figure; so that the cube is a primitive form of salt, and you will be able to reduce compound crystals to it and its two companions. Now of these compound crystals there are innumerable kinds.

And now you will ask, Can we go any further, and give a reason for these curious laws? Such explanations have been made, though we cannot tell with certainty whether they are the true ones. The abbé Haüy who was famous for his knowledge of crystals, supposed that these primitive forms of crystals were really the forms of

the infinitely small particles of the different substances. He reckoned five or six such primitive forms, but they reckon more now, as I told you. For want of engravings I cannot show them to you, but I have described one set of them, and of these five or six a great variety of different forms can be made by merely making them long and thin or short and thick. Then out of these regular particles you would find that all the great variety of compound forms could be built up by placing them together, in different ways. Without having studied it, you would have no idea of the vast variety of different forms you can make in this way. For want of figures, I can only give you one very simple example. Suppose you have a parcel of little square or cubic blocks for particles. By putting one layer of them upon another, you can easily build up a large cube. This would be a primitive crystal. Now just as before we cut out the primitive crystal from the secondary one, we can build up a secondary one on the primitive. Suppose for instance that on each of the sides of the cube, you build up a little pyramid, by taking away each time one row all round, from the layers till at last you came to one block on the top. If you put such a pyramid on each of the sides or faces of the cube, you see what a different figure it will make. The cube will disappear entirely, and you will now have a figure of twelve sides: yet it is all made up of little cubes. This is one of the simplest examples because the cube is one of the simplest forms. If you took some of the pointed forms the different arrangements would be more curious and difficult. In this way it has been calculated that crystals of carbonate of lime alone may have 2044 different forms, if you take away only one row

of particles at a time; and if you take away two or three the number would be very much greater. Of course many of these forms would only differ in being longer and thinner or shorter and thicker.

Your crystals made of blocks, would be covered with little steps wherever you took away rows: and so are real crystals if the explanation be true; only the particles being infinitely small, we not only do not see the steps but the surface of the crystals appears to our eyes brilliantly polished.

The last thing I shall tell you is perhaps the most wonderful example of the exact *laws* which govern even the smallest things. It has been found that the sides of crystals of the same substance always form the same angle with each other, so exactly that mineralogists sometimes determine of what sort a crystal is, by measuring its angles or corners. If the angles of a crystal of Glauber's salt measure 26 degrees here, those of a crystal of Glauber's salt from Europe or Asia or anywhere else will measure exactly the same. Is it not wonderful that the forming of these little things, so small sometimes we can hardly see them, should be governed by such accurate laws? And yet I suppose, if we could see it, every little thing in the whole world is ordered as precisely and accurately. It makes me think of what Jesus said, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father knoweth it." But how little we live as though we believed it! How much we act as if we thought that God did not govern every thing, even the smallest on the earth, but had left us to chance and to ourselves; and so we are not ashamed to sin, and neglect and spoil the work

he gives as to do. And yet we are of more value than many sparrows. Let the crystal prove to us that all things are ordered by him and under his care.

W. F. A.

[The two following articles are taken from a little English Periodical called "Gatherings by Young Hands."]

THE DIAMOND RING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LICHTWEHR.

A RICH old man, as we are told,
Gave to his sons his goods and gold;
But kept in store one precious thing,
A richly mounted diamond ring.
And then he sent his sons away,
To travel till a certain day;
That he who did the noblest thing,
Might have the pretty diamond ring.
The time had scarcely passed away,
When home they came one summer's day,
And each related what he'd done;
But I will take them one by one.

Listen! The oldest thus began—
"There came perchance a stranger man,
Who trusted all his goods to me,
Without the least security;
And I returned them every one;
Now have not I a good thing done?"
The Father answered, "Yea! but you
Have only done what all should do."

The second said—"Once on my way,
I saw a child so blithe and gay,
Who stooping down a flower to take,
Stumbled and fell into a lake;

I plunged beneath the threat'ning wave,
 The life of innocence to save :"
 His Father said — "'Twas bravely done,
 Yet would not all do so my son ?
 And though a noble gallant thing,
 I must not give to you the ring."

The Youngest came—" Once by his sheep,
 My enemy was lulled to sleep,
 Close to a precipice, and I
 Left him not there to start and die ;
 I woke him though my fiercest foe,
 And saved him from the impending woe :"
 His Father cried with holy joy—
 " The ring is thine, my heart-loved boy ;
 Sweet is revenge, yet mercy done,
 The better prize hath nobly won."

SLIDE OF ALPNACH.

OF all the mechanical wonders that this world ever saw, the slide of Alpnach is decidedly one of the greatest ; undertaken with such unfavorable auspices, on such rugged acclivities of the Alps, and during the severe indisposition of the engineer, who was dangerously ill of a fever ; all which circumstances joined to make it as difficult a work, as ever engineer undertook.

At the edge of the Lake of Lucerne, there is a large mountain called Pilatus, whose heights are covered with very fine pine timber, but in such an inaccessible situation as to hold the world at defiance.

In the November of 1815, the great mind of M. Rupp conceived the idea of making a slide nine miles long, down which he would send timber into the Lake of Lucerne. This immense slide was finished in the spring of 1818 ; it was composed of 25,000 large pine trees, in the

shape of a trough, six feet deep and the same broad ; the bottom was composed of three pine trees, ingeniously united without the aid of iron. M. Rupp had at this time to contend with the superstitions of the peasantry, who thought he was leagued with evil spirits ; but scarcely had he overcome their scruples, when another formidable obstacle presented itself. He was seized with a fever, but in that state he was carried to the mountain every day in a barrow, and on more than one occasion he was lowered down immense precipices with cords, to make measurements. This was as much as any man could bear, and yet with all these difficulties, M. Rupp saw immense pine trees go through the space of *nine English miles in two minutes and a half*. The slide was sometimes carried underground, and sometimes over gorges 120 feet high, on supports ; it had little rills of water turned into it that the friction might be done away with. M. Rupp once caused a pine tree to spring out of the slide, when it penetrated the earth to the great depth of *twenty-four feet* ; proof of the velocity with which it must have gone. By accident one tree struck another, and split it with the force of lightning. A tree was sent about every ten minutes ; much quicker than it could be forwarded by any other conveyance. In order not to lose any of the small wood, M. Rupp caused charcoal to be made, which was put into barrels and sent down the slide in winter. Yet this immense work, contrived, and almost entirely made by one hand, is now no more ; for it was destroyed by the peasantry, who for the reason above assigned, would have nothing to do with it, but stopped it by every method they could. What a pity that superstition should have the power to destroy so immense a work of human labor !

ON CRUELTY.

ON the banks of a beautiful stream which meanders through the valley, from the high ragged mountains whence it takes its rise, stands a white cottage in the suburbs of a village.

In this cottage, lived a little boy and girl, whose kind and affectionate parents loved them very much, and endeavored to make them good and happy children. Caroline, although two years younger than Charles, had heard many lessons of kindness, which he had failed to learn.

When Charles was quite young, he manifested a bad disposition. He was ungrateful to his father and mother, unkind to his dear sister, and very cruel to every little creature which came in his way.

One morning as he was racing through the flower garden, a large variegated butterfly, which had just burst from its chrysalis, was soaring aloft in the sunny air, when it caught his eye.

He turned towards it, pulled off his cap, and jumped, with all his might, but could not reach the prize. He jumped again and again, but in vain ; as the butterfly was high above his reach.

On looking round, to find something to throw at the butterfly Charles caught hold of the stem of a favorite flower, which his sister had, with great care, trained and cultivated, and which was just disclosing a beautiful blossom to reward her for her care and pains.

This beautiful plant he pulled up, and threw at the butterfly, and brought it to the ground. Then throwing his

cap over it, cried out in cruel triumph, "I have you now." We will not describe his cruelty to the poor insect; it was too bad to be told.

The next morning, when Caroline visited her flower bed, she missed her favorite plant. She saw that the earth was disturbed, and that some one had pulled it up; she could not think any one would be so cruel as to destroy her beautiful flower.

While mourning for the loss of her favorite, she looked around, and saw the wilted stem of the plant, twisted and broken, so that it would be in vain to try to restore it again. It was entirely lost.

She looked towards the house and saw Charles coming through the gate into the garden; she said, "Charles, somebody has pulled up my beautiful flower, and destroyed it. Do you know who did it? Who could be so cruel?"

Charles conscious of his guilt, undertook at first to conceal the truth; but Caroline pressed him so hard for an answer, that at last, he spitefully said, "I did it, myself, and will destroy them all if I please. I do not care for your flowers."

Caroline now had a double cause for grief: first, because she had lost her beautiful flower; and secondly, because it had been destroyed by her own brother. She burst into tears.

Charles, regardless of his sister's feelings, began to plague and torment her. He told her she was a simple girl, to cry about a flower, or anything else. He would pull up all her flowers, if she did not leave off crying. She said, while sobbing for utterance, "Charles, you are very unkind and cruel and wicked, to be always doing

mischievous, and trying to give pain to every one and making them unhappy. O Charles you cannot tell how sad it makes me, I wish you would consider, and forsake your wicked habits."

Charles became irritated by his sister's reproof, and raised his hand to strike her, when his father came behind him, and caught his arm, thus preventing his giving his own sister a blow, which might have injured her, and perhaps made her a cripple for life.

His father led him out of the garden and denied him the privilege of going there again, for a long time; and told him never again to raise his hands to strike his dear sister;—that his passions and his cruel disposition if indulged in, would cause him to commit some terrible crime.

Caroline having recovered her love and peace of mind, sought to find her brother one day, while he was not permitted the privilege of visiting the garden.

She found him sitting in the shade of a tree, by the road-side, near the garden fence, crying as if in great pain, and holding one of his feet in both of his hands.

"What is the matter?" said Caroline again, in such a kind voice that Charles answered: "Mr. King's great dog bit my foot, and it aches badly. I wish I could kill him, said he, for he is an ugly dog."

It seems Charles was playing in the road, when Mr. King's dog came trotting along, quietly and peaceably; he picked up a stick and chased after him, and was about to give him a blow, when the dog turned and bit his foot, so that he could not walk home.

This was what Charles had been frequently told would take place. The dog knew that he was a cruel boy, and as he saw him ready to inflict a blow upon him he turned in self defence.

Every body that knew Mr. King's dog, knew him to be very kind, and that he would not hurt a child unless he was provoked to do so, by unkind treatment to him.

Charles was carried home, where his foot was dressed, and it was many days before it got well, so that he could run about as before. He was very glad to get well so soon, because the pleasant month of June was near when his birth-day would come. Charles' father had permitted him to play on his birth day, and he used to go into the grove back of the field, and spend the day. When he came home in the evening he would bring birds' eggs, and the little young birds from the nests he had found and destroyed.

When Charles was 13 years old, he rose early in the morning and asked for his breakfast. The sun shone bright and the morning air was fresh and sweet with the fragrance of the flowers. He had promised himself a good time in his usual sport in the grove. After he had eaten his breakfast, without offering up to his heavenly Father one expression of gratitude for his goodness to him, Charles took his stick in his hand and ran through the yard into the path which led to the grove.

At the entrance to the grove, stands a larger elm tree, and as he came near to it, looking up, his eyes were fixed upon something which stopped him; he stepped backward a few steps and seated himself upon a log by the path. Upon the trunk of the tree were these words, "*Stop and think.*" The mysterious appearance of these words at that place, and at that time, made such an impression upon him, that he appeared to be immovably fastened to the log, upon which he had sat down.

While Charles was reflecting upon this remarkable circumstance, his eyes still fixed upon the words, "*Stop and think*," a bird alighted upon a branch of the tree over his head, and poured forth its sweet and melodious notes. This sweet song roused him to consciousness again.

His eyes were for a moment insensibly turned to the bough where the little warbler was sitting. Such were the feelings that filled his heart, that he exclaimed aloud, "I was about to kill little birds that sing so sweetly!" His eyes turning to the words, "*Stop and think*."

He arose from the log, and turned his steps toward the house, looking back occasionally to the mysterious words upon the tree. Moving slowly and silently along, he revolved these words over and over again in his mind, "*Stop and think*," "*Stop and think*."

I cannot describe to you all the feelings that memory brought up in the mind of Charles, but they were such that he firmly resolved to reform and be a better boy, and always "*Stop and think*" before he did any thing, and determine whether it was right or wrong.

Charles was very thoughtful all that day, and made many good resolutions. His sister spoke kindly to him, and her kind words never before sounded so sweetly to him. Every thing around him seemed to wear a more lovely appearance.

On the next day Charles took his hatchet and hammer with some nails, and went down to the great tree, and made him a little seat under it, where he used to go, and sit with his book and read. On his birth-days he would sit there and think over what he had done during the year, and see if he had made any progress in knowledge and virtue, and whether he was any better than he was

the year before ; he grew at last to be a good man. For he learned before he did a wrong thing to "*Stop and think.*"

All children will readily imagine who wrote the words "*Stop and think*" on the tree. They are addressed to us all.

R. W. B.

EVENING SONG.

TUNE—*A. B. C. Song.*

GENTLY in the golden west
Sinks the glorious sun to rest ;
Earth is hushed to soft repose,
While the sky in splendor glows.

CHORUS—Gently in the golden west
Sinks the glorious sun to rest.

Thus in glory and in peace
May our daily labors cease,
As yon gorgeous western sun,
When his daily course is run.

CHORUS—Thus in glory and in peace
May our daily labors cease.

And when sets life's latest sun
And our course of years is run,
Earth we'll leave in peace and love,
Finding glory there above.

CHORUS—May we feel when sets life's sun,
That our work has been well done.

SAINT CHRYSOSTOM.

THE most able thinkers and writers on the subject of education, now agree that a mistake has of late years been committed, in putting into the hands of the young, such books only as are supposed to be on a level with their capacities, to the exclusion of those which would regale their imaginations and stimulate their intellect. It is therefore thought proper in a work like the present, the chief object of which is to commend religion to the youthful mind, occasionally to insert specimens of the foreign eloquence which has trained up remote generations of other nations and other times for virtue and happiness. A recent number of the *Democratic Review* contained sketches of the lives and characters of some of the early preachers of Christianity, styled the Fathers, from which the following notices concerning St. Chrysostom are taken, as prefatory to several translations from his writings, intended for these pages.

John, surnamed Chrysostom, or the Golden-mouthed, was in the early part of his career bishop of Antioch. In that city the disciples of Christ had first been called Christians, and it united more entirely than any other capital the elegance of Greece and the luxury of Asia. Here it was, that a lively and cultivated population crowded up to the pulpit of the young and eloquent Chrysostom, as to a scene of the rarest enjoyment. The walls of the most spacious buildings could not contain the multitudes that thronged to hear him; they followed him to the gates of the city and the surrounding plains, and there, beneath vast tents erected to shelter them from the rays of the

burning sun, his immense assemblies gave themselves to the delight of listening to his eloquence. The renown of his genius soon spread through the East, and he was transferred to Constantinople, the newly founded city of Constantine the Great, the metropolis of Christianity. There, in the vast cathedral of St. Sophia, now for many ages a Turkish mosque, Chrysostom poured forth that splendid succession of discourses which have come down to our own times under the name of Homilies, and which are probably destined to endure as long as the wants, and sorrows, and weaknesses of the human soul ; since they treat of the most important topics pertaining to the duty and destiny of man. But this great orator was doomed to experience the uncertainty of popular favor. He fell before the persecution and intrigues of his enemies in the court. He was driven into exile, and died at last, worn down by toil and suffering, on the dreary shores of the Black Sea.

Several years since, at a meeting of the Philanthropic Society in Cambridge, the late excellent Dr. Follen earnestly advised the young clergy to acquaint themselves with the writings of the early Fathers, especially Chrysostom. It is hoped that our still younger readers may be interested in the instruction imparted by this great Christian orator, more than fifteen hundred years ago, to listening multitudes ; and that they will read with attention the following extract, in which, with all the vivacity of an oriental fancy, he describes true and acceptable prayer, and the dispositions with which we should draw near to God. Even our youngest readers are capable of wishing to know how they may pray in a manner acceptable to their great Father in heaven, because it is a question of

deepest interest to every human soul ; and here they will find the answer to it, conveyed in words which cannot fail to paint radiant images of light and beauty on their minds.

“ How should prayer be offered ? With a sober mind, with a contrite spirit—rivers of tears should flow down our cheeks ; we should ask for no temporal good, but solicit for eternal, spiritual objects. No imprecations against our enemies may be permitted, no injuries may be remembered ; every unruly passion must be excluded from the soul ; we must draw near with broken, penitent hearts, with composed minds, in the exercise of benevolent affections, tuning our voices to praise.

“ On the other part, prayer offered in a contrary spirit, resembles a drunken, brawling woman, brutal and ferocious ; against which heaven is closed ; while the prayer of meekness has in it something powerful and penetrating, worthy of royal ears, yet sweet, harmonious and musical. Far from being expelled the presence-chamber, it passes through, crowned with garlands ; it wears the golden harp and the shining raiment. Its form, its countenance, its voice, find favor with the Judge, and no one attempts to drive it from the heavenly vestibule. The whole celestial choir rise up to welcome it. Such is the prayer worthy of heaven. This is the tongue of angels, where nothing bitter is expressed, but all breathes gentleness ! When prayer ascends, pleading in behalf of enemies and persecutors, the angels in profound silence gather around to listen, and as it closes, they shout their plaudits in wonder and admiration. In offering such prayers, we shall always gain audience.

“ When drawing near to God, let us remember that we are entering a theatre, not of human construction, but

consisting of the universe, thronged with the inhabitants of heaven, whose King is seated in the midst, willing to lend an ear to us. Therefore when tuning the harp of prayer, let the first chord we touch, be that of intercession for our enemies. Thus doing, we may gain boldness to cry out, when pleading for ourselves, *Lord, hear our Prayer!*"

L. O.

POLYCARPUS.—THE KINGDOM OF TRUTH.

[FROM KRUMACHER'S PARABLES.]

THE excellent Polycarpus, Bishop of Smyrna, had left the city as persecution began to prevail, and retired into the neighboring country, with his faithful disciple Crescens. As the cool of the evening came on, he walked out under the shade of the magnificent trees which stood before the country-house. Here he found Crescens under an oak tree, resting his head on his hand, weeping.

The old man approached him, and said: "My son, why weepest thou?" But Crescens raised his head, and answered: "Why should I not weep and lament? I am thinking of the kingdom of God on earth. Storms and tempests are gathering round it, and will destroy it in its youth. Many converts have already fallen away, and have denied and blasphemed it: proving that many unworthy persons profess it with their mouths, while their hearts are far from it. This fills my soul with sorrow, and my eyes with tears." Thus spoke Crescens.

Then answered Polycarpus smiling, and said: "My dear son, the divine kingdom of Truth is like a tree

which a farmer cultivated. Secretly and in silence he laid the seed in the earth, and went away. And the seed sprouted and sprung up, among weeds and thorns, and raised its head above them; and the thorns died out of themselves. For the shade of the tree destroyed them. But the tree grew, and the winds roared around it, and shook it. So much the deeper struck its roots into the soil, and grasped the rocks deep in the earth, and its branches stretched towards Heaven. Thus the storms strengthened it. And as it grew higher and its shade spread wider, the thorns and weeds grew up again under it. But it heeded them not in its majesty, and stood still and immovable, a tree of God!"

Thus spoke the excellent Bishop, and giving his hand to his disciple, he said smiling: "Why should the weeds that creep about the root of the tree, trouble thee when thou lookest up at its summit? Leave them to Him who planted it!"

Then Crescens arose, and his soul became cheerful. For the old man walked along with him, bent by years; but his spirit and his countenance were as those of a young man.

J. E. C.

THE MOSS-ROSE.

[FROM THE SAME.]

THE angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles the dew upon them in the silent night, was sleeping one spring day in the shade of a rose-bush. And when he woke up he said with a look of affection, "Dearest of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing fragrance, and

for thy cooling shade. Were there any favor which thou couldst ask of me, how gladly would I grant it!"

"Give me then some new attraction," answered beseechingly the spirit of the rose-bush. And the Flower-angel adorned the fairest of flowers with a simple moss.

Lovely stood she there in her modest ornament—the Moss-rose—most beautiful of her kind.

Pretty Lina, let alone finery and glittering jewels, and follow the hint of Mother Nature.

J. E. C.

VISIT TO A BLUE JOHN MINE.

EVERY one knows that the neighbourhood of the Peak in Derbyshire is famous for its caverns and mines. It is here that the famous "Peak Cavern" is situated; but far superior to it in grandeur and magnificence, and perhaps in extent, is the Blue John mine, about a mile from the Peak. It is a mine from which is obtained the Blue John, a beautiful kind of spar, of which vases and other similar ornaments are formed. The miners only work in it during the winter, as it is open for the inspection of visitors in the summer. It is quite a natural cavern, and has been only converted into a mine lately on account of the great demand there is for this species of spar. Over the mouth of the mine there is a cottage, which is not very large, where the guide lives, who shows visitors through the mine. On arriving at this cottage we were furnished with lights, and preceded by our guide, began to descend.

For some distance there were only rude steps cut out of the rock, and we began to feel tired before we arrived

at the bottom; but when we were there we soon forgot our weariness in the contemplation of the many curious objects which surrounded us. The sides of the cavern were masses of remarkable fossil remains, and large pieces of stalactite attracted our attention. We continued our way through a passage of this kind, about four or five feet across, till we came to a place higher than the rest, the top of which, by the lights which we held, we were not able to see; our guide stopped here, and taking a sort of round wooden chandelier full of candles, all of which he lighted, he drew it up to the top by means of a cord passed round a pulley. This showed us distinctly the different strata of the rock and the stalactite to great advantage. We again went on, and beheld what we thought at a distance a beautiful waterfall, but on coming-nearer we discovered that it was a large sheet of stalactite covering the side of a rock, and which, sparkling from the lights we held, greatly resembled a waterfall. We then advanced on our way seeing new wonders and objects of admiration at every step, until we came to a large open hall. Our progress was now at an end, for the guide informed us that few ever ventured beyond the point we had reached except the miners, on account of the dangers and difficulties of the path. Here we made use of a Bengal light, and nothing could surpass the grandeur which was now exhibited; over us a huge piece of detached rock was hanging, threatening to fall and crush us; before us a piece of stalactite was sparkling, and along the passage nothing could be seen but a rough path leading to the end of the mine. On our mentioning to our guide that we had not seen any "Blue John," he led us into a little side passage, till we came to the spot

where the Blue John is obtained. The guide pointed out some stems of stalactite which from their shape had obtained the name of the organ, and we saw the veins of Blue John. Having picked up a few rough specimens of this spar, we began to retrace our steps, and soon reached the mouth of the mine, much tired but greatly pleased with what we had witnessed. [From "Gatherings by Young Hands."]

A PARABLE.—SHIRAFF BEN-HADAD.

ONE day Shiraff Ben-Hadad asked the angel Borak, who tarried with him in his tent, when he came to Yemen to instruct the Sons of the Faithful, and said, "Show me, O servant of Allah and Child of the Prophet, the holiest of the Sons of Men dwelling in this city of Bagdad." The angel placed him invisible on the top of the great Mosque of Omar, and touched his eyes so that he saw the real of things. He looked down on the city beneath, and its roof and walls were as transparent as the evening sky. "Look now," said the angel, "and tell me what thou seest." He looked, and as men lay in sleep, while the morning was beginning to streak the east, he saw that the thoughts of many who wore the garb of piety, conflicted with the word of Allah. The Koran lay beside the bed of one whose mind was full of riot and sin. Their minds seemed at war with God—they yielded not to his will, nor did his spirit flow into them unobstructed as into the opening rose and the singing bird of paradise flying aloft to meet the sun. "Alas," said Ben-Hadad, "I am over-

whelmed at seeing the Sons of the Prophet: the Dervis, the Cadi and the Sultan are all but children of the Devil even as I. Show me, oh show me a holy man." He turned as he spoke towards a new street where at that early hour a single man walked singing as he went. It was a poor cobbler going thus early to his stall; his thoughts were all laid open to Hadad, and he obeyed the Highest in his low vocation as perfectly and unresistingly as the blowing wind or the fragrant rose. "Daily," said the angel, "he plies his humble tasks, and in that stall is closed the whole boundless Heaven. On him and on his brother, a rustic in Bakirah, alone rests the spirit of entire Holiness since the Prophet left the earth." T. P.

A VISIT TO THE LAKES.

THE Lakes, as they are named, are situated in the north of England, and are distinguished by their beautiful scenery. In the centre of the lake of Windermere (which is the largest of the lakes,) there is an island which has a shrubbery, house, and some outhouses on it. In Windermere many kinds of fish are caught. The numerous villas contrasting with the trees round about them present a most beautiful spectacle. About two miles from Windermere is Esthwaithe water, which is near the town of Hawkshead. Its size is about a mile and half or two miles in length, and half a mile in breadth. Its scenery principally consists of mountains, which look very beautiful in the evening. In the lake there is a floating island which sometimes moves about with the

wind. It is frozen to one place in the winter ; indeed it is generally at one place both in summer and winter. About eight miles from Esthwaith, one comes to Grassmere, which is about half as long as Esthwaith, and of nearly the same breadth. Persons are not allowed to fish in Grassmere because the lady to whom it belongs preserves it for the exclusive fishing of one person, who is very fond of that sport, and who is a near relation to the lady.

From Grassmere one comes to Ullswater, near to which there are some very fine mountains which contain slate in great abundance, and there are a great many persons employed in getting it. The lake of Ullswater is rather long, about four or five miles, and about three quarters of a mile in breadth. The scenery about it is very beautiful, the sides being interspersed with woods and some cascades. The hazel trees grow in great abundance about Grassmere, and the nuts are sent all over the kingdom. The principal trade carried on about the lakes is the transporting of slates and stones, which are obtained from the mountains. The lakes are very cold in winter, which causes visitors to leave them in that season. [From "Gatherings" &c.]

THE SQUIRREL.

THE body of the squirrel may almost be compared to that of the rabbit, with shorter ears and a longer tail. The tail indeed is the most conspicuous part of its body, it is long and bushy, and serves for many purposes. Indeed the little animal would not be able to support life

without its tail ; when it is cold, it winds it round its body to keep itself warm, and in summer when the heat is troublesome, the tail serves the same purpose as a screen.

There are several varieties of the squirrel race. There is the Grey Virginian, the Siberian, and the Carolina squirrel. The Grey Virginian squirrel is larger than the common squirrel, and its limbs more muscular : its color, as its name implies, is a fine greyish white, with a red streak on each side of its body. The tail is covered with long grey hair, marked with black and white at the end. The Barbary squirrel, is of a blackish red color, marked with brown and white lines, which gives it a pleasing effect. The Siberian squirrel, is of the same size as the common one, and differs from it very little. The Carolina or black squirrel, is much larger than the Siberian, and sometimes tipped with white at all its extremities.

There is also another species of squirrel, which is perhaps the most interesting ; it is the flying squirrel. It does not fly as would seem from its name, but takes such immense leaps from one tree to another, that it almost seems to fly. It is greatly assisted in these leaps by a very curious formation of the skin which extends from the fore feet to the hinder. This little animal is a native of America, but is often brought to England. It is soon tamed, but is very apt to get away the first opportunity.

The squirrel builds its nest in the large branches of trees and forms it very neatly of twigs, moss, and dry leaves, which it twines together with great ingenuity, and constructs a commodious little dwelling, capable of bearing the strongest storms. [Ibid.]

THE ALBATROSS.

THE Wandering Albatross (*Diomedea exulans*,) is the largest sea bird that flies ; yet, though it is so to the eye, its thick covering of warm feathers, makes it appear larger than it otherwise would do. It is pleasing, when out of sight of land, to behold this beautiful bird sailing about in the air, and sweeping near the stern of the ship with an air of independence, as if it were monarch of all it surveyed. With or against the wind, makes no difference to it. It may be truly said of him,

“ His march is o’er the mountain wave,
His home is on the deep.”

No tempest troubles this bird, for it may be seen sportively wheeling in the blast, and carousing in the gale. They are very voracious birds, and can easily be caught by baiting a hook with a bit of meat, and trailing it after the vessel with a long line : the albatross generally seizes it and swallows the bait, and is pulled on board as a boy pulls in a kite. In one instance the line broke, and the Albatross had a portion of the line pendant from its beak, and by this mark was ascertained the length of time it followed the vessel. The one in question was observed two days after.

The Albatross is on the whole surface of the globe, in the Southern seas, retiring to breed in the most lonely and desolate situations. [Ibid.]

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PATIENCE.

THIS quiet, gentle, unpretending virtue is too little thought of; but without it there is no successful teaching, there is no true learning. The teacher and the pupil must be both patient. The great Newton says—"Whatever I have done is due to *patient* thought." "Patient thought"—how much may be learned by patient thought, and how much may be taught by patient love.

Patience is calmness, is the opposite of haste; it is to the virtues what time is to music—there can be no true harmony in our hearts, in our actions, without patience. Without patience we are not ourselves. Jesus says to his disciples, when he warns them of the trials and persecutions that they will meet with—"In your patience possess ye your souls." Patience leads to endurance, it is the soul of perseverance. Nothing truly great can be accomplished without it. Most especially is this virtue essential to him or her who teaches others. Patient love

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in the teacher, patient thought in the learner—these are equally necessary. Newton was a true learner, and God's glorious world was his silent, but eloquent teacher. In this great school in which we are all placed, and in which the oldest and the youngest are equally children, with what patient love are we instructed in our duty. How are our offences forgiven us, how often and how tenderly are the same admonitions, the same lessons of wisdom, repeated to us; how at one time are we gently rebuked, then severely chastised for our faults, and yet in spite of our demerits, how constantly are we blessed, how continually constrained as it were to our duty by unmeasured and undeserved benefits. Patient love then is the great lesson to teachers which the whole providence of God is ever repeating to them.

Let us look at the life of the Great Teacher. It was one continued lesson of patience. From the beginning to the end of his ministry we hear him repeating over and over again to his disciples, the same great truths, and apparently in vain: he was ever obstructed by the same ignorance, opposed by the same prejudices, the same selfishness, yet he never lost his patience, but still calmly and serenely and lovingly called upon all men to hear and believe his words. He sowed the seeds of immortal truth in faith, and he waited for the fruit in patient love. Jesus gave "line upon line and precept upon precept"; he assembled around him a little band of friends whom he especially instructed, and who had the fairest opportunity of understanding the purposes and entering into the spirit of his mission, yet they did not comprehend him. But his patience with them never failed. One denied him, many forsook him, another gave him up to be

murdered ; but his patient love was greater than their ingratitude. He washed the feet of him who he knew was to betray him ; he only looked with reproving love at Peter. Patience, then, undying patience, is taught us in the whole life of Jesus.

Be patient, then, is the lesson for all, but most peculiarly for those who have taken upon themselves the great work of instruction. Wait patiently and you may yet see the reward of your efforts ; but if you do not yourself see it, what matter is it if a good work is done ? Who is there that has arrived at maturity who does not remember when he was a child some little word, some simple deed of love that sank down into his heart of hearts, and took root there, and became a living principle, bearing fair flowers and good fruits, yet perhaps the earnest heart that did this good work for him, never knew that its efforts were not in vain, and the voice that uttered those deathless words is now a forgotten sound. Remember you work not for the present, you labor in the early spring time of the lives of your pupils ; in some few of their minds perhaps some sweet early blossoms may suddenly start up, but the richest and most precious flowers and fruits come not so soon ; the early and the latter rain must nourish them, and mayhap cold winds must assail them, and rude tempests prove them, ere they will perfectly ripen, and it may be, that you will never know how hardy they are till you see them blessing the autumn and winter of life. Work then, and faint not, wait in patience. Do all you can, speak out of your full heart all the great truths that life and the works and word of God have taught you, to the children under your care, and then be as patient with them as God has been with you.

Be as patient as Jesus was with his disciples. No good thing is ever lost, no true word is ever spoken in vain. Speak the true thought that is in you, do the work your hands find to do, but look not to see with your own eyes, or reap with your own hands the fruit of your labor.

We have spoken a few words of the importance of patient love in the teacher; another time we will speak of the duty of patient thought in the learner.

E. L. F.

ALBERT DURER.

THE following slight sketch of the life of the celebrated painter Albert Durer, is abridged and translated from Madame Schopenhauer's *Lives of the Flemish Painters*. We do not offer it to our young friends as containing any thing wonderfully strange or interesting, though we hope that some of them are sufficiently familiar with the great names of the reformation, to read with pleasure the references here made to them, and to observe the high estimation in which Luther, Erasmus and Melancthon were held by their contemporaries. The dates too here recorded—Anno 1494, 1526, '28, &c., are of themselves interesting to the thoughtful mind; do not our young readers wish to know what people did and said, more than three hundred years ago? We trust that they will admire the tribute of affection rendered by Albert Durer to the modest worth and humble piety of his excellent father;

they will see that true goodness, in its leading features, is at all times the same, and that its opposite produces in every age similar effects. The evil dispositions which embittered and shortened the life of Albert Durer, form at this day the bane and misery of almost every unhappy home. Let our young female readers especially, beware of the first beginnings of a selfish, fretful spirit, if they would escape the doom of Albert Durer's wife, who probably never once thought, when indulging her uncomfortable humor, that she should be handed down to the scorn and contempt of future generations, ages after the poor victim of her peevishness had found rest in the silent grave.

Madam Schopenhauer thus commences her narrative. "A fortunate accident put me in possession of some most interesting notices concerning the parents and the early life of this distinguished and noble master, written by his own hand; and I am the more happy to be able to begin these pages, dedicated to his memory, with his own words, since in their touching, true-hearted simplicity, he stands, as it were, living before us, devout and good, simple, obedient to God and industrious, such as he was and continued to be until his end.

"I Albert Durer, Junior, have collected out of my father's writings from whence he sprung, how he came hither (to the city of Nurenburg) and lived and died happily. May God be gracious to him and us, Amen!"

Then follows a long catalogue taken from the family register, of the names, birth-days, and principal events in the lives of the ancient Durers; and then again the names, god-parents, and birth days of his fifteen brothers and sisters, recorded by his father. At the conclusion of this long list he again resumes the pen.

"Now these were the names of my brothers and sisters, the children of my dear father, all of whom died, some in youth, others when grown up, save three of us who still survive, to remain as long as God shall please, namely, I and my brother Andrew, also my brother who is named Hanns, children of my father.

"Moreover this same Albert Durer the elder, passed his life under great hardships, and in heavy toilsome labor, with no other means of support for his wife and children than what he could procure with his own hands; hence he possessed but little. Also he experienced manifold sorrow, opposition and contradiction. He obtained however a good name from every one who knew him, for he led an honorable Christian life; he was a patient, gentle man, peaceable towards every one and ever grateful towards God. He had no great experience of worldly joy; he was a person of few words, kept little company, and was a God-fearing man.

"This dear father of mine took great pains with his children to bring them up to the glory of God; for it was his highest ambition so thoroughly to discipline his children, that they might be well-pleasing to God and man; hence it was the subject of his daily conversation with us, that we should love God, and conduct with uprightness towards our neighbor; and my father took special delight in me, when he saw that I was industrious in the pursuit of learning. For this reason he permitted me to go to the school, and when I had learned to read and write, he took me away again, and taught me the trade of a goldsmith; but when I could now work neatly, my taste drew me more to painting than to that occupation. This I represented to my father, but he was not pleased, for he re-

gretted the time I had lost in learning the goldsmith's art ; still, he gave way to me, and in the year of the birth of Christ 1486, on St. Andrew's day, he apprenticed me to Michael Wolgmut, to serve him three years. During that time God gave me industry, so that I learned well, though I had to suffer much from Michael's servants. And when I had fulfilled my service, my father sent me away, and I remained abroad four years, until he again called me back. And when I had returned home, Hanns Frey entered into a treaty with my father, and gave me his daughter, by name, Agnes, and with her two hundred gilders, and the wedding took place upon a Monday, in the year 1494. Moreover it so happened that my father was then sick with a dysentery, so that no one could put a stop to it. And when he saw death before his eyes, he willingly and with great fortitude submitted to it, recommending my mother to me, and charging both of us to live a godly life."

In this true-hearted, and simple tone, Albert Durer for a while continues his family notices, giving more circumstantial particulars concerning the happy decease of his pious father, mentioning several instances of mortality among his kindred, and at last relating how he received his poor aged mother into his own family, two years after his father's death, and took faithful care of her, especially in her last tedious illness, when she was obliged to keep her bed a whole year, until at length she gently and happily fell asleep.

During the season of his travels after the completion of his apprenticeship, Albert visited most of the celebrated painters then living in Germany and the Netherlands. At the end of four years he returned home, improved in

mind and person, pious, pure, and good as when he departed from his father's house. His probation-picture, which he painted after his return to Nuremberg, as was the custom previous to being admitted to the rank of a master, obtained high applause. The subject was Orpheus assaulted with clubs by the infuriated Bacchantæ, and it was an omen, alas! of his own fate. This picture induced the father of his future wife Hanns Frey, to form the plan of marrying him with his daughter, as an artist of much promise. The ill-humor, covetousness and quarrelsome disposition of this woman, embittered Albert Durer's whole life, and occasioned at last his premature death.

In his intercourse with his friends and acquaintances, Albert was one of the most amiable of men; even to this day, all hearts are won by the noble devout countenance exhibited in his portrait, shaded with long, light, softly curling hair, and representing the mildness and purity of the soul which once animated those features. He was the pride of his native city; all the inhabitants from the highest to the lowest, loved him. The most gifted men of his time sought his acquaintance and loved to be near him; even kings and emperors distinguished him. Once, in the presence of the emperor Maximilian, as he was attempting to draw something on a wall, the ladder upon which he stood tottered, and the emperor ordered one of his noblemen who was standing near, to hold it. The other however retreated a little, and beckoned to a servant at a distance to perform in his stead, the service which he considered as beneath his dignity. The emperor perceiving it, instantly called the nobleman to account, and when he alleged some excuses pertaining to

his rank, the emperor was still more wrathful, and exclaimed, "Albert is of more consequence than any nobleman, because of the excellence of his art; for I could easily make a nobleman out of any peasant, but I could not make an artist out of any nobleman." Also at the same time he presented Albert with a coat of arms, three silver shields upon a blue field, for himself and his craft.

But the affection of a few friends, who heartily loved him and devoted themselves to his comfort through his heavy domestic trial, under the intolerable wife with whom he was compelled to live in a childless wedlock, was more to Albert, than all the honors which were conferred on him. Of these friends, the chosen one of his heart, united to him till death, was the able and learned counsellor, Bilibald Pirkheimer. He possessed his entire confidence, and helped him out of many difficulties; for with all his industry, there was no superfluity in the house of this completely unselfish master, but care and want were not unfrequent inmates. Through his confidential intimacy with this friend, the attention of Albert Durer was probably first directed to the rising greatness of Luther. Together, they read those writings which put all Germany in commotion; they imparted to one another their observations, and both arrived at those convictions which at length made them converts to the new doctrine. Pirkheimer yielded with the deliberation of a philosopher, who considers a subject on every side before he comes to a decision; but Albert's artistic nature seized with ardent enthusiasm upon what appeared before his unclouded eye in the beaming brightness of truth, without suffering himself again to turn from it.

In the year 1506, Albert Durer undertook a profes-

sional tour to Venice. He was kindly received there by many, and obtained many orders in the line of his art; which he executed with credit. From Venice he proceeded to Bologna, where he was received with great respect, and made himself familiar with the works of the illustrious masters. Fourteen years afterward, he again left his home to visit the great Flemish painters and inspect their works. But upon this journey, his wife and her maid Susannah accompanied him, and all appeared more sad than before, when as a glad youth, full of courage, free from care, and thirsting for knowledge, the world and art smiled on him in the dawn of life's morning.

The greater part of this tour has come down to our times in his journal, which was carefully kept by him, and is pervaded with ingenuous gracefulness and true-hearted simplicity. I will extract some portions of it for my readers.

"Anno 1520. Antwerp. Upon this Sunday, the painters invited me with my wife and maid to their chambers; every thing was ornamented with silver and other costly finery, and the eating was very choice. All their wives too were there, and when I was brought up to the table, the company upon both sides stood up, as if some great lord were coming. Among them were some very distinguished men, all of whom bowed low to me and behaved in the most obliging manner, saying they wished to do all in their power to please me. And when we had enjoyed ourselves a long time, and the night was far advanced, they respectfully escorted us home with torches, and begged me as a favor to accept their services whenever I pleased. So I thanked them and laid down to sleep.

“At Brussels, I saw in the senate-house, the golden room, which contains the four pictures of the great Roger Van Weych. There too I saw the things which have been brought to the king from the new gold country (Mexico)—a sun, all of gold, a whole fathom broad; also a moon, all of silver, the same very large, together with armor of various kinds, harness, implements, and all sorts of curious things useful for men, of the same material, even more beautiful than they were surprising, to behold. In all my life I never saw any thing that so delighted my heart as these things; though I have seen in my time wonderfully ingenious things, and have admired in foreign parts the cunning skill of men.

“At Rotterdam, I gave Erasmus an engraving on copper of the crucifixion, and I also once drew his portrait.”

The incident in the next extract is so touching, and takes such hold on the feelings, that it is difficult not to give it entire.

“On the Friday after Pentecost, in the year 1521, the news reached me at Antwerp, that Martin Luther had been taken prisoner. This blessed man, illumined by the Holy Ghost, has been treacherously carried off by ten horsemen; he was a follower of the true Christian faith; whether he is still living, or whether they have murdered him, I do not know, but he is a sufferer on account of Christian truth and for having chastised the unchristian papacy. What weighs on me heavier than all is, that God may perhaps still leave us to the false doctrine of those blind teachers, who follow the men whom they have set up as fathers, whereby in many ways the precious word has been falsely explained or perverted. For this reason, let every one who reads

Martin Luther observe how clear and transparent is his doctrine, where he interprets the holy Gospel. Therefore are his works to be honored, instead of burnt, while his adversaries, who are ever fighting against the truth, should be cast into the fire with all their dogmas, by which they would make gods out of men. But still, we need to have printed more new books from Luther. O God! If Luther be dead, who shall henceforth explain to us so clearly the holy Gospel? Ah, my God! how much might he have yet written for us in ten or twenty years! Oh! all pious Christian men! help me unceasingly to bewail this God-inspired man, and to beseech God that he may send us another so enlightened. O Erasmus of Rotterdam! where tarriest thou? Hearken, thou champion of Christ! Ride forth by the side of the Lord Jesus, defend the truth, win the martyr's crown; for now thou art an old man. I have heard of thee that thou givest thyself yet two years more, in which to perform something; see thou do it well, for the help of the Gospel and the true Christian faith. O Erasmus, come forth, that God may be glorified in thee, as it stands written of David, for thou hast power to do it, and in very deed thou must smite Goliath."

After thus easing his pious anxious heart, Albert Dürer continued his journal in his usual style. How pleasantly he lived, what delight he experienced in every thing good or beautiful which he met with, is more apparent from the whole journal, than from these detached extracts. Like all cheerful natures, he was generous. Wherever he went, he scattered his pictures on every side, with an almost lavish profuseness. Once, he says, "I do a great many things to please people, but with the

least possible remunération." While his fretful wife kept house snugly at Antwerp, cooking and washing for herself and maid, and buying her wash-tubs, bellows and crockery, seldom accompanying him (it not being the fashion in those days) to entertainments and festivities abroad, he enjoyed a delightful liberty and cheerfulness in making little excursions from the city without her disagreeable company. And the presents of wine, preserves, and costly silks which she received on his account, and which are all carefully registered in his day-book, might well have put her in good humor, though untoward accidents sometimes again discomposed her. Once, for instance, in the market at Antwerp, the pocket in which she carried her money was cut off.

But at home, when their travels were completed, the old domestic troubles returned with such violence, as to gnaw upon Durer's life and gradually destroy his health. In the mean while, one warm beam yet shone upon the darkness of his day, when Melancthon, in the year 1526, visited Nuremburg. Albert Durer had learned to know him from his friend Pirkheimer, and he was dear to him for Luther's sake. They passed together many heart-cheering hours, and in consolatory pious conversation imparted their thoughts to one another with mutual satisfaction.

Two years afterwards, on the 6th April in the year 1528, and in the 56th year of his age, his disenthralled spirit took its flight. Pirkheimer, in one of his letters, gives the following true and touching picture of his last days.

"In Albert I have indeed lost one of the best friends I ever had on earth; and nothing grieves me more than

the cruel occasion of his death which, next to the providence of God, I ascribe entirely to the women of his family, who had gnawed upon his heart and tormented him to that degree that they hastened his departure. For he was all pined away, and had no more courage to try to be cheerful or to go abroad. His perverse wife had even imposed on him a carefulness which poverty had never inflicted. For she cruelly insisted upon his working day and night, solely that he might have more money to leave her when he died. She was always mean, and continues to be so, though Albert has left her an estate of six thousand gilders. But there was no satisfying her, and, in short, she was the sole cause of his death. I have often chided and warned her on account of her suspicious tormenting disposition; I have even foretold to her what the end of it would be, but I received no thanks for my pains. For she would dislike even those who wished well to her husband and came near him; and this it was which most of all troubled Albert, and brought him to his grave. I have never seen her since his death, nor allowed her to come to me, though I have still been helpful to her; but no confidence can be placed in her. Whoever at all opposes her, or does not render up a strict account of every thing, immediately becomes the object of her suspicion and open hostility, so that it is altogether best for me to keep her at a distance.

“It is not that she and her sister are of the abandoned class, on the contrary, I doubt not that they are respectable and exceedingly religious women—but give me one of light character, who is kind-hearted, rather than such gnarly, suspicious, scolding, pious women, with whom one can have no peace night nor day. However, we

must leave the affair to God. He will be gracious and merciful to the pious Albert, who always lived like an honest, religious man, and who died in so blessed and Christian a manner that there can be no fear for his salvation. God grant us grace that in his own time we may happily follow him!"

L. O.

THE THREE SONS.

BY REV. J. MOULTRE.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and a mind of gentle mould;
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is wise and grave of heart beyond his childish
years.

I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire is the thought that fills his
mind;

The food for grave, inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk,
Nor cares he much for childish sports—doats not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplex
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the
next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee; she teaches him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then, are the words which
he will say!

Oh! should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years, like
me,

A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be!

And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now!

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three:

I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be!

How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my
knee.

I do not think his bright blue eye is like his brother's keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been;
But his little heart is a fountain pure of kind and gentle feeling,
And every look 's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk who pass us in the
street,

Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet!

A playfellow he is to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,

Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone!

His presence is like sunshine sent down to gladden earth,

To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.

Should he grow up to riper years, God grant that he may prove

As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly love.

And if beside his grave the tears our aching eyes must dim,

God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him!

I have a son, a third sweet son, his age I cannot tell,

For they reckon not by years and months where he has gone to
dwell.

To us for fourteen anxious months his infant smiles were given,

And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth
feel,

Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.

But I know, for God has told me this, that he is now at rest,

Where other blessed infants are, on their Savior's loving breast.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease ;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may
sever,

But if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours forever.
When we think of what our destiny is, and what we still must
be ;

When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this* world's
misery,

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and
pain,

Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again !

THE TWO LITTLE FRIENDS.

I AM going to tell the short but pleasant history of two little children who loved each other very dearly. William and Mary were their names, and they were both about six years old. Though they were not brother and sister, they called each other so, and perhaps loved one another as if they had been. They lived near each other and played together every day, and Willie used to call for Mary to go to school, and when they were in school they loved to sit together and study their lessons. Nothing pleased them so much as to do kind things for each other, and whenever any one promised William a present, he hoped it would be something he could share with Mary, or something she would like to look at, and Mary felt just the same toward him.

One summer evening in haying time these two loving little children walked out together hand in hand, to find

some wild roses. It was about sunset when they went through the open bar-way of a meadow where the men were raking up the half made and sweetly scented hay into cocks. The wild rose bushes grew by the wall of the meadow, and while William and Mary gathered the roses, the song-sparrow sang his sweet tune, and the yellow bird his happy one, and the Baltimore oriole his queer one, and now and then that bird of the summer meadow whose beautiful home in the long grass I hope no careless mower has disturbed—the blithe bobolink as he winged his way through the sky poured his stream of melody so long and varied which makes one involuntarily ask “What more still?” The children did not know the difference between the yellow bird and the song-sparrow, nor between the Baltimore oriole and the bobolink, yet, each was pleasant to their innocent hearts, and oh! how pleasant was the odor of the hay as they went with their roses in their hands. “If we had enough roses,” said Willie, “I would make a wreath for you, Mary; I dreamed last night about a wreath of roses; but they were blue ones, bright blue, like gems.”

“Blue roses? I never heard of such a thing; but what did you dream about them?”

“There are blue roses in the spiritual world, and many other flowers that we do not have here, because I heard mother say one day, that she had no doubt there were, when sister Ellen was talking about botany with me. Oh I will tell you what I dreamed, I dreamed there was a great winding stair-case leading up to the sky, and the top of it could not be seen because it was all wrapped in the bright golden clouds, and I dreamed I was going up the stair-case and you were going up too, a few steps be-

hind me. Then we seemed to be standing up at the top, standing close together, and a wreath of bright blue roses was around us both. I do not mean that there was a wreath round each of us; but one wreath bound us together."

"Oh Willie! I hope the Lord will let us live together in heaven," said Mary.

"I know he will," said Willie.

"I am sure he would if he knew how we love each other," said Mary.

"Why Mary! He knows, for mother says that He makes us love each other. She says that all the love which I feel in my heart for you or any one, comes from Him, and so does all that any one feels for me."

"Yes," said Mary, "He must know, and then He will certainly let us live together, because I will beg so hard."

"I do not think you will have to do that Mary, I do not think He will wish to separate us, I know He is willing that all who love each other should live together in heaven."

"And in this world too, is he not?" asked Mary.

"O yes I suppose so."

"I hope He will let us live near each other all our lives, do not you, Willie?"

"Yes, indeed."

"But oh Willie! what if father and mother should go away to some other town and live? Then"——

"Then I would go too," said Willie, "if they went a thousand miles."

"Why Willie! would you really? but how would you go?"

"Oh I do not know, I would go the quickest way I could."

"Then you would go in the cars, of course, and if

your father and mother were not willing you should go, then I would stay perhaps ; at least till I began to want to see father and mother, and sister Susan, very much indeed."

"Then when we are grown up and can do as we please," said Willie, "we will live in the same house, just as if we were really brother and sister."

"Oh so we will, and will have our fathers and mothers and sisters live with us if they like to, will we not?"

"Yes, and every one else that we love, we will have a great house and invite every one that is good to come and live in it. But Willie, what if one of us should die very soon?"

"Then the Lord would take the other too, I am almost sure, for He loves us more than we love each other."

"Why Willie ! do you really think He does?"

"Yes ; mother says He does a great deal more."

"But He might have some good reason perhaps, for wishing one to die soon, and the other to live to grow up."

"So He might," said Willie, "but I hope He will not."

"Ah here are the men coming to rake up the hay," said Mary, "we must go to another part of the field, or they may rake us up and pitch us upon the hay rick."

"I wish they would let us stay," said Willie.

"Come," said Mary "let us go and sit down under that apple tree by the wall ; now the hay is all raked up, and we can sit upon the clean short grass."

"I would rather lie here and go to sleep," said Willie, "but I suppose they will want to rake up the hay," and he followed Mary, who had run away to the apple tree, and was sitting beneath it. Willie threw himself down upon the grass near, and after he had talked awhile about

what he meant to do when he was grown up he began to hum a little tune, but his voice sounded as if he felt drowsy and it became more and more so, till the sound died away, and Willie went fast asleep.

"Ah!" cried Mary, as she saw that his eyes were closed, "are you going to sleep, Willie? Oh you are asleep now; how red your cheeks are! I mean to go to sleep too."

And she threw herself back upon the grass, and shutting her eyes tried to feel sleepy; but she found that closed eyes would not bring sleep, so she opened them again, and seeing the rosy clouds of summer twilight floating in the blue above her head, "Oh look Willie," she cried, "look up into the sky!" but Willie made no answer, for he was sound asleep. Mary touched him, he sighed heavily, half opened his eyes and then closed them again.

"How sleepy Willie is to-night," said Mary. "Come Willie you must wake up: it is time for us to go home." But Willie did not move or answer.

"I shall run away from you, Willie," said Mary, "I shall go home without you, and carry all your roses away too." And she took all the roses and ran as far as the bar-way which led into the road; there she stopped and looked back; but Willie was not following her; he still lay upon the ground. She called to him; but he did not come; thinking however that he would certainly follow and overtake her before she reached home, Mary went on. Several times on the way she looked back to see if he were coming; but she saw him not, and when she stood on the door-step looking back upon the road she began to wonder if he might not be ill, and to wish she had not left him."

"Has Willie gone home?" asked Mary's mother, as she took the roses to put them into a glass.

"No," said Mary "I left him asleep in the hay-field where we got the roses."

"Why Mary! you should not have left him there, his parents will feel anxious about him, and besides he may take cold; you should have waked him."

"I could not wake him mother, he was so sound asleep, and he will not take cold, for he is very warm; his cheeks are so red! Oh so very red, twice as red as the roses, and mother, he says there are blue roses——"

"But my child, in what part of the field did you leave Willie?"

Mary described the spot as well as she was able, and then began to tell about the blue roses, but her mother said she could not stay to hear, for she must go and send some one to Willie's father's to enquire if he had returned.

Willie had not returned; search was made for him, and he was found about dusk, still asleep under the apple tree. He did not call the next morning for Mary to go to school, neither was he at school that morning, and Mary was told before night that Willie was very ill with the scarlet fever. She asked her mother with tears in her eyes if Willie was sick because she had left him asleep in the field. Her mother told her she hoped not. The fever, she said, was probably coming on before, and that was the cause of his drowsiness. Mary begged that she might go and see him, but this was not permitted, lest she should take the fever. "Oh mother, I want to take it," cried she, "if Willie dies I want to die too; that is just what we were talking about in the field."

"Do you want to leave your father and mother and sister?" asked her mother.

"O no, mother; but do let me go," Mary cried, "for Willie said that if I went away a thousand miles he would go after me, and now he is sick I must go and see him."

"I am very sorry my dear, but I cannot let you go; if you took the fever, then probably Susan would have it, and perhaps all the family."

"Oh mother," cried Mary, sobbing, "only let me go and tell him that I only ran away from him in play."

"I will tell his mother, and she will tell him, that will do quite as well, Mary, will it not?"

"Will you tell her to-day, mother?"

Her mother promised her that she would, and promised also that when he began to get better, and there was no longer any danger of taking the fever, Mary might go and see Willie herself.

But the days passed by, and Willie grew no better, and Mary wept often when she thought about him, for she knew he suffered a great deal, and every night after she had said the Lord's prayer for herself she said it again for him, because she knew he was too ill to be able to say it himself.

In about a week from the day when he was taken ill, Mary was told that Willie was now indeed relieved from all his sufferings, and that the last words he said were, that he hoped Mary would come soon, for he should stand at the gate of his house in heaven, and watch till she did come, and when he saw her coming he would open it for her, and he would put a wreath of roses on her head, and they would live together always.

"Oh Mother," cried Mary when she heard this, "how soon do you think the Lord will let me go and see Willie? Oh dear! Willie is gone to heaven and I have not seen

him since the night I left him alone in the field ; oh mother ! how I wanted to tell him I was sorry that I took away his roses and ran away from him."

"Perhaps you will tell him, my dear child, when you meet him in heaven."

"Oh so I will ! It shall be the first thing I will say to him. How long is it, mother, since I have seen Willie ? It never was so long before, was it ?"

"It is just a week, dear, I suppose it seems a long while to you ; but perhaps you will see Willie sometimes in your dreams, will not that be pleasant ?"

"Oh yes ; I did see him last night ; but mother do tell me how long it will be before I shall see him in heaven, as much as a week longer do you think ?"

"I cannot possibly tell you, my child ; it is only the Lord who knows when it is the right time for you to be taken to the spiritual world, and when that time comes, He will take you."

"Oh I know it will be soon," said Mary, "for I will pray every night that I may go, and I know the Lord will not want to make us live separate long, because He always has let us be together, and He knows how we love each other."

"But, my Mary, you must not forget your father and mother, and sister Susan, and that they would all love to have you stay with them."

"Oh no no, I do want to be with you and father and Susan ; but oh ! how I do wish we could all go."

"Perhaps you are not so wholly separated from Willie as it seems ; though you do not see him nor hear him speak, yet perhaps his mind is near your mind ; it may be that he will be permitted to be your guardian part of the time, and if so, then his spirit will be very near yours,

and will be thinking about you and guarding you from evil thoughts and feelings."

"How? will he drive them all away?"

"Yes if he should be permitted sometimes to be one of your guardian angels, when he has grown older and wiser, which perhaps may be very soon, he will defend you from the evil ones, by putting into your heart the good feelings which he receives from the Lord; and the more you try to keep away the bad feelings as they begin to arrive, rejecting them by not speaking and acting them out, the easier it will be for your guardians to defend you, and it will be pleasant to them to feel that they have a good influence upon you?"

"Will it? Then I will have all good feelings, and no bad ones shall come."

In about a week after Willie died, symptoms of the fever began to appear in Mary; she was taken in the same way that Willie had been, and she had probably taken it from him on the evening when they were together in the hay-field. When Mary discovered that she was ill with the same disorder that took Willie away, she told her mother she thought it very likely Willie had asked the Lord to send it to her, so that she might die and go to meet him at the gate where he was watching for her. During several days she suffered a great deal, and at times her brain was so feverish that she hardly knew where she was; but seemed to be sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, and many strange forms came before her eyes, sometimes beautiful, and sometimes very disagreeable ones, and one day she said she had been walking with Willie, he had been leading her through green fields and by the banks of bright streams, where

the wild roses grew, red ones, and blue ones too, and she and Willie wove wreaths for each others heads. And once an ugly shape seemed to be floating about in the room, and then Willie came and the ugly shape disappeared.

One day just after Mary had come out of a delirium in which she had seen many strange things, and was lying in a very quiet state, she suddenly cried out to her mother who sat by her bed side. "Why mother, there is Willie!"

"What, my child?"

"There is Willie—there, at the door, do you not see him, mother?"

Her mother did not see him, for the eyes of her spirit were not opened.

"Come in, Willie," said Mary, "dear Willie to come from heaven to see me, when I did not go to see you at all when you were sick, but it was because they would not let me. Come Willie dear! come in!" and she reached forth her hand to him; but he was no longer there; or to speak more correctly Mary's spiritual sight was closed and she saw him no longer; although perhaps he was still near her.

"Oh Mother! He came for me, and found I could not go quite yet, and so he has gone. Do you think he will come again? I hope I shall be ready to go with him if he comes again. Oh good Willie! mother, only think, Willie came from heaven to see me, because he loves me so," and Mary's heart was so full that she wept, and her mother laid her head upon the pillow and wept with her. Mary did not suffer many days longer; in about a fortnight from the day when she was taken ill, the heav-

only angels came and took her from the earthly body and led her to heaven where Willie was waiting for her. Though I cannot describe the meeting of the two little friends, we all know how tender it must have been, and surely we may suppose that they were bound together for eternity by a garland of flowers or rather by the delights and uses of mutual love.

A. A. G.

INCIDENT ON BOARD A STEAMBOAT.

It was towards the close of a sunny and somewhat sultry day in August that I took leave of the great city of New York and sailed for Stonington in the steamer Massachusetts. My thoughts which during the day had been absorbed in business matters were now free to enjoy the sail. An easterly wind had sprung up which seemed to give new strength and spirits to all. Large numbers though not a crowd of passengers were on board. Among them were persons of both sexes and of all ages and conditions. There were young gentlemen proudly enjoying a monopoly of the conversation of two or three ladies apiece, or young ladies enlivened by the sail and conscious of their charms promenading the deck trying perhaps what impression they might make. The aged too were there ;—persons whose marked features, and locks (if they had any) or want of them, if they had not, bore record of the many years which had passed over them, and who seemed rejuvenated by the bracing water-bree-

zes, the lively social spectacle immediately around them, or the more distant view of the shipping sailing in every direction upon the waters of the sound. Our boat sailed majestically on meeting and passing sail-craft of all sorts and sizes at almost every moment; and the passengers found entertainment in seeing the navigation upon the waters, and enjoyed a secret feeling of triumph whenever the greater power and speed of our own boat carried us by the coasters and steamers which were sailing in the same direction as ourselves. At length the ringing of a bell and the uncouth accents of a young man announced tea. At once the passengers left the saloon deck,—part descending to the cabin to take tea, others obeying the general impulse and falling in with the general movement passed downward without any particular purpose. Shortly afterwards I went up again to the saloon or promenade deck. Not a person was there and no living thing was visible upon the deck. A few dark clouds were skirting the western hills and the sun was sinking behind them. In different directions I could see the sails of more than forty vessels each moving on in her voyage. Presently I heard an uneasy moaning sound which seemed to be near. I looked around but could see nothing to account for what I had heard. A man now came upon the deck bringing in his hand some food. He opened a large willow work-basket which had been standing unobserved near me, and up sprang a little lively curly-haired white dog whose complaining and beseeching cry I had heard and not understood, and who tried to leap out from his willow prison and run at large upon the deck. He was full of spirit and animation at the prospect of escaping from the narrow limits in which he had been con-

fined. The man offered him the food but the dog took no notice of it but still attempted to get free—to make good his escape. His master, however crowded him back into the basket and placing the food in the basket shut down and fastened down its lid. If the passengers (who had now begun to come upon the deck again) could have peeped through the wicker work of that basket they would probably have seen the little prisoner partaking his repast with great apparent satisfaction, and many of them would probably have thought the little creature fortunate in having so kind a master—one who provided so fine a supper for him,—so much better, indeed than is enjoyed by the greater part of his species who are at large. I had noticed however that it was not till all hope of escape from confinement had passed by that he took any notice whatever of the food. While there was a chance of deliverance he cared nothing for food. This little incident suggested a few reflections to my mind. I considered for a moment the present condition of two or three millions of my countrymen, and the reasoning sometimes employed even in *high places* to justify their being kept in that condition. I felt increased contempt for the flimsy and false views of those who attempt to justify slavery on the ground that the persons held in it are better fed than those of their species who are free. The little incident which I had witnessed seemed to me a fresh illustration that food whatever may be its quality is not and cannot be an equivalent for personal liberty. Place before the slave the chance of attaining his freedom and he will put forth his best efforts to accomplish an end so dear to his heart, and no considerations of mere physical comfort or plea-

sure will divert him from these exertions. But when at length the door of hope in that direction is closed and fastened against him, then, and not till then will he turn his attention to the lesser comforts within his reach and enjoy and make the most of them. The slave ought not, thought I, like this little prisoner before me to be held in bondage against his will. He ought to be free—free as the heaving waves on which we float, free as the breeze from the east which fans and refreshes us and which swells the sails of the scores of vessels on every side, free as the motions of the clouds which sail in the western heavens gorgeously decorating the couch of the setting sun; free as the glowing hearts of the company of passengers enjoying this sail;—free as are my own thoughts from the anxiety which has weighed upon them in the great and busy city from which I have just taken my departure; free as the unbounded merey which gave him existence.

A. C.

THE SABBATH IS HERE.

FROM KRUMACHER.

THE Sabbath is here, it is sent us from He aven,
Rest, rest, toilsome life,
Be silent all strife,
Let us stop on our way,
And give thanks, and pray
To Him, who all things has given.

The Sabbath is here, to the fields let us go ;
How fresh and how fair !
In the still morning air,
The bright golden grain
Waves over the plain ;
It is God who doth all this bestow.

The Sabbath is here, on this blessed morn,
No tired ox moans,
No creaking wheel groans,
At rest is the plough,
No noise is heard now,
Save the sound of the rustling corn.

The Sabbath is here, our seed we have sown
In hope, and in faith ;
The Father he saith
Amen ! Be it so !
Behold the corn grow !
Rejoicing his goodness we'll own.

The Sabbath is here, His love we will sing,
Who sendeth the rain,
Upon the young grain.
And soon all around
The sickle will sound,
And home, the bright sheaves we will bring.

The Sabbath is here, in hope and in love,
We sow in the dust,
While humbly we trust
Up yonder shall grow
The seed which we sow,
And bloom a bright garland above.

E. L. F.

PRINCESS ALDERIA ;
OR,
THE FIVE WISHES .

A FAIRY TALE .

THERE was once a queen, who had a daughter born to her, whom she named Alderia. There was a fairy in the queen's territories, who had come with the queen's good subjects to congratulate her upon the birth of her child, and as she brought no gifts, she promised that when the infant was old enough to rule the kingdom, she would grant her the first five wishes, as she ascended the throne.

Alderia was still a child when her mother died, but there were many to remind her of the fairy's promise ; and, while yet a little girl, she often amused herself with thinking what would be her five wishes.

"I wish," said she, when her sixth birth-day had come, "I wish the fairy would grant my wishes now. That would be one wish. I wish she would give me a fairy doll, which would dance and sing and smile, and yet was no larger than a baby's arm—I wish I had a little dog, as small as my toy spaniel, but which could run and bark, and bite my teacher when she chides me. I wish I had a little horse to ride, which was no larger than a rocking horse, but as spirited as a warrior's charger, and gentle as a lamb—and, with him, I would like a gold saddle and bridle adorned with jewels. I wish I had a little fairy garden, filled with fruit trees so small that I could pluck ripe fruits from the branches as I

walked among them every morning, and so perfect that nothing could be more delicious than the dainties I procured from their tiny boughs."

Six more years passed, and Princess Alderia was twelve years of age. "I wish," said she, "that I might be allowed to ascend my throne this day—That is my first wish. I wish that I had a little palace, in a garden of bright flowers which would never wither and die. I wish I had a little lake filled with coral groves and beautiful sea plants, among which the gold and silver fish would dart and swim, and on which the nautilus would spread his tiny sail, giving to its surface life and beauty. I wish I had for this lake a little magic boat, whose sails could always find a breeze, and which no storm could ever overturn—I wish I had a singing bird, whose rich voice could imitate all strains of melody, and which would never weary of indulging me with his sweet harmony."

Six years passed again, and Princess Alderia was of age to ascend her throne and rule her people. It was the eve of her birth-day, and the next morning would witness her coronation, and the fulfilment of the fairy's promise. "I wish," said she to herself in anticipation, "for beauty—I would be the loveliest lady in my realm. I would have all men subdued by my loveliness. I wish for wealth. I would wear more gorgeous jewelry than any queen on earth. I would have my palace one magnificent collection of brilliant gems. I wish, as a lover, for the proud and powerful young king Bertrando, and that he may come tomorrow, and kneel at my feet. I wish for fame—that the knowledge of me and of my kingdom may be as household words in all countries, and

that in every land, they may envy and admire. I wish for long life ; for all this I would enjoy for many successive years."

To wish all this was to possess it in a few hours, and the princess retired to her chamber, and drank an opiate that she might sleep away the hours which would pass so wearily. But the drug, instead of producing insensibility, aroused her senses to unwonted activity, and every nerve was endowed with new sensibility. She faintly heard and saw what could not be made manifest in her ordinary mood, and she soon became aware that some one was approaching her through the distant air.

There was no sound of breaking glass, or of sashes raised, yet a female came through the casement, and stood before her. The form was enveloped in a mantle, figured with a running pattern of green leaves, upon a groundwork representing scenes in the heart of the earth. There was an indistinctness about the whole which, by arousing curiosity, made the designs very interesting, and Alderia gazed with hope and fear.

"Are you the fairy that is to grant me five wishes?" asked the Princess.

The little figure nodded ; and, opening her mantle, she stretched out her arms towards Alderia. With some misgivings she returned the embrace, when, wrapping the mantle closely about her, Alderia perceived they were passing through the window into the open air. A fragrant vine, which shaded the casement, received them, and formed a bower, or carriage, in which they sailed over woods, fields and cities, until they entered the side of a high mountain. For a few moments the passage was dark :—the magic carriage was left at the entrance,

and the fairy, releasing Alderia, groped along before her, and her mantle sparkled with light, as when bright fireflies illuminate low shrubbery.

At length they emerged into the interior of the mountain. It was one vast expanse of brightness—one radiant collection of earth's richest gems—one grand exhibition of glittering jewelry. There were broad fields of shining emerald, as when the green earth glistens through the hoar-frost. There were forests of crystals, as though the blossoming trees of every clime had been collected in one magnificent grove, and covered with icicles. There were streams of clearest crystal, as though the pellucid waters of many rivers had been frozen at the moment that they were dancing on in brightest wavelets. There were fountains of diamond, as though they had been crystallized at the instant they gushed forth with richest splendor. There were palaces, encrusted with gems, and glittering with fluted pillars of amethyst, of topaz, and sapphire. There were temples of diamond, so clear, so bright, that they looked as if sculptured from water, which now reflected back a dazzling flood of light. There were magnificent halls, whose walls were inlaid with mosaic figures of exceeding beauty. There were even landscapes, represented with such vivid truthfulness that it seemed like looking through a glass, which magnified the lovely scenes of nature, and brought them close to the spectator.

And every hall, grove, temple and grotto was filled with beautiful little beings, with eyes of diamond brightness, lips like rubies, and complexions of such crystal clearness that the tint upon them looked like the flash of sunset upon the smoothest ice.

Alderia was in ecstasies. This was the beauty of

which she had often dreamed, but never hoped to witness. This was her realization of perfect splendor. Oh that she might faintly imitate this magnificence in her own kingdom. Time passed on, but so swiftly that she would not have known that it had fled only as she had enjoyed so many pleasures. They gave her a palace of her own, and she sat each day upon a throne of precious stones, with a radiant crown upon her head, and clad in robes embroidered with gems, and glittering with beauty. Her time was spent in admiring and receiving admiration ; but this, which was so intoxicating at first, soon palled upon her senses, and became very wearisome. There was here no friendship, no knowledge, no love, no virtue. Her companions had neither minds nor souls—neither heads nor hearts. How grateful would now seem to her some expression of affection from her old nurse. How she would love to sit once more by her old white-haired tutor, and beg of him to chide her faults, as when she was a little girl. How she would love to hear the humblest of her subjects send forth a glad huzza ; and in their awkward way, crowd round her for a smile. She yearned for these pleasures more and more, until her present mode of life appeared intolerable.

She sought the fairy who had brought her hither, and entreated to be allowed to return to her own kingdom. The fairy refused—"But," said Alderia, "you promised to grant me five wishes—I will blend them all into one—the wish to go home."

"The time for that has passed," replied the fairy. "The day when your five wishes were to be granted, was passed here in revelry and splendor."

"But what matters it that I wished not then?" replied

the princess angrily ; " your power is still the same : and now," she added more softly, " by the kindness which you felt for my departed mother, that which prompted the promise which has gladdened my thoughts through life, have pity upon me, and let me go hence."

Still the fairy refused to let her depart, and left her with the positive assurance that return was impossible. And when Alderia knew that henceforth her life must be passed in this reservoir of crystal brilliance, its charm had all departed. All its beauties were now, not only insipid, but disgusting. Her heart shut itself up from those about her ; and her thoughts revolted from the prospect of her future life. There was now no beauty in the dazzling halls, and she sought the depths of emerald groves for solitude. But the radiance dawned and sparkled in the bright leaves, as if in mockery at her sadness, and she could nowhere find gloom. All without was unsympathizing, and the brilliance which ever met her eyes fell burning upon her tortured heart.

" I am mortal," said she at length, as though a happy thought had just come to her. " I shall sometime die, and then will be an end of all this misery." She laid herself down upon a glittering couch, and turned her face towards a shining wall, but she closed her eyes that they might not look upon this repulsive beauty ; and then she tried to wait patiently for death.

But, by and by, the brightness, which she wished not to see, came intrusively through her closed eyelids ; and, though she tried not to know it, she became aware of its increasing brilliance. Then came the sounds of stirring music, as though to revive her energies, but she endeavored not to see or hear. She raised her hands to her

eyes, for she would shut out the light, that still would come to her, but the motion broke her slumber and her dream. She was still in her own home and chamber, and the sun was shining upon her, through her unshaded casement. The cup, from which she drank the opiate, was on the floor, and she now knew that she had been mistaken in the drug.

The sounds of music were wafted on the morning breeze, and they were the sounds of the clarion and trumpet, ushering in the day of jubilee. This was her coronation day, and the anniversary of her birth, and this was the morning when would be granted, her five wishes.

"Ah," said she to herself, "how differently I shall wish to-day. My first wish is for beauty—the beauty of a heart which seeks its own happiness in the well-being of others, and whose mild loveliness can irradiate the plainest features, and give them an attraction which will never lessen or decay.

"I wish not for personal wealth, but for the prosperity of my people—that this nation may have the true riches which, if they possess contented hearts, can be secured to them by a mild and equal government.

"I wish not for the love of Bertrando, but for the sincere, fervent, undying friendship of the worthiest young man in my realm.

"I care not for fame, but that my name may live long in the hearts of all my subjects.

"I wish for life, so long as I can be serviceable to my people, for I would have none but tears of genuine sorrow shed upon my tomb.

"Let these then be my five wishes."

H. F.

EXTRACT OF NATURAL HISTORY.

[FROM "GATHERINGS BY YOUNG HANDS."]

BELL FLOWER. CAMPANULA.

BLUE BELL. HARE BELL. C ROTUNDIFOLIA.

ROOT LEAVES, ROUND. STEM LEAVES, LINEAR.
FLOWER, STALKED, DROOPING.

Who does not love "The Pretty Blue Bell," with its little delicate pendant flowers, its graceful stem, and its narrow leaves? We may not perhaps have observed that those leaves which grow near to the root are round, because they soon dry up; but we all know how celebrated is "The Blue Bell of Scotland"; it is our present plant, and grows on all heaths and thickets.

The Hare Bell, bright and blue,
That decks the dingle wild,
In whose cerulean hue,
Heaven's own blest tint we view
In day serene and mild.
How beauteous, like an azure gem,
She droopeth from her graceful stem.

A. STRICKLAND.

"Are we not beautiful? Are not we
The darlings of mountain, and woodland and lea.
Plunge in the forest—are we not fair?
Go to the high-road—we meet you there.
Oh! where is the flower that content may tell,
Like the laughing, the nodding, and dancing Hare Bell."

ROMANCE OF NATURE.

THE DEAF-MUTES.

"NAY, speak to me no more of hope," said Rudolph ; "how long have I listened to its deceitful voice in vain ! Through four long years, since the appalling fact first became a certainty to me, have I striven to repress the anguish of my feelings, and to use every means which could be suggested to avert so terrible a calamity."

"But may there not be something yet untried ; some alleviation, at least, if not a cure ? said the gentle Hannchen, as she patiently sate by the side of her despairing husband.

"No, nothing, nothing !" murmured he in the same mournful tone as before. "Remember, my dear wife, that day on which our eyes were first enchanted by the sight of those twin babes. As they nestled there in their new born loveliness on one pillow, we pressed our cheeks to their little downy heads ; or placed our fingers within the grasp of those tiny hands, which seemed like tender opening leaf-buds ; felt the light movement of their breath as it touched our faces, and imagined it a blessed air from Heaven, and watched with almost breathless delight beside the quiet slumberers, till the deep blue beneath their opened lids seemed to us a vision of Heaven itself. How did our hearts thrill with gratitude unspeakable to Him who had made to us so precious a gift ; while we uttered our fervent resolves, that all the energy of our nature should be consecrated to the holy task of rearing these two innocent babes to a life of virtue and happiness. And then as weeks rolled on, and the first smiles lighted over their beautiful features in answer to our looks of love to them, and their eyes followed our motions, and

their arms were put forth, with infantile eagerness, as if to welcome our caresses, each day served to make them more precious. We felt that we were blessed, and we lived in our babes alone. But, ah! when the first suspicion crossed our minds, with a startling flash, that the inestimable gift of hearing was not theirs! Thou knowest, my Hannchen, how that secret anxiety preyed upon each of us; how, when our hearts were sinking with doubt,—a doubt equally shared, which made our nights sleepless and our days sad,—still neither could whisper to the other that painful surmise, which each read in the other's eye;—and that evening of unutterable woe, when our good neighbor Hans, in the kindness of his intentions, but all too roughly, mentioned it as the common opinion of the hamlet that our Thekla and Karl, our darling babes, were deaf. A veil was torn from our eyes; for then we saw, as in one glance, the thousandfold privations to which those dear lives must be exposed; never could our ears catch delighted the sweet sound of 'Father,' 'Mother,' as it steals in lisping tones from the child's first attempts to speak; never should they"—he could say no more; overcome with the remembrance of that hour of overwhelming anguish, followed as it had been by years of unavailing exertion, the unhappy father hid his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

The sun's parting beams were gleaming on spire and hill-top one warm summer eve, as Rudolph and his Hannchen sate near the door of their little cot, in a wild, retired part of Saxony, and talked thus of their joy and sorrow. No peasant's home in that cultivated kingdom had been happier than theirs. Each wrought in the fields and in the house; and the toils of the day, in that fertile region, were lightened by the expectation of mutual en-

joyments in a higher labor when the sun had set ; for it is the boast of Saxony that the minds of her children, as well as the soil of her valleys, have received a higher cultivation than is found in any other part of Europe. But a cloud came over their bright home. With desponding heart, but persevering energy, Rudolph had used every exertion to procure for his little ones the blessed gift of hearing ; living with most rigid economy, and through great personal sacrifices, he had expended almost all their small income in obtaining the best medical advice ; but all in vain ; the disease lay beyond the physician's art, and he uttered to himself again and again that his children must be deaf-mutes.

Still in the mother's heart there was sunshine, if not hope. She knew how her beloved ones must be exposed to untold privations in after years ; she yearned with ineffable longing for the prattle of their childhood, their loving response to her words of maternal affection, and their manifestations of dawning intellect ; still to her husband's bursts of anguish she would gently reply with words of comfort ; reminding him of the dear Father in whose care they were, and by whom not even one sparrow was disregarded ; trying to infuse into his troubled thoughts some degree of that calm trust, which sweetened all her being ; and made her daily life a continual renewal of blessings from the Divine Hand.

As they lingered this evening beneath a sky, lighted by the glory of the setting Sun, their lovely twins frolicked on the green before them ; now hiding from each other in the bushes, now twining and exchanging wreaths of wild flowers, now running neither knew whither, now stopping neither knew why ; rejoicing though silent, and satisfied though unheard.

"See the darlings," said the mother; "how every gesture, every feature expresses delight; watch Thekla's laughing, blue eyes, as they peep over her shoulder to find whether Karl is coming near her hiding-place; and see how the noble boy shakes back his fair locks from his brow, and looks so ingenuous and manly and confident, as if he were born to be her protector. Let us enjoy ourselves, and make them enjoy too, Rudolph, all that is possible to their condition."

"It cannot long be so," replied the sorrowing man, "their enjoyment is now the exuberance of their childish spirits, like that of animals. But even the animals can communicate with each other; the young lamb hears the bleat of its dam; the birds, at this calm hour, answer each other from bush and tree and eaves; even inanimate things seem endowed with voice to reveal their enjoyments; the leaves sing and sigh as the evening breeze steals over them; our majestic Elbe winds not unheard among our meadows; all, all, except my dear children seem able to tell their happiness. And even if they feel not now their bitter lot, who can paint the dreary void their life must be in after years! When the sportiveness of infancy has passed away, then comes the season for the studies of youth; and what a blank must those days be to them! Ah! how I pictured to myself as I bent fondly over the cradle of their earliest days, the bright boy with his satchel over his shoulder, returning at night from school, and, with the darling Thekla filling us with rejoicing at such daily progress in knowledge; and now it is all sealed from them. And when our good pastor shed the water of baptism on those fair foreheads, how deeply did I resolve, that the consecration which had been made before that altar of these two liv-

ing souls to God, should be continued and confirmed by all the religious instruction we could give them ; but, alas ! what can they ever learn of God and of duty ? They can never listen to our words of warning, of reproof, and of encouragement."

"Trust then to that dear God, into whose care thou didst yield them at the baptismal font, my Rudolph. They are excluded, in a great degree, from intercourse with those around them ; but, while the outward ear is dulled to all earthly sounds, how can we know to what degree of acuteness their inward sense may be refined ; what angel voices, sweet as sounded to Judea's shepherds on their night-watch, may make rich melody in their hearts ; refining their thoughts, purifying their affections, and preparing them, better than our instructions could do, for an early heaven ? I never clasp them in my arms but with an emotion of deep reverence ; and when, each night, I press the last kiss on the cheeks of the rosy sleepers, I feel, as I part the clustering locks over their beautiful brows and leave them to their nightly repose, that angel-wings are hovering near their pillow ; and the loving "Good night," which falls unheard from me, may be sounding sweetly to their inmost heart from angel-harps. Let us beckon them home now, and perhaps to-morrow will bring you better thoughts."

And the morning did bring good tidings indeed. A neighbor, whose affairs had led him to Leipsic, heard while there of the schools which had been established for teaching deaf-mutes to speak. He listened with ready ear, for Rudolph and Hannchen were beloved through the hamlet, and the condition of their children excited universal sympathy. He gathered all the information he could, and returned home with the welcome intelligence.

He came not alone to the cottage, for each peasant, as he passed with the good news, desired to share in the joy of the parents ; men with spade or saw, or other implement of labor in the hand, women with gowns tucked under their apron, and eyes brim-full of tears, children shouting the news in every intonation of joy, all entered together to tell of the blessed deliverance which might be effected. The parents listened as stupefied to the annunciation ; while Karl and Thekla hid their faces behind their mother's dress, all unconscious of the interest they excited, but wondering at this unusual assemblage.

The matter was at last explained to the delighted parents, who listened to the recital again and again before they could believe the tale. After the sympathizing crowd had withdrawn, taking their little ones in their arms they shed tears of intensest joy ; and felt that no sacrifice they could make would be worth one moment's consideration, if this blessing could come upon their children. The expense would be great, far greater than their ability to meet by means of labor on their farm. It was finally decided to lease their farm and house to a tenant, that happy home, in which they had enjoyed and suffered so much ; and to seek, during the time necessary for the children's thorough instruction, more profitable labor. By working in the mines of Freiberg, Rudolph would receive more wages than for farm-labor ; to be excluded from the sunlight of the world seemed a trifle, when so cheering a ray of hope had dawned in his heart, making his arm strong and his heart light. Hannchen sought and found service in a household of the city, where the duties were hard, but nearness to her children strengthened her for each day's toil.

The experiment proved successful ; the children learned to talk and to understand the words of others ; and when, after that painful separation, re-united under that humble roof, no home-walls the wide world round resounded with purer expressions of happiness, or were lighted up with happier faces.

H. E. S.

Note.—For an account of the manner of teaching deaf-mutes to speak, see Mr. Mann's admirable report of his visit to the European schools.

THE FIRST UNHAPPINESS.

"I WISH, grandpapa, you would tell me something about yourself when you were a little boy, as you promised me you would, when you had the leisure."

"I will very willingly do so, my little son, and let you know of some of the feelings and trials I had when I was about five years old ; younger than you are now. Though it is so long since, I remember them as plainly as if it were but yesterday.

"I was a very happy little boy, I believe, up to this time ; I was full of joy and spirits : but the time came when I was not happy, and well do I remember it, for it was my first unhappiness. It was in the summer season, when every thing about me was joyous and beautiful, when I had the kindest father and mother in the world, and a dear little sister, who was as playful as a kitten. We had a pretty garden, and in it were flowers, and fruit

trees, and there do I remember frolicking about in the walks, playing with little sister, and the dog, and cat, and now and then gathering for my mother a bouquet of flowers: how well do I recollect one day carrying her up a bunch of roses when she was lying upon her bed in her sick room."

"But grandpapa, how came you to be unhappy? did your mother die?"

"No, my mother did not die, nor my father, nor little sister."

"Then perhaps you were ill, and could not go out to play in the garden."

"No, I could go out in the garden to play; but listen patiently and I will tell you. You know we had in this pretty garden some fruit trees. When the fruit was ripe, I was delighted at the taste of it, and my father and mother told me that they should give me as much of it as would be good for me; but, that I must not pick up any to eat without first asking leave of them. This rule I obeyed for some time, but one day when I was playing under a peach tree, a beautiful peach fell to the ground just at my feet, and before I thought much about it I picked it up and ate it, and for some days I ate the fruit without asking. At length I was asked by my mother whether I had eaten any fruit without leave, and I, like a coward, said, No: that dreadful No, was a lie, and was like poison to me. After I had been so wicked as to tell a lie I felt like a different boy. I did not take as much pleasure in sitting on my father's knee, or in telling over to my mother all I had done through the day as I used to do. When I went to bed I would tell her every thing that had happened: but I did not tell her what had hap-

pened to me in that place which no one can look into, my own mind ; there was my lie, and I never told her of it ; and so I went on for a long time determining I never would tell another lie, but not mustering sufficient courage to confess to her how naughty I had been. I felt all the time as if I was cheating my mother, and this made me discontented and disagreeable, and so I became fretful and cross, and this made my mother and father unhappy, and I was very unhappy myself at times. I hardly knew what was the matter : nothing seemed to go right with me. At last one day when I was walking with my mother, she said something to me, I forget now what it was, but it made me determine that I would say out every thing to her, and though it was more than a year afterwards I told her all that was in my heart, confessed to her about the fruit and some other little things I had done which were not perfectly true actions. After I had told all it seemed as if a bright sun shone within me, and that its beams sent away that dark naughty lie which had so changed me. And now all was beginning to go right with me again ; I felt brave and happy and free ; now I felt as if I could bear any pain or trouble, for I had got that naughty lie out of me. I then told my mother that as long as I lived with her, never would I hide any naughty thing I had done from her again. And that promise I was able to keep. Never did I deceive her, though it often gave me great pain to tell her of some of my actions which I knew were wrong. Never since that time have I been so mean as to tell a lie. This, my dear son, was my first unhappiness, but my determination at last to tell all to my mother is one reason why you have now such a happy grandpapa."

S. C. C.

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1844.

NO. 3.

“WE LOOK FOR NEW HEAVENS AND A NEW
EARTH.”

“Oh mother, mother!” said Harry as he ran into his mother’s room out of breath, “William Brown says the world is coming to an end to-night and he would not go to school with me when I called for him this morning, because he expected to ascend to Heaven with his mother; and they say that there are a great many people that think so too, and have left off their work and are going to prepare themselves to ascend to Heaven, while those that are not good enough will be destroyed with the earth, and all that is upon it by fire. Is it true, mother?” said Harry, greatly terrified.

“I do not think there is any reason to believe it, Harry. These same people have said the same thing a number of times before now, and you see we are all here, alive and well. I have no fear of this event; they have no more reason to expect the destruction of the world to-day, than they had yesterday.”

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Poor Harry was really so much frightened, that his mother thought it best not to reason any more with him, at that time; so she tried to divert his attention by talking with him of something else; but it was all in vain; he could think of nothing else. After dinner however, she and his father took him into the country to see a friend. There Harry found boys and girls who were full of play, and who were very glad to see him: they carried him out to see the hens and chickens, and all that is interesting on a farm: but what pleased him more than anything, was a little donkey, one of the prettiest, gentlest creatures that was ever seen, with panniers on his back. The father of the boys was filling the panniers with squashes, and when they were heaped up full, then the donkey carried them to the shed, where the squashes were spread to ripen before they were put away for winter. The boys let Harry lead the donkey and give him an ear of corn to pay him for every load he took in. After the squashes were all taken in, a nice saddle was put on the donkey, and Harry had a ride on him; this was the first time he had ever ridden on a donkey, and such a pleasant, good-natured creature as this one was, is not often seen anywhere. Harry was happy as a boy can be. His parents staid till the moon rose, and after a good supper of baked apples and milk they set out for home. Harry was so tired that as soon as he was fairly seated and the horses began to go, he fell fast asleep. When they reached home, his father took him gently up in his arms, and carried him to his bed, and his mother slipped off his clothes without his knowing anything about it, and Harry knew nothing more till the bright sun shone in his chamber, and woke

him up the next morning, and he heard his father say, "Come Harry! breakfast will be ready before you are, if you are not quick to wash and dress yourself."

After breakfast, Harry suddenly turned to his mother—"Well mother, they missed it after all, for the world is not burned up, but is as bright and good as ever it was; was there ever such nonsense!"

Harry's elder brother who also had been a little troubled the day before by all he had heard about the world's being destroyed, although he did not like to confess it, said then to his father in an almost angry tone—"I think all these Millerites ought to be shut up in a hospital. You said, father, the other day, that in every faith there is something to be respected, and that it is the truth in it that keeps it alive; what is the truth in the absurdities of these people? I am sure I can't see any." "These people," replied his father, "believe that all that is sinful and bad in the world is to be destroyed, and that all that is good in it is to be preserved; that old things are to pass away, and that we are to have a new earth and a new heavens. Is not this what Jesus has taught? do we not believe that finally what is true and pure and good will prevail, and what is evil be destroyed?"

"Yes, but not all at once, in one day, and in such a manner as they say."

"Very true, but that was not what I asked, William, but whether their great idea of the destruction of evil, and the final triumph of good was not a great truth?"

"Certainly, father, we all believe that, but their absurdity is in supposing that we can know the time and the way. What reason have we to suppose that the destruc-

tion of the wicked and the triumph of the good is any nearer now than it ever has been? And how do they know who are good and who are bad? They talk about signs and wonders and all sorts of absurdities, and they think they are going up to heaven bodily, and get their ascension robes ready."

"There are great signs now, I think, my son, only they are not just such as they speak of and believe in, but even in this idea of theirs there is some truth. There are great signs in our time. Let us turn our eyes away from their absurdities and seek for the truth in their faith. There are great signs and wonders in the present day, though perhaps not such as they dwell upon and believe in; but there are some great signs of a brighter day for the world now. The present time is a most interesting one to us all."

"What signs, father?"

"They are these: old institutions that the world has thought for a long time were not to be questioned, are now publicly examined into, and all their frightful wickedness brought to light and censured. The sufferings of the laboring classes in England, even you, a young boy of only fourteen years of age, are acquainted with;—the sufferings of the women and children in the coal-mines in England, the degradation of their factory operatives, the wretchedness of the starving poor throughout the civilized world; these are subjects all speak of; you are acquainted with the wide-spread ruin from intemperance, and have learned to think that when people drink wine as a luxury, they have no right to condemn the poor man who takes his rum and water, even when he takes too much. Your soul has been so moved by this that you

have of your own accord, by taking the pledge, bound yourself to abstain from all such things, and thus do your part towards making a new earth of temperance. Such an idea as this was not known or thought of when I was a boy. I remember when I used to laugh at, and despise the poor black man; my father was a slaveholder, and when I saw a poor negro whipped for my fault, I like a cowardly villain said nothing, because I cared nothing for the poor slave. I have expiated my sin by many an hour of agony, and I have, as you know, freed the slaves left to me by my father. And you, my son, are a devoted champion of the poor injured negro. When I was a boy no one spoke of slavery; all was quiet upon the subject in this country. There was no agitation, no quarrelling in Congress about it then: in a dumb, dead stillness the iron ate into the heart and marrow of the poor despised negro: now the whole country is awake and alive upon the subject of his wrongs, a voice has gone forth that will never be silent till slavery is no more. Is not this a sign, William, that old things are passing away? We shall see no visible flames, but rely upon it, there is a consuming fire at work throughout the world in which all institutions founded upon wickedness and crime, all unjust and cruel oppression shall be consumed and pass away. I do not believe that we shall ever see an angel coming down to bear away the saints, or that fire will destroy the sinners, but I rejoice in the faith that God's spirit is ever around the good man, and ever ready to support him in his efforts for the good of his fellow-men, and that he is never alone. I rejoice to believe that all things are becoming new, and that we are preparing for the reign of righteousness. The heart of the

world yearns after a higher virtue, a truer and purer happiness; mankind cries after perfection, and in the mistaken and mad dreams of the deluded Millerite I hear the moanings of the home-sick child after the peace and joy of his Father's house. You, my boy, though so young, are yet old enough, while you see and lament over the mistakes or the folly of these poor people who think that the world is to be purified and changed by visible fire, and while you condemn all those, if there are any such, who make use of their superstition for their own selfish ends, to see in the hearts of these sincere fanatics the signs and prophecy of a great truth. And let it lead you to think how by a pure and holy life devoted to the good of your fellow-beings, you can do something towards making the prophecy good of a new Heaven and a new earth."

E. L. F.

THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

THE first recollections of my earliest days are associated with the sunny skies and fertile fields of Georgia; there I found myself inclosed in a brown pod, and waving, among many companions, on bushes carefully cultivated. My office was to take care of the tender ripening seeds, and I might well rejoice in my quiet life, for it was a life of continued usefulness. Under the shadow of my little tent, where I dwelt with my nurslings, the hours would have sped for us on light steps—for we were well provided for by careful attendants—had we no troubles but our own; but the pleasantness of that southern home was

sadly marred by the sounds, which reached us from time to time, indicating that, while we lived in comfort, there was sorrow around us. Not only by gentle dews and refreshing showers was the earth moistened about the roots of our plants ; bitter, scalding tears from hearts oppressed with grief, pining under home-sickness, tortured with fears or bodily suffering, have fallen around the stem on which I rested, until I longed to break the covering which restrained me, and soothe the sorrows of which I was thus apprized. I was often delighted by the merry song of some light-hearted negro, as he came, with his pruning-knife to work among us ; the shouts of the little ones at their play came, as a joyous burden upon the morning wind ; but there were also sounds of a far different character.

One afternoon two women stood near us ; after many sighs, one said to the other, " Tell me, Tenah, have you heard what our master will do tomorrow with your boy and mine ? " " No," replied Tenah, in a voice trembling with emotion, for past suffering made her always fearful.

" Then listen," said the first voice ; " tomorrow the gentleman, who looked at our boys last week in the hut, is to come again ; he is to take them, with a large gang of slaves, perhaps one hundred, to a great distance, oh ! ever so far ! and sell them all ! "

Into whatever form I may change, I shall never forget the piercing shriek of anguish which burst from the lips of poor Tenah at this terrible announcement.

" My John ! my dear boy ! my darling child ! it shall not be ! never shall he be taken away from me, perhaps to some cruel master ! "

" Hush ! hush ! " said the first speaker, " here comes

the overseer with his whip; we had better mind our work."

The agonized mother threw herself at the feet of the task-master, and besought him, with prayers and tears which might have melted a stone to tenderness, to prevent this dreaded separation, or, if this could not be, to obtain leave for her to go with her beloved child. But all in vain; he coldly repulsed her with, "Nonsense woman; there are children enough about here; take one of them, and call him your son; that will do as well as this one." He then walked away, whistling "Home, sweet Home;" regardless of the cries of the distracted mother, who pleaded for the society of her own child—the child whom she had nursed in his infancy, whose first stammering attempts at speech had filled her with rapture, whose crisp locks were far more beautiful to her than the smooth ringlets of her master's children, whose ebon arms had been clasped around her neck with as much tenderness, as if their skin were of a fairer hue, and who, now grown to boyhood, seemed to her the very model of all that was beautiful and desirable. He must be taken from her; sold perhaps into some most cruel bondage; and no tidings of his fate might ever reach her more; while the sufferings she had formerly endured under a tyrannical master sharpened her anguish. The stars came forth that evening, gathering in their quiet beauty over that southern land, and they seemed to me to rejoice, that their course was far away from such scenes of iniquity.

Incidents of this kind made me impatient of my abode; I rejoiced when the day arrived for giving up my office, and determined to float lightly away, when the seeds should leave me, far from the dwelling of man that I

might no longer be so pained. I little knew the fate which awaited me. But when, as our brown tent opened for the seeds to come forth, I and my companions were seized, huddled closely together, and violently pressed into a small space, I thought I knew something of what I had so often heard the poor Africans describe as their first suffering.

When relieved from this imprisonment in a bale on ship-board, I found myself in the midst of a scene quite different from my earliest home. Instead of the fragrant airs, floating toward me from orange groves and rose trees, the disagreeable odor of a manufactory surrounded me, and the deafening clatter of machinery resounded all day. Having been finally wrought into the desired form, and covered with gay colors, I was dismissed from this building and carried to a more quiet one. I could not regret this removal; for so incessant had been the noise that, although I saw many happy faces there, children and older persons, I could scarce hear a word they uttered; so lonely did I feel in this privation, that I longed sometimes to return to the cotton fields, and listen to the black man's sorrows and joys.

I did not remain long in the shop to which I had been carried; my beauty attracted the notice of a very gaily-dressed lady, who ordered me to be sent to her house for the service of her daughter, a girl of eleven years. Susan was quite pleased with me, at first, stopped often before the glass to observe my appearance, and praised her new dress very highly. Finding myself so well liked and carefully treated, I began to enjoy my new situation, relieved in escaping the wearisome noises of the manufactory and the sadness of the plantation. The house in

which my young mistress lived was furnished very comfortably and beautifully ; while pictures, books, statues, and musical instruments of various kinds indicated the taste as well as the wealth of the owners. Nothing seemed wanting to enjoyment.

But I soon discovered that the secret of happiness lay in none of these things. Susan was of a peevish and discontented temper ; her parents indulged her in almost every wish, and yet she was never satisfied ; every gratified desire was succeeded by some new want ; every indulgence made her crave something more, and feel unhappy till it was granted ; until she seemed to me to be quite as much in want, as any of the poor slaves who had sighed or sung around my earliest home. What she had desired most earnestly soon lost its value after she had obtained it, especially if one of her young companions had what seemed better in any respect. I soon shared the fate of her other possessions ; for she found that one of her school-mates had a dress of the same pattern, more fashionably made. Once prized as beautiful, I was now pronounced a fright, not fit to be seen ; her mother, wearied by her caprices, tried in vain, to exercise some authority, declaring that I must be worn occasionally, and not thrown aside for a whim ; but Susan's face assumed so disagreeable an expression whenever she appeared with me, her tones were so surly or sharp, and her whole manner so repulsive, that I was heartily glad to hear her mother say to her, that she might give up the dress. I was put away in a drawer, and almost forgotten.

One day I heard a very sweet voice saying, " Please, ma'am, have you a gown that will fit me or little Kitty ; this is the best I have, and hers is almost as ragged."

"Oh, mother," said Susan, "there is my pink calico; let me give that to the little beggar;" and, taking me from the drawer for the poor child, she imagined herself extremely generous, when she was merely parting with what she did not need.

I was tightly grasped under the shabby cloak of little Nancy, as with many thanks she curtsied out of the room, and tripped gaily home to show her prize to her mother. Over three flights of broken stairs, through a dark passage, I accompanied the happy lassie to her mother's room. No works of taste ornamented those attic walls; on a low chair sate the pale mother, working, as she had been since early dawn, on some coarse work for which she was to receive a scanty pittance, hardly sufficient to buy food of the plainest kind for herself and her three little ones. A bed, a table, two chairs, a chest and cradle completed the furniture of this dwelling.

In bounded Nancy with an exclamation of delight, and hastily dropping her cloak, unrolled and displayed me to her mother with sparkling eyes and animated gestures.

"Why, my child," said the mother, looking up from her work, while her fingers still pursued their accustomed task, "where did you get that dress? Who has been so kind to you?"

Kitty, who had dressed the poker in one of her aprons for a doll, and little Tom, who was enjoying a ride round the room on an old broom-handle, stopped in their plays, and drew close to their mother's chair to see Nancy's new gown. Tommy gave one glance at the dress, and ran back to his stick to try his horsemanship again; while Kitty clapped her hands and jumped for joy that her dear Nancy should have so pretty a dress. Of what

concern was it to the needy little girl, that her growth of seven years did not fill out the dress made for one of eleven years? Her gown, which had been worn and patched and darned, till scarce a trace remained of its original appearance, was at once discarded; and though the new sleeves hung over her hands, and the skirt trailed upon the ground, and there was almost room for Kitty too in the size of the waist, she could not believe that it did not fit her very well. That night visions of calico dresses and other comfortable garments flitted round the humble bed of the slumbering Nancy; when she waked in the morning, and found that her mother had been occupied while she slept in fitting the dress to her size that she might wear it immediately, her joy was nearly full. Only one alloy mingled with it; Kitty had no new dress.

"Never mind," said the mother, "perhaps some good friend will give one to Kitty, and now she can enjoy your having one."

The breakfast, consisting of boiled rice and old crusts left on the plates of richer, but not happier children, being completed, Nancy ran down to the street, that the neighbor children might be treated to a sight of her new gown; and then returned to help her mother in her sewing.

Many happy days I passed in that humble home; no musical instrument sounded forth its rich strains under that lowly roof; but the heart's sincere melody was rung out there in the merry laugh of the children, and the widowed mother's gentle tones of affection; harmonies of love and gladness, which are sometimes sadly turned into discord in more polished homes, where the piano is scientifically touched, or the mingling notes of instruments

provokes to the graceful dance. Stern want was often there in the cold wintry days, and Nancy and her mother moderated their own wishes that the keen appetite of the two younger ones might be better satisfied: yet as they sat shivering together over the few embers which gleamed sometimes upon their hearth, no chilling glances of dislike or ill-humor were added to the season's bitterness. The unhappiness which I had seen in the splendidly-lighted and handsomely-furnished rooms, where Susan's ill-humor spread a gloom over the whole home-circle, came often to my recollection: and how gladly would I have increased the warmth of my texture for the comfort of the dear child, whose amiable and contented temper cheered this scene of poverty.

Long time was I a favorite and daily companion; age incapacitated me from further use, and I must leave this happy, obscure retreat to undergo farther transformations. Dragged off in a ragman's cart, I found myself once more subjected to the manufacturer's arts, and stood forth a fair unblemished sheet of white paper. Through the successive labors of the printer and bookbinder, I attained my present condition, fitted to be the honored and beloved inmate of a happy family.

On the day of her wedding, Mr. G. presented me to his daughter, in a magnificent binding of morocco, my printed leaves interspersed with fine engravings. For many an hour have the eyes of that sweet lady rested on my pages, as she pondered over the blessed words with which they are filled; in gladness and in sorrow she obtained sympathy from me, and found the path of duty more plain through my teachings. Gathering her little ones around her, she told them from me of that blessed Life

which, commencing with obedient and loving childhood, became the example for all succeeding ages and infused a new spirit into the world; of him who, through suffering and scorn, still steadily performed his Father's will, and was thus with the Father even while on earth. The sublime thoughts of duty and all highest hopes became thus associated with me and that tender mother's words; and when, years after, her faded form was laid in the quiet grave, still to all that happy family her gentle spirit seemed hovering over my pages; a deeper, fonder reverence fills their hearts as, turning my leaves, they say, 'Here her eye often rested; this was her favorite passage;' and closing my covers, they delight in the thought, that the spirit so truly united to them, is not severed from them by the mere disappearance of the body.

I look back over the different scenes through which I have passed: man's oppression of his brother man; homes made unhappy through ill-humor; the pinching poverty which falls to the lot of some in society; and I feel all this could not be, were the truths expressed on my pages lived out by all, as they were eighteen hundred years ago by him who wore the peasant's garb in Galilee.

H. E. S.

WHOEVER acquires knowledge, and does not practise it, resembles him who ploughs his land, and leaves it unsown. [From the Gulistan, or Flower Garden of Shaikh Sadi, translated by James Ross, Esq. of London, 1823.]

THE ACORN.

WALKING in the woods one day, I pulled down an oak bough, to examine one of its fine acorns. Fully ripe and brown it was, and in its cup as in a prettily woven basket, it gracefully sat, and as I held down the bough I exclaimed, "How perfectly beautiful! but too small for so large a tree. Only to think that the great oak tree should grow merely to produce this little thing!"

Then a small voice came from the inside of the acorn and said "Nothing is small, thou canst not measure the acorn."

"Look," said I, "I can clasp the oak's body in my arms."

"But the acorn is bigger than the oak. The oak made the acorn, but the acorn made the oak! The acorn looks but small to thee, because thou seest only the outside, for believe me, the acorn, as well as everything else, is bigger inside than outside."

"Indeed," said I, "that is rather a big story to come from lips small as thine must be." "It is true," said the voice, "and if thine eyes were not bedaubed with clay, thou wouldst see that it is so. The universe itself would be but too insignificant in the eyes of its Creator, if he saw but the outside of it; but seeing all things from their centre, nothing can be to him of small account: in the most minute as well as in the most important thing or circumstance, He beholds his own eternal ends."

"O fairy, or druid, or whatever thou mayst be, come, and so condense and spiritualize my being that I may go inside the acorn and view it from the centre."

"That I will do," replied the voice, "and thou mayst see some portion of its immensity; but its Maker alone can measure it, so immense it is." A slight fairy form stood by my side, and drew her wand across my eyes. Instantly I found myself enclosed within the acorn. As yet I could see but imperfectly for I was not in the centre of the acorn; but walked between the white halves of the acorn, as through an ivory hall, at one end of which the germ was dimly seen as a carved throne or pulpit. As I went nearer this my sight became more and more clear, and the walls, so close and high, seemed to recede and to fall away at the top so as to let in the light, and when at length I found myself seated in the beautiful pulpit, its carved ivory spread like white branches around me, and the walls of the temple, falling still farther back on either side, let in so fair a light that I could not easily keep it in mind, that I was indeed still enclosed in the little brown acorn shell. And now green and greener grew all around and above me,—and brown branches stretched on every side, and the sunshine gleamed through the green leaves that fluttered above my head, and I found myself sitting in the midst of an oak. Presently the wind whirled me down, and I was walking in a dense forest, and as I walked on and on, I heard even the sound of the saw and the axe, the falling of timber, the hollow echoing sound of the carpenter's hammer, and the crackling of logs on the hearth.

"Measure the acorn, indeed!" cried I, as I wandered on millions of miles, as it seemed, day after day. "Truly, the Maker alone can measure His works." And believing, at last, the forest to be interminable, I retraced my steps, and after many days, found myself again in the

tree, and my sight now becoming again somewhat dim. A foliage of dull, greenish white seemed to surround me ; then the white walls began to rise up and press closer, and I was again in the pulpit of carved ivory. Descending, I found myself closely pressed between the two halves of the acorn ; in a moment more I stood by the oak tree, holding the pretty brown acorn in my hand. So is it, thought I, with every trifling circumstance. We stand on the outside, and with clay-bedimmed eyes see but the little shell (sometimes all too rough and hard and black, and all too bitter to the taste,) but let us pillow our sick soul upon the thought that He who is in the centre, seeth the infinitude so closely enwrapped, and will doubtless one day show us as far into it as our finite eye can reach, causing us then to confess its needfulness and its greatness and beauty, however, unsavory or small or dark its outside might have seemed.

A. A. G.

“In the opinion of the prudent, he is no hero that can dare to combat a furious elephant ; but that man is in truth a hero, who, when provoked to anger, will not speak intemperately. A cross-grained fellow abused a certain person ; he bore it patiently, and said : ‘ O well-disposed man ! I am still more wicked than thou callest me ; for I know my defects better than thou canst know them.’ ” [Flower Garden of Shaikh Sadi.

THE STRANGER-CHILD'S HOLY CHRIST.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

BY C. T. BROOKS.

'Tis Christmas eve—full plain—
A strange child runs about
Through street and square and lane,
To see the lights gleam out
From every window-pane.

Behold him stop and stare
At every house ; he sees
The bright rooms, how they glare,
And all the lamp-full trees—
Sad is he everywhere.

The poor child weeps : " To-night
Each little girl and boy
Their little tree and light
Can see and can enjoy—
All—all but me—poor wight !

" Brothers and sisters, we
Once frolicked, hand in hand,
Around one sparkling tree ;
But here in this strange land
No one remembers me.

" Now all the doors they close
Against the cold and me,
In all these goodly rows
Of houses can there be
No spot for my repose ?

"Will no one ope to me?
Nought will I touch or take—
I'll only look and see
The pretty Christmas-cake—
The sight my feast shall be."

He knocks at gate and door,
On shutter and on pane.
Within they laugh the more—
The poor child knocks in vain—
His little joints grow sore.

Each father, full of joy,
His children's eyes with pride;
The mother hands the toy,
She thinks of nought beside—
None heeds the stranger-boy.

"Dear holy Christ! Save thee,
No father and no mother
Have I on earth—O be
My Savior and my brother—
For none remembers me!"

Numbed with the biting blast,
He rubs his little hands,
Hugs himself tight and fast,
And in the by-lane stands,
His eyes to heaven up-cast.

Lo! with a little light,
Comes plodding up the street,
All dressed in spotless white,
Another child;—how sweet
His accents pierce the night!

"I am the holy child
Jesus, and once like thee,
I roamed through cold and wild;
Poor wanderer, come to me,
For I am meek and mild!

" I will not scorn thy prayer
The poor I love to bless,
And grant my tender care
Here in the street, no less
Than in the parlor there.

" And now I'll let thee see,
Here is the open air,
Thou stranger-child, thy tree—
And none so bright and fair
In all the rooms can be."

Then pointed with his hand
Child-Jesus to the sky—
A mighty tree did stand,
Crowded with stars on high,
Its boughs the wide heaven spanned.

How far—and yet how near
The sparkling torches seem!
Poor child! it did appear
Like to a fairy dream,
All was so calm and clear.

There—in the shining sky—
There stood his Christmas-tree;
And little angels nigh
Reached down so lovingly
And drew him up on high.

And homeward now he goes—
The little stranger-child,
With Jesus to repose—
The Savior meek and mild—
And soon forgets his woes.

S. T. CHRYSOSTOM.

WE here present our young friends with two extracts translated from St. Chrysostom. The first contains the praise of a meek and quiet spirit, and in reading it, let them follow the advice of the venerable father himself, not to fix their attention solely upon the lovely imagery derived from nature's fairest scenes, which he employs to illustrate his subject; but remember that the serenity and composure imparted by a complete control of the selfish, angry passions, exercise a moral influence upon all around us, more tranquillizing and elevating than any scenes of mere material beauty. The second is addressed to mourners, and appeals to every heart which has either suffered or fears bereavement.

I. A QUIET SPIRIT.

"With what shall we compare the mind of the irritable, and that of the long-suffering, gentle man? Does not the soul of the latter resemble a peaceful solitude, full of calm and quiet?—while the former may be likened to a crowded mart and forum where all is noise and clamor. Some are hurrying out, others pressing in—camels, mules and asses are confused together, while the men shout aloud to those who are pushing in, lest they be trampled under foot. Or again, may it not be likened to a busy city, from whose centre rises the varied din of labor?—here, the hammering of the brass-smith and the echoes of the anvil—there, the harsh tones of eager disputants.

"But the peaceful spirit resembles a mountain summit,

encircled by a crystal atmosphere which is illumined by the pure light of heaven ; where gushing fountains form meandering streams, which in their turn give birth to every beautiful variety of flowers, watering vernal meadows and blooming gardens, and fringing their borders with trees of odorous blossom. Even the sounds which visit this region are sweet and harmonious, filling the hearer with delight. The trees in all their branches are filled with warbling songsters ; the shrill grasshopper, the sparrow and the swallow unite their chorus to complete the concert ; while Zephyr gently breathing among the leaves, and sighing through the pine-tops, imitates upon his tuneful reed the music of the cygnet. The meadow puts forth roses and lilies, clustering and blending together, like the waters of the azure deep when it gently heaves up its waves. What innumerable images are suggested to the mind ! The blushing rose reminds us of the rainbow ; the violet presents the hues of the billowy deep, and the lily the pure radiance of heaven. Nor is it the eye alone which is regaled with this scene—it diffuses a refreshing and enlivening pleasure through the frame, almost transporting us from earth to heaven. Other sounds also arise from the perpetual murmur of the water as it flows along its pebbly channel, or descends the sloping declivity in gentle cascades—which melt the soul in pleasure and steep the senses in oblivious slumber.

“Ye listen with complacency to this description. Perchance ye long for this sweet solitude ; but far more lovely than this solitude is the long-suffering and gentle spirit. For we have not employed these images for the sake of painting a smiling meadow, nor to amuse you

with a display of our descriptive powers, but to bring you to a discernment through these sensible objects of the happiness of a meek and quiet spirit, and to convince you that the pleasure derived from intercourse with such an one, is far superior to what can be obtained from viewing the fairest scenes of nature. From him who possesses this spirit, no cutting blast of passion ever issues—soft fall his mild, persuasive accents, which may be justly likened to the gentle zephyr. No harshness ever mingles with his counsels—more grateful than the harmony of birds is to the ear, they refresh the inmost soul. As the cooling draught administered by the hand of the physician allays the burning fever, so the calm language of a meek and quiet spirit mitigates the passion of the angry and wrathful man.”

II. TO THE MOURNER.

“The husbandman rejoices when his seed decays in the ground, because a new plant will spring forth from its corruption. Let us in like manner rejoice, when this corruptible tabernacle crumbles into ruins, since they are the harbingers of incorruptibility and immortality. Our first birth is in sin—a voice from heaven proclaims the second. The first is to a life of labor, danger and anxiety—the second is to a life free from care, whence pain, and sorrow and sighing have fled away.

“But you will miss the protecting care of your friend, and on this account lament his dissolution. Repair to that God who is the common protector, savior, and benefactor of all; in Him you shall find assistance that never fails, help that is ever near, protection that shall shelter, encompass and defend you on every side. But the conversation of

your friend was soothing and delightful—let it be admitted ; yet go to God, and present your mournful regrets, generously and courageously, as a sacrifice upon his altar, and you shall be enabled to rise triumphantly over this billow also in your sea of trouble. Still, you feel desolate, and have lost your protector. Say not so, I beseech you, for you have not lost God ; and while you retain Him, he shall be to you more than fathers, than sons, than guardians, than the universe beside. Even while you possessed your friend, it was God who provided all things for you. Remembering this, say with David, ‘ The Lord is my light and my shield, of whom shall I be afraid ? ’ Say to him, ‘ Thou art the Father of the orphan, and the Judge of the widow.’ By thus drawing his succor towards you, you shall find a more present sense of it than you ever before experienced—it shall be proportioned to your greatest need. Have you lost a friend ? Say not, he is lost ! The change on him is a slumber, not death—a removal, not dissolution—a transition from the less to the greater. Beware then of provoking God, but strive to render him propitious. When he resumes his servants to himself, glorify him and render thanks ; so shall the clouds of thy despondency be scattered. Say with the blessed Job, “ The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away.” Suffer not yourself to imagine, it would have been better never to have possessed thy friend, than thus to have lost him after having tasted the pleasure of his society ; but rather give thanks for what thou hast actually enjoyed, and reverently adore His will who permitted thee not to enjoy unto the end. Remember that it was not man who took him from thee, but God, the God who made him, who cared for him more than thou caredst, who was not

his enemy nor ill-wisher, but who perfectly knew what was best for him. Thus reasoning, we may enjoy present tranquillity, and become qualified for a future recompense.

L. O.

THE MOTHER'S TALE.

THE fire burned brightly in Mrs Langdon's cheerful parlor, one cold autumn evening. A group of joyous children, eager for the long expected pleasure, were gathered around their happy mother, awaiting with impatient attention, the tale which she had promised to relate. "Now, mamma," exclaimed Cora, "we are, all, ready to listen." "Let us wait patiently till mamma chooses to begin," said Frank. "Oh! how charming it will be," cried little Susan, taking her accustomed place at her mother's feet. "Now, I am ready," said Mrs. L.; and opening her manuscript, she read the following tale.

"In a cradle, by the side of a gentle, watchful mother, lay a sweet infant, with its eyes closed in slumber, and its lovely mouth half opening with a smile. Fresh rosebuds were scattered around it, and often the mother threw aside her embroidery, to gaze with a quiet rapture on her darling babe, and breathe a prayer that its life might be a long and happy one, to bless her own declining years. As Maria sat thus contemplating its innocence and beauty, the babe opened its eyes. 'Ah! my sweet Lilia, come to thy mother's arms,'

and she lifted it from its flowery couch, to caress it, to toss up her many colored balls of silk, and hear its joyous laugh of delight, as now they touch the roof, and now they fall upon the floor, and roll to its farthest corner. 'Ah! how pretty, my Lilia.' Years passed away, and Lilia was sitting at her mother's feet, with her embroidery frame before her. Weary and listless, she had let it fall upon the floor, and her head lay, drooping, on her mother's lap. 'Ah! what ails thee, my child?' said Maria, 'thou art tired,—thou needest the fresh air,—go and water thy flowers, lest tomorrow's noon-day sun should wither their opening buds. 'Ah! mamma, I cannot move,—I fear my flowers will die, but I cannot go.' 'Then thou art ill—here is one of the books which thou lovest to read, when thou art tired.' 'Oh! give it me, dear mother. I should like an entertaining tale.' Ere Lilia, had read a single page, the book fell from her hand, upon the embroidery frame. Her eyes closed, and a gentle sleep stole over her weary frame. As Maria bent tenderly over her child, she remembered the many hours she had thus spent watching over her Lilia in her lovely infancy, and she breathed forth a prayer, now as then, that she might be preserved from the ensnaring vanities and temptations which would soon crowd upon her youthful path,—that she might be kept 'unspotted from the world.' 'Ah! I hope my Lilia is not ill,—and the anxious mother lifted the golden ringlets which shaded her face, and imprinted a kiss on her fair brow. With her mother's caress, Lilia awoke, and opened her dark eyes with so bright a smile that all Maria's fears vanished, and she clasped her in her arms, with a mother's ever-new joy. 'Thou hast slept sweetly, my Lilia.'—'Oh

mother, I saw a bright vision ; a lovely form stood before me, in a robe of the purest white. Her head was crowned with a graceful wreath of delicate blue flowers. In her right hand she bore a golden shuttle, and on her left arm hung a basket filled with fruit, and twined with flowers. 'Oh! who art thou, lovely one?' I said, for I felt no fear, when I looked in her mild eyes, which were turned upon me with an earnest gaze. 'What dost thou bid me?' 'Lighten thy mother's daily cares by thine own willing hand; ply thy busy needle, and tend thy sweet flowers. Then I will come again to thee.' With these words, she vanished. But I will do her bidding, and then she will come again, as she promised.'—And Lilia, with a cheerful activity, ran first to water her plants, which she found so parched and drooping, that she feared they would never revive. Then she begged her mother for some household employments, for that lovely one said, 'Lighten thy mother's cares by thine own willing hand.'

For many days, Lilia was faithful to her resolution; but at last, she became discouraged, and no longer hasted hither and thither, with a light and cheerful step. Her cheeks which had bloomed like the rose, grew pale, and her eye sad and tearful. 'Ah! how could she, so bright and good, care for me!—she will not come!' And she threw herself, with a mournful air, on a low couch, and resting her head on its soft cushion, she fell asleep. Oh what joy! she again beheld the lovely blue-wreathed one. 'Hast thou obeyed me, Lilia?' she said,—and the tones of her silvery voice were sad. 'Till I feared thou wouldst not come again,' answered Lilia. 'And then thou wert weary, and discouraged.

Wouldst thou know me, still ?' Again a sweet smile beamed from her mild eyes. 'Ah ! yes,' sighed Lilia. 'Then remember, and perform my bidding. Read every day the Holy Book, and pray for strength and humility. Then thou shalt know me.' With a new diligence, Lilia resumed her daily duties. She forgot not to read the Holy Book and to pray for strength and humility. Her cheek again grew bright, her step elastic, and her heart overflowed with love. To her mother, she was all gentleness and affection. She looked kindly on the meanest. None were so wretched, that she tried not to soothe their sorrows, and she sought always the happiness of all around her. When Lilia had thus overcome by many a hard struggle, her selfish and indolent nature, as she was returning one day from a destitute family, whose distress had deeply touched her sympathies, she saw a little girl trudging along with a heavy basket, which she could hardly carry, stopping now and then to take breath, and looking around fearfully, as if she dreaded some terrible object, and then hastening on again, with her utmost speed. Her clothes were tattered, and her little bare feet were bleeding, as if unused to such toil. Lilia ran to help her. 'My little girl,' she said, 'let me carry that basket ; it is too heavy for thee.' The child burst into tears, at her kind words, but was unwilling to yield the basket. 'She bid me—my mistress bid me get home as fast as I could, and not stop an instant to speak to any one.' 'I will go to thy mistress, and tell her not to be angry with thee.' And Lilia took the basket, and hastened on with her. 'Hast thou no mother, my little girl ?' 'My mother is dead,' answered the sobbing child ; 'she died at the cottage in the woods,

where my mistress lives, a few months ago,—and now I have no one to love me.’ ‘Wilt thou come and live with me?’ said Lilia; ‘I will be a sister to thee.’ ‘Oh! how I would love thee!’ said the child, putting her arms around Lilia’s neck,—‘but my mistress will not let me leave her. I must carry this basket of clothes, every day, to the castle, on yonder hill.’ ‘I will go to her, and ask her for thee.’ Onward they went, through a tangled path in the woods, till they saw a moss-grown cottage. At the door, stood a woman, whose angry and threatening expression changed, suddenly, to an air of humility, as she perceived the gentle stranger carrying the heavy basket. ‘I have come to ask thee for this little girl,’ said Lilia, ‘that I may take her to my home, and be a sister to her.’ The woman was silent, for she dared not refuse Lilia, who, seeing that her avarice made her hesitate, unclasped a silver bracelet from her arm, and said, ‘Take this, and let her go with me.’ ‘She may go with thee,’ said the woman, eagerly seizing the sparkling jewel.—‘See, mother, I have brought a sister to dwell with me! Wilt thou be her mother?’ And Lilia related her adventure. ‘Poor, forlorn little one,’ said Maria, ‘I will be a mother to thee, and Lilia shall be thy sister.’ With tender care they washed the neglected child, and bound up her wounded feet.—The child lay sleeping at Lilia’s side. Her little arm was thrown lovingly over her sister’s shoulder, and soon, Lilia, too, was in deep repose. Then the lovely one appeared. Lilia’s heart beat quicker, as she saw her mild eyes radiant with joy. ‘I am Lina. To me it is given to watch over the dawning womanhood of such as thou. All the virtues and graces that make home the abode of hap-

piness, are my peculiar care. Be content with the gifts which thou hast received, and use them, as thou hast well done, and thou canst find no greater happiness on earth, than in thy humble and peaceful lot."

"Is that the end?" said Frank, as his mother left off reading. "Oh! they ought to have told us more about the little orphan that Lilia brought home." "Yes," said Cora, "I should like to have heard more of Lilia, herself." "Will you read us another story tomorrow, mamma?" asked little Susan. "Perhaps I may, if you are all as good as Lilia was." "But that is impossible!" exclaimed Cora.

C. A. C.

THE BEE-HIVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

HERR Biederman had four children; their names were: Charles, Bernard, Charlotte and Hannah. One day he said to them: "Listen, children! whoever of you will get up tomorrow morning at six o'clock, without being called, shall have a rare treat." "What sort of a treat, dear father?" said Charlotte. "Only get up in good season, without my calling you, and you will find out what sort of a treat it is," said the father. "Oh, I will certainly get up even before six o'clock without your waking me!" cried Charlotte.—"And I too! I too!" they all exclaimed.

Now the clock struck ten. It was the time to go to bed. They all bade their father good-night, and each

child said at the same time : " You shall see, father, that I will be out of bed tomorrow morning at six o'clock." Then they all went to bed, and each one said to himself, as he was falling asleep : " Half past five ! half past five !" Bernard went so far as to write on his bedstead with some chalk : " Tomorrow morning Bernard will get up at half past five !" We see plainly by all this, that any one can do what he earnestly desires to do. The next day it was scarcely a quarter past five, before all the children were stirring. They all got up, dressed themselves, and went out of their chambers ; each one thinking that he should be the first. But they all met in the parlor at nearly the same time. " Good morning !" they called out to each other in great glee. " Now," they said, " we shall see what sort of a treat father has got for us !"

They went to their father. " Ah ha !" said he, " when the father promises a treat to his children, they can all get up early. Well, I will keep my word. But first do, what all good children do, as soon as they leave their beds." Then they combed their hair, washed their hands and faces, and rinsed their mouths with fresh water. After this they came again to their father, and Hannah asked impatiently, " Shall we have any treat now ?" " Take this !" cried the father, putting a cap upon the head of each of the children. There was a wire netting attached to each cap, which covered the eyes, nose and mouth, and the whole of the rest of the head was covered with cloth.

" I know something," said Bernard to the other children, " father is certainly going to take some honey."

" Right !" said the father, " how do you like that

sport?" "Very much! very much!" they all exclaimed, following their father who put a cap over his own head, and gave each of the children something to take in his hand. Bernard had a pan full of live coals; Charles, a basket of wormwood; each of the girls a large knife; the father and mother followed with a sieve and a few plates.

Now the whole train reached the garden, and the fun began at once. The father opened the door of the shed in which the bees were, and took each hive from its place; then he took up some wormwood, which he had laid upon the coals, and let the smoke from it penetrate the hive. The bees on this flew away, and the father began to take out large pieces of wax which he placed in the sieve—and then came great slices filled with honey. This was charming! The honey was then carried to the house; the children followed, and the mother brought slices of bread to spread with honey for them. The father now came forward and said: "Well, children! I am going to give you another treat: I will leave you some honey to spread on bread for yourselves; but let no one be greedy!"

Neither of the children was greedy, except—Hannah. She was hasty, and going alone to the table, she took a piece of comb up eagerly, and crammed it into her mouth. All at once she screamed out so fearfully, that she was heard through the whole house. Her brothers and sisters ran to her in great alarm, saying, "What is the matter, dear little Hannah?" Her father and mother ran into the room also, asking, what is the matter? But little Hannah opened her mouth and screamed as if they were thrusting spears into her. Her mother looked into

her mouth, and behold ! a little bee was on her tongue, which had been in the midst of the honey, and which adhered by his sting to little Hannah's tongue. Her mother took the bee away at once, but her tongue was so badly swollen, that little Hannah could not eat any thing with comfort the whole day. The other children ate their bread and honey in peace. It tasted very good to them, and Charles said : " I like this feast which father has given us right well."

Charlotte looked out of the window, and saw little Minna, their neighbor's daughter, passing by.

" Poor little Minna !" said she ; " her father has no bees, and cannot give her any bread and honey. Dear mother ! will not you give little Minna some bread and honey too ?"

" With all my heart," said her mother, giving her some bread and honey, which Lotte carried to Little Minna. How much delighted was the little girl ! How did she thank Lotte ! And now Charlotte's honey tasted as good again as it did before.

L. S.

HOME.

HALLOWED and sacred home, thou fillest me with gratitude and joy. Thy blessings are infinite and thy influence heavenly. In all the scenes of life thy influence like that of a guardian angel is about me. My early home I would not forget it, and a mother's love who does not bless it ? Oft has the gentle voice of my mother sounded in my ear when far from her in distant places, warning

me against temptation, and bidding me the straight and narrow path pursue, and oft have I felt her hand gently pressing upon my head full of blessing for her boy far away. O, my early home, I will never forget it, nor the blessed ones, the friends of innocent childhood. And who are they—but the father and the mother to whom each child is more dear than all else beside; who bless God in all their suffering for its sake, that they have been so blessed of heaven; who watch over it with anxious love, to catch each expression of joy or sorrow; whose lot it is to watch its soul's development, to aid in fitting its soul for future happiness, to sympathize with it in its joys and sorrows, and find their recompense in the consciousness that its home has been the home of love, virtue and innocence. .

D. P. .

PICTURES.

IF our young friends have any taste for the beautiful art of painting, they will not fail to be charmed with the following description of four pictures, translated from the works of Madame Schopenhauer. The subjects of these paintings appear to have been selected by the artists in accordance with the homage paid by the Roman church to the mother of Jesus Christ. As this reverence receives no sanction from Scripture, it is withheld by Protestants, and it is with no purpose of recommending it, that the description of these pictures is presented to our readers; though we have a further aim than the mere gratification which the contemplation of lovely forms and

beautiful scenery may afford them. When they have received all the entertainment they can obtain from these sources, we wish them to direct their attention to the admirable skill of the description itself, and to feel the importance of acquiring the habit of accurate observation, together with the faculty of delineating, in the best chosen words, those objects which have afforded pleasure to their sense of vision. After reading with interest the following pages, most of our young friends will find a more vivid image of the pictures imprinted on their minds, than they would probably have obtained from seeing them only once, even under the most favorable circumstances. It is evident, that the accomplished lady who described them, must herself have possessed something of an artist's spirit, to have discerned so accurately their various beauties. Yet if she had not been at the same time a mistress of language—of the power of clothing her recollections in the most appropriate terms, she could have produced only confused images in the minds of her readers.

The next time any of you have an opportunity to look at a beautiful picture or statue, at a lovely scene in nature, even at a procession in the street, or any object highly gratifying to the eye, remember the following description, and endeavor first, to impress your minds with a distinct idea of the object you behold, in its different parts and its whole effect; next, describe it as accurately as possible in the best words you can command, to some friend who was not present to share the pleasure with you, and lastly, if you aim at thorough excellence in the charming art of narrating, commit your impressions to writing.

“ It was at Heidelberg, that I first saw the three pictures of John Van Eyck, which form the series of which Goethe makes mention. They consist of a central, and two side pieces, and probably in former times decorated an altar consecrated to the holy Virgin. The first side piece, the Annunciation, conducts us into a sanctuary of virginity. We fancy that we are actually looking into the quiet, neatly arranged apartment, in which the future mother of the Redeemer passed the blooming season of her youth. Every thing in it bears a domestic and familiar aspect ; the red curtains of the bed, which stands in the back ground, are tied up with a care to their ornamental appearance ; at the side of the bed, is seen the still slightly indented red velvet cushion of the seat from which Mary has arisen to pray. The light, falling in on one side through a high open window, illumines in the most natural manner the forms of the angel and the virgin. In long, flowing, white, priestly garments, lightly sweeping along the floor, with a lily in his hand, stands the saluting angel, in all the bloom of youth, before the young maiden who has scarcely emerged from childhood. Kneeling by her praying-stool, she listens to him in lowly acquiescence. The spirit of that age (John Van Eyck flourished in the fifteenth century) did not yet permit the painter to dispense altogether with the representation of the salutation, visibly issuing from the mouth of the divine messenger. It is therefore slightly sketched upon the dark ground in shadowy letters, which at a little distance resemble a ray of light and, form, with the lily which Gabriel holds in his hand, a scarcely perceptible cross.

Nothing can be imagined more pure and innocent than

the fair and lovely Mary of this picture. She reminded me of the tradition, that angels are playing with slumbering infants, when they smile ; it seems as if she again recognised in the angel the playmate of her childhood, so fearless is her wonder, so confiding her humility.

Next to this side picture, is the central, larger painting, which represents the homage of the three eastern kings. Under the roof of an open dilapidated chapel, at the side of a high showy building, sits the holy virgin with her child on her lap. Upon the other side, opens the broad street of a populous beautiful city ; the back ground stretches into a spacious, rich landscape, through which a portion of the regal procession is still passing. Two kings, gray, venerable figures, in wide, oriental state robes, offer the youthful mother, who is absorbed in her humility and joy, and her divine child, dazzling gifts, richly decorated with jewels. Behind Mary, a little on one side, stands Joseph, her protecting friend, with a pale, but very noble countenance, and an expression of quiet, foreboding sadness. One of the kings is kneeling, absorbed in holy devotion. The second, with bending knee, is in the act of sinking down by his friend and paying homage. The third, a younger, Moorish king, in the short, Saracenic costume, stands proudly, almost scornfully, slightly turning aside in inward conflict with himself, half surprised, half offended at the poverty of the goal to which the star has conducted him ; and yet penetrated by a presaging idea of the divinity near him in this lowly form. One hand rests on a peculiar, rich, curved sabre, the other is involuntarily raised to the turban-like covering of his head. The whole attitude of his heroic form conveys the impression that he too may

bow down, the very next moment, at the feet of the divine child. This Moorish king, who is not represented by Van Eyck in true Moorish swarthinness, is a true portrait of Charles the Bold, and the king already kneeling, bears a similar resemblance to the portraits of Philip the Good. The third is also probably a portrait of a prince of that time. At the side, and behind the kings, their attendants form many beautiful and expressive groups. Some, in deep amazement participate in the reverence expressed by their masters for the child, others manifest curiosity only, and others again appear stupidly reckless. All have a perfectly foreign appearance, a completely oriental physiognomy, and are arranged, according to the fashion of their country, in rich raiment. These dresses, as well as the singularly formed sabre, spurs, turbans and gear for the feet, were all painted by Van Eyck from nature. At the court of Philip the Good, where he lived for a long time in the service of that pious and splendor-loving prince, he had an opportunity to study the costume and physiognomy of the oriental nations; for Philip collected around him servants from all their tribes, who were obliged after he had purchased them, to retain their peculiar garb, that they might heighten the brilliancy of his court. The owners of the collection in which these pictures are found, informed me, that they granted access to them to some Asiatic soldiers, who visited Heidelberg during the last campaign. At sight of this picture, they expressed their delight aloud, talked vehemently among themselves, and pointed, now to this, now to that part of it, with an approbation that could not be mistaken. Boisseré supposed that it was the beauty of the picture which enraptured them, but

the interpreter gave him a different explanation. These strangers from the remotest boundary of the Asiatic-Russian kingdom, recognised again the manners and costume of their own land, as found there even to this day; for in the East, fashion has little power, and much remains there as it was four hundred years ago, in Van Eyck's time. But that these semi-barbarians, wholly unused to the sight of such works of art, should have so recognised the truthfulness of the picture, is a delightful testimony to the naturalness of our artist's representations, and to their punctual fidelity, in the least, as well as the greatest.

The third picture in this series is a representation of the Christ-child in the temple. The light introduced through the colored panes of a large, magnificent window, illumines the half of the temple in which the sacred transaction takes place. A singular, almost Tartarian figure, in the background, is looking in at the open door, through which there is a view of the city without. The venerable Simeon, in a rapture of joy, is receiving the child from the hands of his mother, whose former loveliness here assumes an indescribably noble character, under the sublime sense of the dignity conferred on her. In almost matronly guise, covered with a wide veil, she stands by the holy Joseph, and quite in the foreground, by her side, is a lovely maiden, who with still unfettered naivete is looking upon life, ignorant of those more serious feelings which already press heavily upon the youthful mother. The green dress, closely encircling her waist and arms, but from the waist downwards, surrounding the slender, lovely form with a rich and ample drapery, appears to have been the costume of distinguished

women in Van Eyck's day ; as also the veil, gracefully wound around the head, and falling behind with the long beautiful plaits of light hair. To me it seems probable, that this altogether enchanting figure was the true portrait of some one then living. Without any special sympathy, she stands by the side of her sublime companion, looking about her with an almost childish curiosity. The whole simple composition of this picture is indescribably attractive ; the longer it is contemplated, the more sublime and delightful it appears. When one views for a long while the pictures of John Van Eyck, it is precisely as if a ray of light broke forth from the inner life, and the purple, the blue of the dresses, the transparency of the sky, the verdure of the vegetable world, the gold of the embroidery and jewels, the glitter of the weapons shine with a superterrestrial splendor. Fresh, as though they were to-day first taken from the easel, stand the four pictures of this great master which are preserved in the collection of Boisseré, in the radiant brightness of renewed youth. Their brilliancy surpasses all belief, even since they were extricated with a careful hand from foreigners and those who had disfigured them ; from the dull varnish with which ignorance had covered them, and the dust and taper smoke of more than a century."

The next description is of one of the pictures of John Schoreel, a Flemish artist.

"The central picture introduces us to the death-bed of the Redeemer's mother ; never have I seen death so entirely stripped of all its terrors, and yet represented in a manner so holy, so profoundly pious. In the centre of a cheerful, tastefully decorated apartment, stands a beautifully curtained bed, the foot turned towards the specta-

tor, upon which Mary is resting in a slumber. The legend to which Schoreel, in accordance with his religion, must have attached full belief, informs us that time passed powerless over the mother of our Savior. She walked upon the earth for seventy years, but still ever blooming in unfading beauty, the fairest of women. As such she here rests ; her countenance resembles a white rose, which a warm ethereal breath has colored with a scarcely perceptible tint of red. A faint happy smile hovers around the beautiful mouth, whose lips, even in death, still freshly bloom ; and the arching eye-lids seem, as it were, to have closed themselves for gladness before the dazzling light of paradise. Every thing distressing or oppressive is banished from this chamber of death : in the background, on the right side of the bed, an open door affords a prospect abroad ; upon the left, stands an altar with a picture of Moses and Aaron. A respectful silence prevails among the apostles, assembled around the mother of their Lord ; hope exalts their grief to a most blissful sadness. Two of them are silently praying at the window ; the others, arranged in various groups, stand nearer the bed, at the head of which, upon the right, Peter is seen, who appears as if he had just addressed some elevating consolations to his brethren. John stands absorbed in grief ; one of the apostles is swinging a smoking censor at the foot of the bed. Each of these figures represents the most diversified expression of deep sorrow, while all at the same time, indicate the holier sentiment of resignation to God, which represses every clamorous lamentation. At the spectacle, a reflection of the same emotion which hushes the disciples to silence, takes possession of ourselves ; they stand with

such living truth before us, that we fancy ourselves in the midst of them. Indeed, it is as impossible for any one in the presence of this truly sacred picture, to speak with loudness or vehemence, as at a real death-bed; and yet, such an indescribable feeling of tranquil happiness and sublime repose emanates from it, that all the terrors of death are annihilated." L. O.

THE CAT.

FROM KRUMACHER'S PARABLES.

Two learned men who had spent their lives in the study of nature, and in the daily examination of the various animals, and who knew how to give an account of them all, were sitting one day together, conversing about the cattle, and the worms, and the fishes, and the birds; and about all the trees, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that grows out of the wall.

At last they got talking of the nature and the habits of the cat: here they disagreed, and contended warmly with each other. For one said that the cat was the most rascally and mischievous of all the vermin in the world: treacherous and savage; a tiger in disposition as well as in form,—though not in size and strength: for which one could not be sufficiently grateful to Heaven.

But the other said the cat was to be compared with the lion in generosity and nobleness of disposition, as well as in form; affectionate and cleanly, and on this account an enemy of the dirty and obtrusive dog; and the most

useful of all domestic animals : for which one could not be sufficiently grateful to Heaven.

Upon this the first was very much provoked, for he liked dogs ; and he brought forward the examples of the dogs of Tobias, and of Ulysses, and the great king.

But the other opposed to him the cat of the great philosopher, who surpassed others in wisdom.*

Finally they separated without coming to an agreement ; and went away with hostile minds, one to his live birds, of which some had been stolen by the cat : the other to his stuffed ones, which to his great annoyance the mice were in the habit of gnawing to pieces.—Thus it is with the judgments of the passionate and selfish.

THE STORY OF CALIPH STORK.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY J. E. C.

ONE pleasant afternoon the Caliph of Bagdad was sitting comfortably on his sofa : he had slept a little, (for it was a hot day,) and looked quite bright after his nap. He was smoking a long rose-wood pipe, and sipping coffee which was poured out for him by a slave : and occasionally he stroked his beard with great satisfaction. In short it was evident that he felt quite pleasantly.

This was the best time of day for speaking with him : for at this hour he was always very good-natured and affable ; and on this account the Grand Vizier Mansor always visited him at this hour. He came also this afternoon ; but looking very thoughtful, quite against his wont. The caliph took the pipe partly away from his

* Leibnitz.

mouth, and said ; " What makes you look so thoughtful, Grand Vizier ? "

The Grand Vizier crossed his arms over his breast, bowed to his master, and answered : " Sir ! whether I look thoughtful or not, is more than I know ;—but certain it is that there is a pedlar down stairs who has such beautiful things, that it vexes me not to have any money to spare."

The Caliph was very willing to do his Grand Vizier a favour, so he sent the black slave to bring the pedlar up stairs. The pedlar came. He was a little, dumpy man, with a dark complexion and dressed in ragged garments. He bore a chest in which were wares of all arts : pearls and rings, richly-mounted pistols,—drinking-cups and combs. The Caliph and his Vizier rummaged over the whole chest, and the Caliph finally bought some pistols for himself and Mansor,—and a comb for the Vizier's wife. As the pedlar was about to close the chest, the Caliph saw a little drawer, and asked if there was anything more in it. The pedlar pulled the drawer out, and showed in it a box of blackish powder, and a paper with curious writing on it, which neither the Caliph nor Mansor could read. " I got these two things from a merchant who found them at Mecca, in the street ; I do not know what they contain, but you may have them very cheap, for I cannot do any thing with them."

The Caliph, who liked to have old manuscripts in his library, although he could not read them, bought the paper and the box, and dismissed the pedlar.

The Caliph however, thought he should like to know the contents of the manuscript, and asked the Vizier if he knew anybody who could decypher it. " Most gracious sovereign and master," answered he, " there is a man at

the great mosque, who is called Selim the learned ;—he understands all languages :—send for him, perhaps he may make out these mysterious characters.”

The learned Selim was soon brought. “Selim :” said the Caliph to him ; “they say you are very learned ; now just look into this manuscript, and see whether you can read it : if you can, I will give you a new dress ; but if you cannot, you shall have twelve boxes on the ear, and twenty-five blows on the soles of your feet, for having been called without reason, Selim the learned.”

Selim bowed and said : “Be it as you command, Sir !” He examined the writing for a long time, and then suddenly cried out : “This is Latin, Sir, or I’ll give you leave to hang me.” “Let us hear what it contains then if it is Latin,” said the Caliph.

Selim began to translate : “O man who findest this, praise Allah for his goodness. Whoever snuffs up some of the powder in this box, and at the same time says : ‘Mutabor’ may change himself into any animal, and will understand the language of animals. If he wishes to return to the human shape, let him bow three times toward the East, and pronounce the same word. But let him take care, after he is transformed, not to laugh, otherwise the word will disappear entirely from his memory, and he will remain a beast.”

When Selim the learned had read this, the Caliph was exceedingly delighted. He made Selim swear never to reveal anything of the secret to any one : then he gave him a beautiful robe, and dismissed him.

Then he said to his Grand Vizier : “That is what I call a good bargain, Mansor ! How impatient I am to become a beast ! Come to me early tomorrow morning,

and we will go out into the fields, snuff up a little of the powder, and then listen to what is said in the air and in the water, in the woods and in the fields !”

Scarcely had the Caliph breakfasted and dressed, the next morning, when the Grand Vizier appeared, according to his orders, to accompany him in his excursion. The Caliph stuck the box with the magic powder, into his girdle, and having commanded his retinue to remain behind, he set off with only the Grand Vizier, on his way. They went first through the spacious gardens of the Caliph, but they could not find any living animal to try their experiment upon. At last the Vizier proposed to go out to a pond, where he had often seen many animals—particularly storks, which had attracted his attention by their grave demeanor, and their chattering.

The Caliph approved of the Vizier's proposal, and went with him toward the pond. When they got there, they saw a stork, walking gravely back and forth, searching for frogs, and occasionally chattering something to himself. At the same time they saw another stork soaring high in the air, above the place.

“I will wager my beard, most gracious Sir,” said the Grand Vizier, “that these two long-legs are carrying on a fine conversation together. What say you to turning ourselves into storks ?”

“Well said !” answered the Caliph. “But let us see ; how is it that one is to become man again ?”

“O yes ! we are to bow three times toward the East, and say Mutabor, and then I am Caliph again, and you Vizier. But for Heaven's sake, don't laugh, or we are lost !”

While the Caliph was speaking, he saw the other stork come sailing down over their heads, and settle in a business manner on the ground. Quickly he drew the box from his girdle, took a good pinch of the powder, and handed it to the Grand Vizier, who also took a pinch, and then both cried out : "Mutabor!"

Immediately their legs shrivelled up and became thin and red : the beautiful yellow slippers of the Caliph and his companion, turned into clumsy stork-feet : their arms became wings, their necks stretched out from their shoulders, and were an ell long : their beards disappeared and their bodies were covered with soft feathers instead of clothes.

"That's a pretty bill of yours, Mr. Grand Vizier," said the Caliph after a long pause of astonishment. "By the beard of the Prophet, I never saw anything like that in my life."

"Thank you kindly," answered the Grand Vizier bowing : "but if I may be allowed the observation, your Highness looks almost handsomer as stork than as Caliph. But come if you please, let us listen to our comrades yonder, and try whether we really do understand Storkish."

In the mean time the other stork had alighted on the ground. He arranged his feathers with his bill, put himself to rights, and walked up to the first stork.

The two new storks made haste to approach them, and overheard to their astonishment the following conversation.

"Good morning, Mrs. Longlegs, you are early on the meadow."

"Thank you, dear blatterbeak ! I have been getting

a little breakfast. Will you take a bit of lizard, or a frog's leg?"

"Much obliged, but I have no appetite this morning. I came on to the meadow for quite a different purpose. I am to dance before the guests at my father's to-day, and I thought I would exercise a little in private beforehand."

At the same time the young storkess marched about the field making the oddest gesticulations. The Caliph and Mansor looked on with wonder. But at last when she put herself into a picturesque attitude on one foot, and gracefully waved her wings, they could stand it no longer—an inextinguishable laugh burst from their bills, from which they did not recover for some time. The Caliph composed himself first: "What a capital joke," cried he: "I never saw anything better in my life:—it is a pity that the stupid birds were frightened away by our laughter, else she would certainly have sung!"

But it now occurred to the Grand Vizier, that they had been forbidden to laugh during their transformation. He communicated his anxiety to the Caliph.

"By Mecca and Medina!" cried the Caliph, "it would be a pretty piece of business if I had to remain a stork all my life! Try think of the stupid word, I can't remember it."

"We must bow three times towards the East, and say: Mu—Mu.—Mu—" They turned to the East, and bowed away till their beaks touched the ground. But, alas! The magic word had vanished, and with all the Caliph's bowing, and his Vizier's crying Mu—Mu—, all recollections of it had disappeared from their memories, and the poor Chasid and his vizier still remained storks as before.

[To be concluded in next Number.]

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1845.

NO. 4.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

AGAIN it is new year's eve, and again Alice Lee and her mother are sitting together by their fireside, well and happy in each other. All is well with them. Alice was full of chat, but her mother was looking fixedly in the fire, and had been silent for a long time. She was thinking of what we call the past. To the true soul there is no past. The heart is a living, not a dead record. We live and move in the present, but we have our true being in the past. From that great storehouse we gather that which makes us what we truly are. It is well for the young to think of this experience of the old, for it will teach them rightly to prize the passing moments, if they know that they leave marks upon their souls never to be obliterated. The sin we have repented of and hate, still lives in our memory, and so is it with all good things; they never die. Think then of the infinite importance of the present moment. Tomorrow

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we may call it the past, but perhaps tomorrow it will be still more present to us than it is now, to-day. But let us listen to the conversation of these two children with their mother, for Harry is not gone to bed, as he was last new year's eve. "Mother," said he, "will you tell me to-night what my new year's gift will be?"

"Don't speak to mother now," said Alice.

"Why not?" said Harry.

"Oh because mother looks as if she did not want to talk."

"But mother told me that if I would be silent till she had done reading I might talk as much as I pleased to her."

"So I did, Harry," said his mother; "and now I am ready to hear you. What did you ask me?"

"Only mother, whether you meant I should know what my new year's gift is, before tomorrow morning?"

"No, dear, I think you had better have it all new and fresh tomorrow; the surprise is a part of the pleasure that belongs to a new year's gift."

"What can it be?" said Harry; "I know what I hope it is."

"What do you hope it will be, Harry?" replied his mother.

"I do hope it will be a magic lantern," said Harry without a moment's hesitation: his mother made no answer.

"What do you wish for, Alice?" asked Harry.

"I don't know," said Alice; "there are so many things I wish for, that I hardly know what to say first."

"I wish," said her mother, "that I could grant all your wishes, that I could give you every good thing you

desire ; but my means, as you know, Alice, are limited. I am sorry, dear, that you have so many wishes ungratified."

"Oh mother, it is not for such things as you can give that I most wish for ; you are very kind to me, and give me more good things than you ought to give me ; you are too generous to me. I wish for what no one can give me."

"We all have many such wishes, my dear child, but we must not think even these quite unattainable. There are few things that a reasonable being earnestly desires, that some day or other may not become theirs."

"Do you think so, mother ?"

"Yes, I do, Alice, perhaps not in this life, but I think the very desire is a prophecy and even promise that we shall at some stage of our being possess what we wish."

"I know what I shall wish, then," said Harry, "and keep wishing it as long as I live till I get it, though I am afraid I shall never have it. I'll tell you what my wish is, Alice, if you will tell me yours : suppose we all wish something and tell each other what it is ; and mother shall say which is most likely to come to pass, and she shall wish herself, and tell us her wish."

"Agreed, Harry," said his mother ; "and you, Harry, shall tell your wish first, and I last."

"I wish," said Harry, "that I had a flying horse that was perfectly gentle and would go all over the world with me, and do just as I told him to, and never be tired, but I guess I never shall get one. Come, Alice, what should you wish first ?"

"I wish that I was a boy with a great deal of strength and courage, and was never afraid of taking cold or

of any thing else, and that I could do whatever was to be done, and become at last a great man and do some good in the world. I don't want to sit still in a corner and sew half of my life and never use my faculties, as some women do. Now mother, Harry and I have told our wishes; will you tell yours."

"First," said her mother, "let me show you how near you may even in this life come to your wishes, and then I will tell mine. Harry will not continue to wish for a flying horse, because he will know he can never have it in this world, but his wish will change into a desire of travelling and seeing all that is beautiful and wonderful in God's glorious world, and then he will find his flying horse in a rail-car or steamboat. And you, my dear Alice, if you continue to wish to be strong and brave and truly great, will have a better good than that you ask for; though you will not be a strong and brave and great man, you will be a still nobler being, a strong and brave and noble woman."

"How is that a better thing, mother? Why is a strong and brave and noble woman better than a strong and brave and great man?"

"From the very fact, my dear Alice, that the woman's courage and usually her strength is the effect of principle, of a high moral power, and therefore is less like to fail. A woman to be truly great, truly courageous, has more obstacles to overcome. Her power arises from an inward strength that lasts and shines the brightest in the darkest and most trying hour. Mere bodily strength without this power of the soul, is often a coward and becomes useless. I will tell you a story that I heard the other day which will show you what I mean. There is

a beautiful little lake in the State of Maine, upon the banks of which are a number of farms and pleasant dwelling houses ; there are boats upon the lake, and the people are in the habit of allowing their children to learn early the management of a boat ; and they let them go out together on the lake, without any man with them to take charge of them, girls and boys together. One day a little party went out on the lake ; they had been rowing about for some time, and gathering pond-lilies, and waking up all the echoes in the surrounding woods with their loud shouts, their merry laughs and their happy songs ; they were in the middle of the lake and were thinking of returning, when by some accident one of the boys fell overboard. A boy of fourteen years of age had the management of the boat ; he was the principal oarsman. He was strong and active and could swim, but he feared for his own life, he dared not jump in to save his companion ; he feared that the boat would upset in getting him in, and he immediately began to row for the shore to get help. In the mean time the poor boy, who could not swim to the shore, and whose strength would be unequal to keep above water till they returned with help, would be drowned. There were other boys in the boat, but it was a little girl of ten years of age who immediately forgetting her weakness became their leader and guide ; she insisted upon it that the boat should be turned back again, that the poor boy should not be left. I know not if she seized the oar, but if she did not, she prevailed with others to turn the boat round and come back again to the poor boy, who seeing himself left by his companions was giving himself up as lost. As soon as they came up to him again, the brave

little girl asked the boy of fourteen years of age to keep the boat steady as he could, and then she reached over the side of the boat and told her companions to hold her fast by her legs—soon she was able to reach the boy; he was much bigger than she was, but she told him to put his arms round her neck, and she put her arms under his, and she pulled him safely into the boat.* This little girl was a delicate and rather small child, and she soon after, went to the land of spirits. Now, dear Alice, who was the strong and the brave one, the girl or the boy? Which would you rather be?"

"Of course, mother, the girl; but what a brave little soul she was! I am sorry she died."

"Such beings never truly die, Alice; they change from strength to strength and from glory to glory; but such power, such greatness is in the reach of the weakest; so you see that all that is truly desirable in your wish is within your reach."

"Well," said Harry, "I know this, she was a first rate girl, mother, and the boy was a real coward for going away and leaving the poor fellow in the lake," and he breathed a long breath as if he had himself just come out of the water. After a minute or two he said, "Now, mother, what is your wish?" His mother was silent for a few minutes, and then she said,

"As I am to tell but one wish, it shall be this—God has given me two precious treasures, which he has taught me I must return to him pure and unsullied, after they have done all the good and given all the happiness they are capable of in this world: every new year He calls upon me to give an account of how I have fulfilled

* This story is true in all its particulars.

my charge ; my heart's earnest wish is for more wisdom and greater power to perform this great, this sacred duty." Harry crept up into his mother's arms, and laid his head on her bosom ; Alice was already sitting on a low seat close beside her ; she laid her head in little Harry's lap, and her mother put her arms round the two treasures which the Father of all had left her in this world. Harry soon fell asleep ; but Alice and her mother again watched in the new year, and with their hearts full of holy memories, and holy purposes, and holy hopes, kissed each other as they listened to the last solemn sigh of the old year, and raised their eyes to the everlasting stars as they looked calmly and brightly down upon this commencement of a new period of time.

Harry found on new year's morning a magic lantern in a large bag hanging on his bed-post : and Alice found on her bureau a complete set of Dr. Channing's works, a new year's present from her mother. E. L. F.

BABY'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

"MOTHER, we all have new year's presents except little brother, and I think he ought to have one too."

"I found this morning that brother had a plaything."

"Did he, mamma ? Who sent it to him ? Did you find it under his pillow ?"

"No, it was not under his pillow, but lying upon it."

"What was it, mamma ? I hope it was something real pretty."

"What should you think very pretty?"

"I should think a little carriage all covered with gold, with four splendid horses and a coachman with a long whip to drive with would be beautiful."

"The plaything brother was amusing himself with this morning was not at all like this."

"Mother, you are smiling; I don't believe any one has sent him any thing at all."

"You will smile when I tell you what it is."

"What is it, mamma?"

"It was his little hand which he has never looked at before."

"Oh, mother! how could you call that a plaything? besides, he has had it ever since he was born."

"Yes, but he has not known till now any thing about it, any more than you have about your presents which you found under your pillow when you awoke."

"But his hand is not a plaything."

"It is a plaything for him, and far prettier than any I could buy with all my money."

"Not than you can buy with all your money, for you have more than a thousand dollars."

"Yes, I have a great many thousand dollars, and yet I could not buy in any country any thing so pretty."

"What, not in that country across the ocean where are those beautiful mountains that papa writes about?"

"No, there is no country in the whole world where I could buy anything for your little brother so pretty as his own little hand which he has been looking at this very morning for the first time."

"I should think he would like the carriage and horses a great deal better."

"It would look brighter certainly, but baby's little hand has many things about it that the carriage has not."

"And so has the carriage many things about it that the baby's hand has not."

"Yes; it has paint and gilding, and it makes a noise as it rolls along; and it is hard, and has sharp corners, and edges, all of which, the baby's hand has none of. Were he to have it as a plaything, he would put it into his mouth as he does his hand, and then he would suck off the paint, and very likely put one of the horses' ears into his eyes, and soon he would throw it down, and before long, the horses would lose their heads and tails, the carriage its wheels, and the driver his arms and legs."

"But you need not let the baby break it up, mamma."

"Then I must take it away from him, and he would no longer have any pleasure in it. Whereas his little hand is all his own, the beautiful pink and white paint upon it cannot be sucked off, neither has it any sharp corners to hurt him, nor can he let it fall, and the driver that makes his little fingers move about will always be on his box. This beautiful little hand which is now only a plaything, gives him pleasure in many different ways. It is so soft he loves to put it in his mouth; it feels agreeably to his gums which are swelled; then he likes to watch the motions that he can make with his fingers, which he is very earnest to use. Brother does not now know how much good this little hand may do in the world; that it will have much more power than your four horses, supposing them to be real horses.

When you thought of a coach and horses and driver, you did not think they were in any way like the baby's

hand. His hand can move in any direction, turn any corner without his calling out as the driver does to his horses. See what a little thing it is, how soft, and how pretty, and think how much good it may do. Do you know that like your coach it also has a driver who is always seated upon his box holding the reins? At present the driver has not learnt to guide well; he is young in the business. Now he is driving at your nose; but he cannot get hold of it. You know it is very important to have a good driver, or we may be upset, and I shall do all I can to teach little brother's driver the right way, till he is able to do so for himself."

"The driver you speak of, mamma, is invisible."

"Yes; we do not see his form, but we feel his power within us. 'Tis he, that makes us use our hands and our feet, and that causes all our motions. His name is Will, and we must be sure that he is well taught, or we shall meet with many odd adventures, and be carried far away into a country where there are no pleasant faces to smile upon us, no flowers to bloom for us, and no glorious mountains for us to ascend, where we may see the grandeur and beauty that God has presented to us all, on new year's day, and all our days."

s. c. c.

He who has genius and eloquence sufficient either to cover or to excuse his errors, yet extenuates not, but rather accuses himself, and unequivocally confesses guilt, approaches the circle of immortals, whom human language has dignified with the appellation of gods and saints. [Lavater's Aphorisms.

THE MEADOW DAISY.

A TALE TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Mrs. Berthold, the intelligent and amiable wife of a citizen residing in the town, went to walk one Sunday, along the river Thor, where she owned a large meadow. Mary, her little daughter, dressed in white, and with a pretty straw bonnet on her head, walked quietly by her side. It was an incomparably lovely day in spring, and the meadow was already arrayed in the freshest green and with the first flowers of spring.

"How clear and blue the sky is to-day!" said Mary, "and how beautifully green our meadow looks, sprinkled over with small white flowers, like little stars. Every green place on the ground is gay with lovely flowers, just as the blue sky is decked at night with the golden stars. I like the whole. The good God has made every thing to be beautiful."

Mary plucked some of the flowers, and said: "They are indeed very pretty. The inner circle is of the most beautiful yellow, and the little tender white leaves stand around it like rays. Only see, dear mother, the beautiful rosy pink of the tips of the little white leaves. The small buds too are of a lovely white and green, and as round as pearls. We call these flowers nothing but Meadow-flowers. But all the flowers which grow in meadows might be called so. Have not these some other name of their own?"

"O yes!" said the mother; "They are also called Grass-flowers, since no hedge or grass-plot is to be seen

without them. They are called besides monthly flowers, because there is scarcely a month in the year in which they do not bloom, unless ice and snow cover the ground. They are also called Gosling-flowers, probably because the tender green leaves of their stalks are welcome to the young geese, as their first nourishment. These flowers however are usually called Low-loves."

"Low-loves," cried Mary, "that is an odd name. Do tell me, dear mother, why it was given to them and what it means." "I am not quite sure," replied the mother, "that I can precisely tell you. I think however that these modest flowers received this name because they are contented in so simple, unpretending a dress, while at the same time their whole appearance is so delicate and pretty. We too in ornaments should always be simple. These flowers are adorned only with pure yellow and white, and a slight tinge of red, yet they please. So is it with you when as at this time your dress is suited to your condition, and you wear a yellow straw bonnet and white frock, ornamented only with a pink riband. This simple decoration becomes you better than the gayest colors. I wish that in dress, as well as every thing, you may always have this love of moderation. Yes, that you may ever be one of the Low-loves."

Mary said, "We have no flowers, but only vegetables, in our garden at the house. May I not transplant some of these flowers into the little garden-bed, which you gave me with permission to plant as I pleased?" "Yes, certainly," said the mother, "do it by all means. But these flowers belong also to the useful vegetables. Their green leaves are pleasant as salad, or may be mixed with salad and spinach. They also serve as medicine, I had a

friend who began to be diseased in her lungs, and was cured, as she insisted, by the green leaves of this plant. Thus these flowers unite the useful with the agreeable. And we should always do the same."

The next day, Mary went to the meadow and pulled up many stems which had not yet budded, and planted them in her bed, in ornamental rows, as her mother was accustomed to set out salad and cabbage-plants. The soil here was very rich. Mary tended the little plants in the most careful manner. She frequently loosened the earth around them. She diligently pulled up every weed and blade of grass which could rob them of nourishment, and she never forgot to water them when it had not rained for some time.

As the buds came forth and the flowers at last appeared, Mary was not a little surprised. The blossoms were quite different, and far more beautiful than those which the stems produced before. The flowers had no more those white leaves which before surrounded the yellow; but the former yellow circles were now much larger, of a dark red or pink color, and set close together, as if composed of small delicate reeds.

Mary hastily ran to her mother, and cried, "O mother, come and see what a wonder has happened to my flowers. You certainly will not know them again, they have grown so beautiful." The mother went with her. "Only see, how beautiful! Tell me, are they not like cut velvet?"

"Indeed, you are right," said the mother. "They do resemble cut velvet. And for this reason, Meadow-flowers so improved, are called in some places, Velvet-flowers. You here see how exceedingly these common

flowers may be improved and beautified by care and attention."

Mary was so delighted at the wonderful transformation of the Low-loves into Velvet-flowers, that she again removed a large number of the roots from the meadow; she almost filled her garden with them, and tended them with the greatest care. Hereupon a new wonder took place. They began to blossom, and when they were now in full bloom, lo! the yellow in the middle had quite disappeared, and the outer ray-like leaves had so multiplied, that the whole flower consisted of these delicate leaves, which together formed the prettiest flowerets imaginable. Some of them were as white as snow, others were of a pale red, and others again of a rose color, while all, at some distance, resembled exceedingly beautiful little roses.

Mary, who one morning espied the beautiful little flowers, in haste sprang in again to her mother and cried, "Dearest mother, pray come. You will now again see something new in my flowers. Only look at them and wonder. I think if I go on to cultivate the common Meadow-flowers, a thousand beautiful varieties will still come to light."

"Very possibly," said her mother, "it is for this reason that these flowers are also called, the Thousand-beauties. In the meanwhile, this appearance is not so new as you suppose. The common Meadow-flower has been improved by many gardeners long before you. The Thousand-beauties now belong to the common garden flowers. And thus," continued the mother, "by careful attention and patience, every thing in nature can be perfected and ennobled. It is the same with most flowers and fruits, as

with the uncultivated meadow flowers. Many of our most beautiful garden flowers are produced from common field flowers ; so too the choicest apples and pears grow on trees which formerly bore only common wild apples and wild pears. Thus God recompenses the attention and industry of men ; thus he has made man to be lord of nature.

"Yet man himself," continued the mother, "attains to his perfection principally through a wise and good education. The misery is, that many children are not so willing to be improved as these flowers, and that not a few, alas ! spoil the best education by selfishness, disobedience and obstinacy. May you, my dear child, learn to consider the good education which I endeavor to give you, as no small happiness, and suffer it to attain complete success."

Mary's improved flowers multiplied exceedingly ; all her garden bed, in which she had previously planted no other flowers or shrubs, was covered with their green leaves, and resembled a thick green turf. Mary thought that the pretty flowers would now need no further care, and left them to grow as they would. But she was soon surprised again, only not in as agreeable a manner as before. The lovely Velvet-flowers and the pretty Thousand-beauties had gradually turned again into quite common Meadow-flowers, as they had been before.

"Why this is provoking !" cried Mary. "I could not have thought that I was to be so vexed with the flowers which had given me so much pleasure. Do tell me again, dearest mother, how it happens that they have so degenerated ?" Her mother replied, "The reasons of this unfortunate change may be easily given. In the first

places, you have neglected your flowers; thinking the soil was good enough, you took no further care of them; you did not remember to water them; you let them stand too close together, and did not pull out the weeds. For this reason, they returned again to their former common species and way of growing. Continued care can alone keep the improved flowers beautiful and remarkable; without care, they become wild again.

"And so it is with human education; however excellent it may have been at first, and to whatever degree of goodness the growing youth may have been trained, if left too soon to himself, he speedily degenerates. Do not therefore be offended, if I still find it necessary to remind you of many things, to caution, and often to restrain you. You are indeed larger and older than when you first transplanted these flowers into your garden, and you are probably better and wiser. But you still require constant oversight and direction. Listen to me therefore willingly, if you would not degenerate like these flowers.

"Another reason why these improved garden flowers became again quite common meadow flowers, is this. Next to your flower bed, I had left a small piece of ground laid out to grass, for whitening yarn, and it is now asserted by experienced florists, that the neighborhood of the common meadow-flower deteriorates the improved one of the garden, rendering it again wild, and bringing it back to its first condition. Herein is contained the impressive lesson, that we should avoid the society of the base and immoral, if we would not be like them. Evil communications corrupt good manners.

"You thus see," dear Mary, added the mother, "that

through nature, God teaches us many excellent things, which may be of the greatest service to us if we will attentively consider and try to discover the good instructions, that so we may follow them."

Mary now tended her flowers with renewed care. She removed the common ones from their neighborhood, and lo ! her flowers, which she called her foster-children, improved again and grew more and more beautiful.

Also Mary herself gave heed to the instructions of her mother, and did not render the endeavors of her maternal instructor vain by selfishness and disobedience ; she avoided the society of rude young people. She became a very noble and virtuous maiden, and bloomed into greater beauty than any of her flowers. Mary was grateful to her mother for having given her so good an education. Once, when her mother's birth-day had arrived, she carried her to a beautiful green plot in her garden, upon which appeared her mother's name, in the loveliest blossoms, formed out of the alternate dark red, white, and rose-colored flowers of the Thousand-beauties and the Velvet-flower. "You, dearest mother," she said, "have bestowed more attention upon me, than I have paid to these flowers. These flowers have gratefully rewarded my care ; how can I be less grateful than they ? May this little tribute of my thanks for your great exertions, be acceptable."

The mother rejoiced in her estimable, modest and grateful daughter. "Dear child," said she, "these flowers shall now be called, in honor of you, the Mary-flowers."

"Oh no !" said Mary, "they shall bear your name, which they here form, the name of Margaret."

The mother from this time named them the Mary-

flower, as they are still called in some places; but the daughter, and in time other persons, preferred to name these pretty flowers the Margaret-flower, (which in the German dictionary is rendered *Daisy*.)

L. O.

EDITH RUSSELL;

OR,

"I CAN'T" AND "I'LL TRY."

"But why will not you do it, mother, when you can do it so well, and I am certain of not succeeding in the attempt? I never made a little dress in all my life; there will be the waist to fit, the sleeves to put in, and oh! worst of all, hooks and eyes to sew on. Poor little Bessie will look as if she were tied up in some strange sack, or other odd-looking thing; and I shall feel ashamed of my labors. So, mother dear," said the sweet Edith, clasping her kind parent's arm, and playfully forcing back upon her the piece of calico and the sewing materials, "I will have nothing to do with this gown, for I know I can't make it."

She was about to leave the room, half in earnest and half in sport, when the expression of regret, which she saw on her mother's face, arrested her; and, stopping short, she said, "Must I do it, mother?"

"You know, my daughter," said Mrs. Russell, "how unwilling I feel ever to say that you *must* do anything, and thus have you do it merely through obedience to my

command, instead of yielding to your own sense of right. A girl of twelve years, of good sense and kind feelings, is well able, in general, to judge of the propriety of actions, if she will take the pains to do so; and to do cheerfully what her friends recommend because she knows it to be right, and not because she has been commanded to do it."

"But if I can judge what is right, why can I not as well judge what is possible, and not have to undertake what I am sure I cannot accomplish?"

"Because, my dear child, to know what is possible for us to do, we have often to trust to our own experience, or, in want of that, to the experience of some older and wiser than ourselves. But to know what is right, we have but to listen to our Father's voice, which, from our earliest years, is sounding out its serene tones of instruction from the depths of our inmost being; we may refuse to listen to the sound, we may reject its Divine teachings, and thus gradually fail to perceive and judge of the right; or we may so earnestly bend our will to its dictates, that our hearts shall instantly respond to its slightest notices, as the wind-harp answers to the gentlest breeze which floats over its strings."

"I often think," replied Edith, "that what you wish me to do is right to be done, and I desire to feel that it is possible: but I can't."

"Ah! dearest, this sad word, *can't*! It robs you of half your energy; its so frequent use is a continual bar to your progress; the moment a difficulty occurs before you, you shrink from it, satisfying yourself with that word, and thus lose many golden opportunities of usefulness and improvement. Remember how earnestly I

urged you to cultivate your natural taste for music, at a time when you could have received the best instruction. Living so far from any city, it is seldom in our power to procure a good teacher of music ; but when Amy left her mother to come and pass the winter with you, that you might together enjoy the teaching of such a master as we can never have again, it was for you an utter failure, through your own fear of ill success."

"Ah ! yes," said Edith, while a blush spread over her sweet face, and the tears sprang to her eyes ; "many and many a time have I wept bitter tears, when no one saw me, at the remembrance of that folly. It is all before me now : I see the sunny parlor, the cheerful fire near which you were sitting with your basket of work, the opened piano, with the books all ready for use, Amy seating herself each morning at the appointed hour to practise, and going through the tiresome exercise cheerfully and faithfully ; then turning to me with her sweet encouraging smile and the oft-repeated, 'Come, Edie dear, if you will try pleasantly, you can do much better than I have done.' But ah ! I did not try as she did ; I sat down reluctantly, feeling that I could not do it ; my heart sank within me at the thought of attempting to learn anything so difficult, and yet I knew all the while that I had a much better ear for music than she had. Then after the time for our instruction had passed, and Amy could cheer the long winter evenings for you and father with the sounds you love, then you never reproached me for not doing the same."

"No, my Edith, I would not reproach you with talents wasted ; for I believe that each neglect of the gifts which Heaven bestows upon us causes its own punishment ;

and, except when I can produce some good effects, I would not add to the bitterness of that."

"I often feel," said Edith, after a pause, "as if at some future time I should have cause deeply to regret my folly in this matter. Sometimes when I wake, there seems a lingering of sweet, delicious melody about me, just not heard; I feel then as if I had been near some heavenly harmony, yet not entered into it; and I grieve at the thought that perhaps it is through my own fault."

Mrs. Russell laid her hand upon her daughter, and drawing her to her arms, said, "Encourage such thoughts, my child, to take possession of your heart; they are blessed messengers from Heaven. Our Father's angels are ever near us, I believe, on their ministries of love. In the deep quiet of sleep, when the soul withdraws from outward objects, and the senses lose their activity, then, in that profound stillness, may a message be received which, in the busy, wakeful hour, might pass unheard; our past action or our future prospect may stand before us to encourage or to warn; and though the vision shall be lost on waking, the impression may remain to help us in our onward path."

As her mother finished these words, Edith drew her chair to the work-table, and, taking the calico and scissors, said in a cheerful tone, "Well, mother, I will try what I can do." Mrs. Russell wished nothing more; she valued with all a mother's fondness, the brightness and loveliness of her daughter's character; but she often sighed to think of the future suffering, which that beloved daughter might have to endure from this desponding habit of mind, —the indulgence of such a feeling of inability, when no such inability existed. After many trials the dress was

finished to Edith's satisfaction, and as she fitted it upon the little needy child, for whom it was intended, and saw her pleased looks, she felt happy indeed; for besides giving pleasure, she was conscious of having herself made progress in the right.

Still a habit so long indulged was not to be immediately cured; the old answer would often spring to her lips when anything seemed difficult, and the desponding feeling was betrayed by the tearful eyes when the tongue was under control. The conviction however became stronger to her, each day, that she could totally conquer the habit, whose ill effects she already perceived; and her whole appearance and manner became changed under the influence of a noble resolve. Instead of the doubting and sad expression with which she had formerly received her mother's wishes, or undertaken any task, there was now an alacrity and a cheerfulness which manifested themselves in feature and movement, and the light-springing step indicated the light heart. She was of a most gentle and loving nature; but the sunny smile, which beamed so naturally from her soft blue eyes, had been so often clouded by the misty gatherings of despondency, that an air of sadness and discontent had been taking possession of her countenance; this was disappearing under the magical influence of the heartfelt words "I'll try," instead of "I can't."

The next year her father was called to the distant city on business. Edith watched his preparations for departure with deep emotion, for she was unaccustomed to his absence, and in their lonely situation, remote from any village, each member of the household seemed essential to the daily comfort and happiness of all the rest. As

he pressed her in his arms at parting, and saw her grief, he whispered, "My Edith will, I know, do all she can to supply my place to her mother in her loneliness." She heard his words and, checking her tears, resolved that by no indulgence of her own sorrow should her mother be made unhappy.

The weeks appointed for her father's absence from them had gone by, and hourly they were expecting his return. As Edith seated herself on a rock upon the summit of a hill, which commanded the most distant prospect of the road, by which her father was to come to his mountain home again, she recalled to herself that not once since his departure had the desponding feeling of inability had possession of her; each task had been cheerfully performed, each duty seemed light, and in the inspiring strength of what she had done, she felt that she could go on to higher and higher degrees of excellence. She pictured to herself with what readiness of spirit she could be prepared to meet some future trials which might await her; and, with sincere devotion of heart, she bowed in adoring gratitude to Him, who has thus endowed our nature with its noble capacity of repairing its own defects.

She started as she saw on a far hill-top the approaching coach, and as the setting sun glanced upon its shining points, it seemed to her fancy that the inanimate vehicle itself was smiling and rejoicing at the joy it was preparing for her. With swifter step than she had ever chased the nimble squirrel in the woods, or her own dear Carl about the door-stone, she hastened down the hill, and, in all the eagerness of haste and delightful expectation, met the carriage as it stopped at the corner of the road which led to their quiet home. She looked for the opening door

and her father's appearance, but there was no movement of the kind; the driver and an elderly gentleman of benevolent countenance were speaking together on the coach-box, and looking inquisitively towards her. The old gentleman, slowly dismounting, came towards her; and, in a kind tone, inquired if she was Edith Russell.

"That is my name, sir," said Edith, while a sudden, vague surmise of something to be dreaded rushed upon her mind, and choked all farther utterance.

In a manner the most truly sympathizing he then disclosed to her the intelligence, which it was his painful duty to communicate. Mr. Russell and he had been fellow-boarders, for a few weeks, at the same hotel in the city. They had made arrangements to return to their respective homes on the same day; but on the morning preceding that appointed for their return, Mr. Russell was seized with sudden and severe illness. The impossibility of recovery was evident to him from the first; with perfect calmness he watched the approach of that kind angel, the last our Father ever sends to His children upon earth, and whose beautiful mission it is to bear them to His nearer presence. His thoughts were among the hills and glens, where his pleasant home had been from boyhood; the tinkling stream that flowed near his own door brought refreshment to the dying man, as he seemed, in the intervals of pain, to listen to its accustomed sound; the bright years which had circled on so happily shed a radiance over these last hours, because they had been so purely, so truly enjoyed; the images of beloved wife and child came before him, associated with a thousand sweet recollections and no bitter regrets; filled with sublime trust in the goodness of

God, he could welcome the Angel of Death, though when folded beneath his wings, he should be shrouded from the sight of these beloved ones.

Edith listened with almost bursting heart as the stranger, in the tenderest manner, stated to her the circumstances of her father's illness, for the sudden change from happy expectation to the knowledge of her loss was overwhelming.

"And now, my dear child," said he, gently stroking her uncovered head, "now summon all the calmness and strength of which you are capable, and carry the news of this event to your mother."

"Oh! never! never!" said the weeping girl; how can I tell her what it will kill her to hear! I beg you, sir, to go to her yourself, for I cannot."

The words had scarcely escaped her lips when a feeling of self-reproach prevented their repetition; and the better thoughts, which had occupied her before, came back in all their energy. The last words which her father had uttered in parting, sounded to her with a more hallowed influence than before. In the earnestness of a firm determination she calmly bade farewell to the friendly man, who was obliged, by imperative necessity, to continue his homeward journey; and with a more lingering step than had borne her down the hill, she entered her mother's room.

But poor Edith's task was not all accomplished when, with broken voice and her arms clasped around her mother's neck, she had whispered amid her sobs the painful narrative. Always an invalid, and bowed now beneath the weight of disease, this sudden shock was almost more than Mrs. Russell's feeble frame could sup-

port ; and for many days life seemed as trembling to its fall. Edith watched over her with nearly sleepless vigilance, attended to her every want, wore a serene face at her bed-side, spoke in a cheerful tone, forgot her own suffering in her mother's need, and did all which the most assiduous tenderness could do for the sick and suffering. Her cousin Amy soon came to share her anxiety and labor, and to watch the patient's slow restoration. Her pallid face brightened as she saw their disinterested exertions, and many an hour was made happy to them all by cherished recollections and cheerful conversation about the dear friend, who had gone before them to the Spirit-Land.

Mrs. Russell was extremely fond of music ; too weak to touch the piano herself, she would listen with delight to Amy's tasteful performance ; evening after evening her pain was soothed and her languor dissipated by the sounds she loved so well, and Amy's willing hand was ever ready to prepare the gratification for her. When, at last, this lovely girl was obliged to return to her own home, and the piano stood unopened, a pang would often strike through Edith's heart, as she saw it standing there all mute, when it might so charm her dear mother ; then she became deeply conscious that, every neglect of the talents with which our Father blesses us, unavoidably punishes itself.

Years passed away ; early experiences were not lost upon her ; the gentle, but desponding girl became the noble, energetic, active woman ; the afflicted, the suffering, the distressed in body, or heart, or condition, applied to her for aid ; the scattered neighborhood looked up to her with respect, as their able adviser and helper ; her

ready sympathies anticipated their wants, applied the remedy, and performed what to weaker minds seemed impossibilities; many friends applied to her in trial, and difficulties, and leaned on her support. All the gentle and amiable qualities kept pace with this noble energy, and had the secret of this beautiful growth of character been revealed, it might have been found in the substitution of "I will try," for "I can't."

H. E. S.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER OF FAITH.

'Twas at the tranquil twilight hour,
That brings on evening mild,
A mother looked with tender love
Upon her fair young child.

That child, so free from earth's alloy,
Close to her side did press;
And o'er her brow there sweetly stole
A thoughtful happiness.

"My daughter," that kind mother said,
"You tell me when you're sad;—
Shall I not too with you rejoice?
What is 't that makes you glad?"

"Mother," replied that gentle voice,
In tones as soft and sweet
As music of the summer winds,
When they the harp-strings meet,

"Mother, you know you used to say
That God was good and kind,
And though I was so young and small,
He 'd all my actions mind;

" I used to say my little prayers,
Because you said I ought
Ask Him, to keep me free from sin,
In deed, and word, and thought.

" But still I could not understand,
How one I could not see,
And one so very wise and good,
Should ever think of me.

" You told me, then, if I would bring
My little flower-pot nigh,
That you would try and make it plain
That God was always by.

" You said, when those round shining seeds
Deep in the earth were hid,
That though I could not see his hand,
I'd see the work it did.

" And soon above the moistened ground
Came up a tender shoot,
So frail it seemed the gentlest breath
Would tear it from its root.

" My mother dear, although I knew
That all you said was true,
Yet, when I saw my flower grow up, -
It made me feel it too.

" And when you was so very sick,
And on the bed was laid,
I loved to see my little plant
That God's kind hand had made.

" I used to sit beside it then
And watch it many an hour;
At length above its clustering leaves
There brightly bloomed a flower.

"And as I saw the buds unfold,
I felt that God was near;
And then I loved to pray to Him,
And knew that He would hear.

"I prayed that you might stay with us.
Or, if that could not be,
I asked, that He, who made my flowers,
Would then watch over me.

"And now I know, my mother dear,
Our Father's tender care
Has made you almost well again;
—Did He not hear my prayer?

"I'm glad he did not take you then
To go to live in Heaven;
You'll teach me still to love Him more,
By whom all things are given."

Dublin, N. H.

E. T.

THE LITTLE EXPECTER,

OR,

FAIRY MUSIC.

GERTRUDE was one day playing in the garden, when a fairy whispered in her ear, "Sometime I will give you a beautiful thing." She was startled with joy by the sweet voice and stood still, looking through the air to see where it came from, but the fairy had vanished and she did not know whence she came or whither she went. From that time forward she was always hoping to see the fairy again and wondering what the beautiful thing could be which she was going to give her. Sometimes when she

was laughing and frolicking with her playmates she would suddenly stop and gaze wistfully up into the bright clouds, but they would melt away and leave only the blue sky shining before her. When the old nurse collected all the children round her to hear stories she would listen with delight to the legends of fairies who rode upon moonbeams, or danced on the waves of the sea, but she was always expecting some more wonderful story. When she asked the old nurse why she did not tell her something different, she would reply that she did not know any others, these were pretty enough for any little girl to hear, and thus she could never learn what she wanted from her. She had a garden in which she worked quite diligently because she liked to have gay flowers growing there, and often while digging in the earth she thought she heard low sounds under the roots of the plants, and was always expecting a fairy to pass out, but no fairy appeared.

At length she lost all pleasure in play and work and passed her time in looking listlessly out of the window at the distant mountains. Her mother saw she did not enjoy herself as the other children did, and as she loved her very much, wished to do something to make her happy ; so she told her she would take her a journey. Gertrude was delighted, for she thought she should like to go all over the world in search of the fairy's promised gift.

In the first city to which they went they entered a cathedral, and Gertrude was filled with awe by the solemn aisles, the sunlight that streamed in through richly painted windows, the organ-music rolling slowly along. Every day she went there and watched the sunlight gliding from column to column, or stood beneath the

shadows of the arches listening to the music. But one day a sudden sadness came over her and she said, "It seems to me like a dark cave and I have never heard the fairy whisper here," so she left the cathedral, and going to her mother asked her to carry her somewhere else.

Then they went to a city where there were long galleries of pictures and statues, and here she wandered about as in a land of enchantment. She loved to look on the faces and scenes represented, to imagine stories for them, and to see the bright soft colors blended together. She walked through stately halls where marble statues stood silently around her, and would sit and gaze for hours upon them, but at last she exclaimed, "They are all lifeless, always still, still! I want something full of life and motion."

Then her mother went with her to a place where there was a splendid theatre, and here she saw graceful dancers who seemed to fly over the stage, and funny comedies that made her laugh very much, and what she liked best of all, very exciting tragedies which made her shudder and weep until she scarcely knew where she was. But when she went home at night to her little quiet bed she would say to herself, "It was not real; it was not true! the actors did not feel it;" and the next day all the people about her seemed very tame because they were not always falling in love, or killing each other, or full of heroic feelings. At last she wanted to go away from them all, and asked her mother to go among mountains and torrents, and wild beautiful places.

They went to a castle beside a lake, hidden among high mountains, and she had a little boat in which she could sail about wherever she pleased, and she leapt boldly

along by the waterfalls and chased the chamois among the rocks. She looked down the steep precipices, she climbed high peaks, and stood in the broad sunlight gazing over wide countries; she roamed about from morning to night, and for a while was delighted, but at length began to listen in the wind for the fairy's voice, and the wind flew silently on its way; she threw stones among the rocks but only the echo returned to her; the mountain brooks gushed joyously at her feet, but no fairy whisper did she hear. She said to her mother, "I am tired of wandering about, what shall I do?" Her mother asked if she would not like to study, to learn something about all the wonderful forms around her. She answered "Oh yes, oh yes," for she thought to herself, "Now I shall find out where the beautiful thing is hidden."

She read many books that told her how the mountains were formed strata above strata, how many miles distant were the stars that shone down upon them, how the sunlight that played in the foam of the torrents was full of bright colors, what the flowers were named that grew in the clefts of the rocks, but none of them told her where the fairy dwelt or the beautiful thing might be found, although she read all the great books in the library. Then she said to her mother, "I wish I had some children to play with; I am tired of these old tedious books, they never tell me what I want to know, and when I call out to the mountains and the torrents they never make me any answer."

Her mother sent for some children to stay at the castle, and they all had a fine time together. They sailed in the boat, they climbed among the rocks, they went about making discoveries, and brought home many curiosities.

There was one among them whom Gertrude loved more than all the rest, and they often strayed in the sunny valleys together, listening to the song of the brook and telling each other stories of the fairies who dwell among the flowers. One evening they sailed together in the little boat on the lake, and the moonlight was so lovely that it made Gertrude think more than ever about the beautiful thing that had been promised her, and at last she told her friend about it, but the little girl only laughed and said it was a foolish dream. From that time Gertrude did not like to be with her so well as before, and often left all her companions to wander about by herself. At length she said, "Neither my mother nor the children can tell me where the beautiful thing is to be found, but perhaps somebody can, and I will go and ask every one I meet."

She descended the plain at the foot of the mountain and seating herself at the corner where four roads met, held out her hand to every one who passed by. She did not tell them what her hope was, because she thought they would question her and laugh at her, but she believed some of them would know what she wanted, and give it to her. They wondered to see her sitting there, and sometimes offered her a piece of bread, but no one spoke of the beautiful thing. Then she said, "I will go all round the world and find it for myself." So like a little pilgrim she went along for many miles. Great clouds of dust whirled round her so that she was almost blinded, but she thought she must walk in the road, because she believed it would lead to famous places where her treasure might be found.

Being very tired of the dust and the people who went

chattering by, she turned at last into a little by-path leading through the fields. Presently she saw a crimson bird fly out of a dark road and soar up into the sky, filling the air with his song. "Did he have his nest in that gloomy forest? Then I will go in, and perhaps such a joyous song will also be given to me." Thus saying, she entered among the thick trees, and was soon so lost among their tangled branches and crowded trunks that she could not find her way out. It grew darker and darker, for night was coming on, and the wind sighed so sadly around her that it seemed as if her heart would break. She laid down on the roots of a great oak; a few moonbeams penetrated the foliage and shone into her eyes full of tears, and seemed to feel so much pity for her that at last they soothed her to sleep. She dreamed that the fairy fluttered before her and pointed forwards with a loving smile, and suddenly awaking she started up full of joy. But now it was midnight, the young moon had vanished, and the cold dews chilled her to the heart. Then she said, "I will go on, on, night and day; if I stay here I shall die in the gloomy wood."

On she went amid great boughs that seemed like the arms of giants stretched forth to imprison her, until she saw in the distance a twinkling light. It appeared and disappeared as she walked towards it amid the great trunks of the trees, and she thought it might be only a Will o' the Wisp, but at last it shone steadily before her and she discovered that it came from a little old hut. She knocked, and a voice said "Come in." She entered and found an old woman spinning away most diligently although it was midnight and every one else was at rest. Her voice and face were stern, even harsh. the little

girl thought, but she told her that she could not find her way, and asked leave to stay there all night.

"To-night and many a night, unless you want to be lost in the wood, for you never can find your way out," answered the old woman.

Gertrude felt very sadly to hear this, but was so tired that she laid down on the floor and soon fell asleep. In the morning early the old woman awaked her and said, "Come, jump up and help me spin; you must work hard if you live here." Gertrude looked out into the wood, but saddened when she saw how gloomy it appeared even in the morning. Not the trace of a path was to be seen anywhere, and scarcely a glimpse of blue sky shone through the trees, so she thought she had better stay in the hut, and perhaps the fairy would sometime come and show her the way out through the forest. With tears in her eyes she began to spin at a great wheel which stood beside the old woman's, and there for many days and nights they spun together all the time. Every now and then a green parrot in a cage in the corner cried out, "Pretty Poll, pretty Poll!" but the old woman never spoke a word, the sun never shone in, the winds moaned in the branches and beat them against the roof, and it seemed to Gertrude the most dismal place in the world.

At last she could bear it no longer, and thought she must make the old woman talk to her even if her words were harsh and unkind; so she asked her why she was spinning there. The old woman answered in a somewhat pleasanter tone than before, "I am under the spell of an enchanter, and have had to spin all day and all night for many weary years, but now you have learned to spin so well, I can share the work with you, and we

will each spin half the time." So from this time forward the little girl had half the day to sleep in, and the old woman also could rest. This made her much kinder, and she would often let Gertrude go into the wood for a walk. This she was very glad to do because she was very eager to find some way that would lead her out, and often climbed into the trees to see if she could not discern the country beyond. But one day she said to herself, "Shall I go away and leave this poor old woman to spin all the time?"

She knew not what to do, and her tears fell into the little rill by which she was sitting. Then she thought that the brook staid in the forest and watered the roots of the trees which prevented the sunbeams from shining upon it, when it might have run sparkling through the open fields, and she thought she would be as kind as the brook was. She returned more contentedly to the hut, and from that time did all she could to make the old woman happy, and often spun more than her own share, that she might have more time to rest and to read in a great book over which she was always poring when she had a moment to spare.

A few days after this, while she was spinning, she thought she heard low music mingled with the whirring of the wheel. She listened very eagerly, and soon distinguished a little air which was so sad and sweet that it brought tears into her eyes. It was repeated over and over again, and she imitated it until she had caught the tune and could hum it to herself. When she went into the wood she sang it as she walked along, and it seemed as if the murmuring of the brook answered her, and the whispering of the wind among the trees.

From that time forward the spinning-wheel was always musical, and every day the tunes became clearer and more joyful. Gertrude thought of little songs to go to the tunes, which she sung to herself from morning to night, and was so happy that she seemed like a sunbeam wherever she went. The wood had become full of life to her now, for everything answered her voice. She could understand the songs of the birds, and they told her of the wonderful things they saw as they flew over the earth, and even the grass-blades whispered strange things as she passed. She wondered that all had been so silent before, and that the old woman never seemed to hear the beautiful music that sounded around them, however loudly she heard it, or merrily sung her own songs. But one day as they were both spinning together and Gertrude was singing very gaily, the old woman said "Hark! is that a bird flying by?" Gertrude smiled and went on singing. "Why, is it you, Gertrude? how sweetly you sing!" And the old woman listened to her with great delight. At length she asked her where she had learned that beautiful song. Gertrude told her to listen to the wheels, and perhaps she could hear one also. The old woman listened, but said she could hear nothing except the incessant whirring. Then Gertrude sang a most merry song, and said that was the way the whirr, whirr sounded to her.

From this time the old woman wished to hear Gertrude sing almost all the day, the stern expression passed away from her face, and she became so cheerful and good-natured that the little girl thought she should be willing to live with her all her life. At length the old woman could also hear music in the whirring of the wheels, and although she could not herself sing the

tunes, spinning was no longer a tedious task to her. They were both surprised when the parrot began to whistle lively airs, and it was a great delight to them, for they were both very tired of hearing him continually calling out, "Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!"

One day when the old woman was telling Gertrude traditions of things that happened before the flood, a fairy floated in and said to Gertrude, "You have been such a good industrious girl that now you may go home to your mother and her beautiful castle."

"But shall I leave the old woman alone to do all the spinning?"

"You will find a spinning-wheel there with which you can spin every day, and you must tell all the people you meet of the music that sounds through the wheel, and ask them to come here to help the old woman and learn some sweet songs to sing."

"But they will not come to this dark forest," said Gertrude.

"Tell them how you lived here, sing your most beautiful songs to them and some of them will come." The old woman was very sorry to have Gertrude go, for she loved her as if she had been her own child, but Gertrude said, "I will ask my mother's leave, and will soon come and bring you to our castle to live." The old woman shook her head and answered, "I shall never live in a castle."

As Gertrude returned through the wood she easily found her way, for the music sounded through the air before her, and now and then the sunlight streamed in and shone like a path at her feet. When she came home to the castle her mother was rejoiced to see her for she

had long given her up for lost. She asked her where she had been all this time. Gertrude answered her in songs describing her wanderings, the gloomy forest, and the old woman. Then her mother said, "This old woman has been very good to you, should you not like to have her come here and live with you?"

"Oh yes, indeed!" said Gertrude with delight, and after she had stayed with her mother a few days was just setting off to go for her when she met the fairy at the gate, who said to her, "You cannot bring the old woman to live here until all the people in the castle are willing to do their share of the spinning."

Gertrude went to them all and told them what beautiful music sounded in the spinning-wheel, and how the poor old woman lived all alone in the forest, and begged them to spin a little every day. At first they were unwilling and said it would be very tedious, but at last consented for they loved Gertrude and wished to do all that would please her.

She brought the old woman to the castle, and every day they all spun for a while together; a lovely music sounded through the castle, and they who lived in it were happier than they had ever been before. But although they heard the music wherever they went, none of them could sing such sweet and joyful songs as Gertrude could.

And now wherever she went she found some new delight. When she saw a picture she felt that the painter had heard the same music that she did, and painted some tune he loved. The cathedral music was like a solemn voice speaking to her; the flowers, the waves, the mountains were her friends, and she never felt lonely among

them. Her little companions were always rejoiced to be with her, and in their merry laughs and plays she could hear sweet tones which she had never heard in them before. Wherever she went she was loved and loved all that was around her, and was so happy from morning to night that she knew very well what the beautiful thing was, the fairy-whisper had promised her. c. s.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

[Those who are acquainted with this little poem, translated from Herder, will perceive that a slight liberty has been taken with the last two lines.]

AIRY, lovely, heavenly thing!
 Butterfly with quivering wing!
 Hovering in thy transient hour
 Over every bush and flower,
 Feasting upon flowers and dew,
 Thyself a brilliant blossom too.

Who with rosy fingers fine
 Purpled o'er those wings of thine?
 Was it some sylph whose tender care,
 Spangled thy robes so fine and fair,
 And wove them of the morning air?
 I feel thy little throbbing heart,
 Thou fear'st e'en now death's bitter smart.

Fly, little spirit, fly away!
 Be free and joyful thy short day!
 Image thou dost seem to me,
 Of that, which I may one day be,
 When I shall drop this robe of earth,
 And wake into a spirit's birth.

E. L. F.

THE STORY OF CALIPH STORK.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY J. E. C.

[Concluded from our last Number.]

THE Caliph and the Grand Vizier walked in a melancholy mood through the fields, not knowing what to do in their sad plight. They could not get out of their stork-skins, and it would not do for them to go back to the town to tell any one of their condition, for who would believe a stork if he said that he was the Caliph? And even if they had believed him, would the inhabitants of Bagdad be willing to have a stork for their Caliph? So they sneaked about for several days, feeding upon wild fruits, which however, they could not manage very well, on account of their long bills. For lizzards and frogs, they had no appetite. Their only satisfaction in this sad predicament was, that they could fly; and they often flew over on to the roofs in the city of Bagdad, to see what was going on.

For the first few days they observed great uneasiness and mourning in the streets. But on the fourth day of their enchantment, as they were sitting on the roof of the Caliph's palace, they saw in the street below a splendid procession. The drums and fifes sounded, and a man in a scarlet robe embroidered with gold came riding along on a richly caparisoned horse, surrounded by servants in glittering garments. Half the town were at his heels, and all were shouting: "Hail to Mizra! Caliph of Bagdad!" The two storks looked at each other as they sat on the roof, and the Caliph Chasid said: "Do not you begin to understand how I come to be enchanted,

Grand Vizier? This Mizra is the son of my mortal enemy, the powerful enchanter Kaschnur, who in an evil hour vowed vengeance against me. But I do not yet give up all hope. Come with me, faithful companion in misfortune; we will make a pilgrimage to the grave of the Prophet; perhaps the charm may be broken in sacred places."

So they raised themselves from the roof of the palace, and flew in the direction of Medina.

Flying however did not suit the two storks very well, on account of their want of practice. "Ah sir," groaned the Vizier, after they had been flying a couple of hours, "with your permission—I cannot stand it any longer, you fly too fast! Besides it is already growing dark, and we should do well to be looking out for some place to pass the night."

Chasid yielded to the request of his officer, and perceiving a ruined building in the valley below, they flew down to it. The place which they had pitched upon for their night-quarters, seemed to have been a castle. Beautiful columns were still standing among the ruins, and numerous chambers, which were in tolerable preservation, testified to the former splendor of the house. Chasid and his companion walked about the passages to find a dry spot; suddenly the stork Mansor stood still. "Lord and master," whispered he softly, "if it were not that it would be foolish for a Grand Vizier—and still more so for a stork, to be afraid of ghosts! I do not feel easy at all, for I heard some one sighing and moaning, quite plainly." The Caliph also stopped, and heard distinctly a noise as of some one weeping, which sounded more like a human being, than like an animal. Full of expectation, he was

about to advance towards the place whence the sound proceeded ; but the Vizier seized him by the wing with his bill, and begged him earnestly not to expose himself to new unknown dangers, but in vain ! The Caliph, under whose stork-wings there beat a valiant heart, tore himself away with the loss of some feathers, and ran into a dark passage. He soon came to a door, which appeared not to be fastened, and from which proceeded distinct sighs and a slight hooting. He pushed the door open with his bill, but remained standing in astonishment on the threshold. In the ruinous chamber, which was lighted scantily by a small grated window, he saw a large owl sitting on the floor. Large tears were rolling from her great, round eyes, and with a hoarse voice she uttered complaints from her crooked beak. But when she beheld the Caliph, and his Vizier, who had crept after him in the mean time—she raised a loud cry of joy. Then she gracefully wiped the tears from her eyes with her brown-spotted wing, and to the great astonishment of both, she cried out in good human Arabic : “ Welcome, ye storks ;—you are a good omen of my deliverance, for it has been prophesied to me that a great good fortune would come to me through the means of some storks ! ”

When the Caliph had recovered from his astonishment, he made a bow with his long neck, placed his thin feet in a graceful position, and said : “ Owl ! thy words would lead me to conclude that thou art a partaker of our misfortune. But alas ! thy hope of being delivered by us, is in vain. Thou wilt perceive our helplessness, when thou hast heard our story.” The owl begged him to relate it, and the Caliph began, and told her, what we already know.

When the Caliph had finished telling their story to the owl, she thanked him, and said : " Hear alas my history, and you will see that I am not less unhappy than you. My father is the king of India, and I, his only daughter, am named Susa. The enchanter Kaschnur, who enchanted you, brought me also into misery. He came one day to my father and desired me for wife for his son Mizra. But my father, who is a quick-tempered person, had him kicked down stairs. The scoundrel contrived to come into my presence again under another form, and once when I wished to take some refreshments in the garden, he brought to me in the disguise of a slave, a potion which transformed me into this horrible shape. As I was powerless from fright, he brought me hither, and cried with a terrible voice into my ear :

" ' Here shalt thou remain, ugly, and despised even by the beasts, until thy death : or until some one of his own accord shall desire to marry thee, even in this vile shape. Thus I revenge myself on thee and thy proud father.'

" Since then many months have elapsed. Solitary and sad I live as a hermit in these walls, despised by the whole world, disgusting even to the beasts : the beauties of nature are shut from me, since I am blind by day, and only when the moon pours her pale light over these walls, does the veil of darkness fall from my eyes."

She ended, and wiped her eyes again with her wing, for the narration of her sorrows had caused her to shed tears.

The Caliph pondered deeply on the story of the Princess. " If I am not entirely in error," said he, " there is a secret connection between our misfortunes ; but where shall I find the key to this riddle ?"

The owl answered : " Sir, I have also the same feeling : for it was prophesied to me in my earliest youth by a wise woman, that a stork would bring me great good luck : and perhaps I can tell in what manner we may deliver ourselves."

The Caliph was much amazed, and asked in what manner she meant. " The enchanter," said she, " who has rendered us both unhappy, comes once every month to these ruins. Not far from this chamber ; there is a hall, in which he is accustomed to revel with many comrades : I have often watched them there. They relate to each other their villanous deeds, and perhaps he may pronounce the magic word which you have forgotten."

" O dearest Princess," exclaimed the Caliph, " tell me when will he come, and where is the hall ? "

The owl was silent for a moment, and then said :

" Do not take it ill, but I can fulfil your wish only on one condition."

" What is it ? what is it ? " cried Chasid, " whatever you please ; I will agree to anything."

" Why I should like to obtain my own liberty also : but this is possible only on condition that one of you shall marry me."

The storks seemed somewhat embarrassed by this proposal, and the Caliph motioned to his officer to go out with him a moment.

" Grand Vizier," said the Caliph when they got outside of the door : " this is a stupid business ; but I should think you might marry her."

" Indeed ? " answered he, " do you wish to have my eyes scratched out by my wife as soon as I get home ?

Besides, I am an old man, and you are young and unmarried : it would be more reasonable for you to give your hand to a beautiful young Princess."

"Ay, but there's the rub," sighed the Caliph, drooping his wings composedly : "who told you that she was young and beautiful? That is what I call buying a pig in a poke!"

So they talked a long while about it, till at last, as the Caliph saw that his Vizier preferred remaining a stork to marrying the owl, he made up his mind to fulfil the condition himself. The owl was highly delighted. She informed them that they could not have come at a better time, for probably the enchanters would assemble that night.

She left the chamber with the storks, to conduct them to the hall ; they walked for a long time through a dark passage ; at last a bright light streamed towards them from a ruined wall. Having reached this, the owl advised them to remain perfectly still. From the cleft at which they stood, they could see over the whole hall. It was surrounded by columns and splendidly ornamented. Numerous colored lamps supplied the want of daylight. In the midst of the hall stood a round table, covered with various delicacies. Round the table was placed a sofa, on which sat eight men. In one of these men, the storks recognized the merchant who had sold them the magic powder. The one who sat next to him asked him to relate his newest exploits. He told, among others, the story of the Caliph and his Vizier.

"And what word did you give them?" asked another of the magicians. "A very hard Latin one ; it is called *Mutabor*."

When the storks heard this at their chink in the wall, they were almost out of their senses with joy. They ran so swiftly to the door of the ruin, with their long feet, that the owl could scarcely keep up with them. When they had got out, the Caliph said with emotion to the owl: "Deliverer of my life and of the life of my friend, accept me for your husband as an eternal mark of gratitude for what you have done for us." Then he turned towards the East. Three times the storks bowed their long necks towards the sun, which just then was rising over the mountains; cried *Mutabor*, and in an instant they were disenchanted, and the master and servant lay in each other's arms, weeping for joy. But who could describe their astonishment when on looking round they saw a beautiful lady in magnificent attire. "Do you not know your owl?" said she smiling, as she gave her hand to the Caliph. It was she, and the Caliph was so enraptured with her beauty and grace that he declared he had been most fortunate in having been turned into a stork.

All three now returned to Bagdad, where the arrival of the Caliph excited great astonishment. All had supposed that he was dead, and the people were highly delighted to recover their beloved ruler.

So much the greater was their indignation against the impostor Mizra. They proceeded to the palace, and took the old magician and his sons prisoners.

The Caliph sent the magician to the chamber in which the princess had been confined in the shape of an owl, and there had him hanged.

But to the son the Caliph offered the choice of dying or of taking a pinch of the powder. He chose the latter,

and a good pinch, and the magic word, transformed him into a stork. The Caliph had him shut up in an iron cage and placed in his garden.

The Caliph Chasid lived long and happily with his wife, the Princess; and sometimes, when the Grand Vizier came to see him of an afternoon, when he was in particularly good humor, he would condescend to imitate the appearance of the Grand Vizier in the character of stork: walking gravely about with feet extended, chattering and waving with his arms; and showed how the Grand Vizier bowed in vain towards the East and cried Mu—Mu. But when he kept this up too long, the Vizier used to threaten that he would tell the Caliph's wife, the discussion outside of the door about the Princess Owl.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE DOVE.

FOLDED like a young lamb in a secluded valley lived a little girl. A kid, a rabbit and a dove were her dear companions. She loved and tended them all equally, brought them fresh grass and crystal water. Yet the kid and rabbit sometimes felt that more care was given to the dove, and that they held a smaller share of their mistress' heart.

Alas! those cares were the expressions of a haunting fear, not of a more tender love.

Their home was closed in by high flowering hedges, over which the kid and the rabbit could not pass. But one day the dove (the dear invalid, the child of many cares,) spread his wings and disappeared for ever!

C.

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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PATIENCE.

IN a few words upon patience in a former number of the Child's Friend, we dwelt exclusively upon the necessity of patient love in the teacher—we would now talk a little with our young friends upon the necessity of patient thought to them as learners. They may not by patient thought equal Sir Isaac Newton, but they surely may, as he did, become all that their Creator meant they should be, that is, they may become wise and good by patient thought. I knew a little boy once who when you proposed any puzzling question to him would say, "Stop, let me put on my thinkers." I knew that this little fellow would turn out a good and wise man, and so he has. If you ask a number of children together the common question, Which is the heaviest, a pound of feathers, or a pound of lead? you will hear some answer in a moment, "A pound of lead to be sure;" while the others will "put on their thinkers" and say, "They are both alike; a

pound is a pound." I have known some children who when learning the multiplication table, were not satisfied with learning it merely by rote, but would examine and count out each sum till they had found out for themselves that it was all true. These children had the reward of patient thought; they had taken a step in the road which led Sir Isaac Newton to such glorious heights. All have heard the saying, "There is no royal road to learning." This means simply that no one can think for another: each one must think patiently for himself. We would like much to see things at a glance without any trouble: some see quicker than others, but all who would attain to any real superiority must think patiently for themselves.

Have you ever been into a cotton factory? If so, you saw there hundreds of spindles whirling and spinning the cotton so fine and even, and faster than you could think; you saw the looms of the weavers, each with its swift shuttle flying backwards and forwards just as if it knew of itself what it was about, and that the weaver had only to watch and wait upon it. And perhaps you saw the tremendous great wheel turning round and round so gracefully, so slowly, so majestically, and keeping every thing moving in the whole building, like a great living heart of the whole. What has done all this? What has invented and contrived all this wonderful machinery? The patient thought of a few minds. It was not at the first glance that they saw all these miracles which they have produced, but they thought, and thought it all out patiently and laboriously till they found the way to do these things.

What was it but patient thought that taught Columbus that there must be a western continent? What but

patient thought taught Magellan that if the earth was round, by continually sailing in the same direction, he must at last return to the same place he set out from, and thus carried him safely round our globe? Have any of you seen the electro-magnetic telegraph? Have you heard of two men who by its means played a game of chequers forty miles apart in as short a time, very nearly, as if they had been sitting at the same table? The inventor of this telegraph has discovered no new thing, he has only exercised patient thought upon principles and powers already known, and then applied them to his object; and yet who can calculate the value of his telegraph? It will, while men are far apart, enable them to communicate as if they were all in the same place; it seems to annihilate time and space, and to give us almost the power of spirits: and this has been effected just as Sir Isaac Newton declared all his discoveries were, by patient thought.

Nothing truly great or truly valuable has ever been, or ever will be accomplished without patient thought. But suppose you should do no great thing, make no discovery, no improvement that should benefit your fellow-beings, you will surely make yourself a wiser and better being than you would otherwise be; you will make the world better by one man who lives in harmony with the laws and will of God. For we are made thinking beings, and the more we think, the truer, the nobler, and the happier we are. Patient thought is essential to the study of the will and purposes of our Creator, and of our duties and relations to Him and to each other. Our selfish desires, our lawless passions lead us away from our true happiness, and make us forget our high destiny. Thought,

the highest thought we are capable of, brings us back to Him, to our true happiness. It tells us that the monitions of conscience are the accents of His voice ever speaking to us, and that there is no true peace for us except in fidelity to our sense of right, and in obedience to what we believe to be the will of God.

I knew a little girl once who after a quarrel with her sister in which she had said some unkind thing to her, went and sat down upon the step of the door to enjoy the beautiful moonlight evening: she looked up a long while at the silent stars, and at the quiet, gentle moon, and the longer and the farther she looked into the depths of the heavens, the more she thought of the love and the power of Him who made all things. At last she said to herself, "He who made this glorious and beautiful world must wish all to be good, all to be happy who are in it, and I have been destroying the peace and harmony of His world; but for me all would be good and beautiful." She ran in to her sister and took her by the hand and said, "I am sorry for my unkindness to you; forgive me, and come and enjoy with me the beautiful moon and stars that God has made for us all to enjoy."

Thus will thought, patient thought teach us that love is more happy as well as more right than hatred, truth more noble, more desirable than falsehood, and that no suffering which right doing can bring us, is equal to the torment of a bad conscience. Patient thought will lead us to the firm conviction that He who created all things so perfectly, He who created us living souls, must be good, infinitely good as well as wise and powerful. Patient thought will enable us to enter into the true meaning of the life and words of Jesus, and understand how he may be indeed

the Savior of our souls. Without this patient thought in learners, teachers are of no avail, the wonder-telling book of nature is all a blank, and the teachings of Jesus a dead letter.

We then repeat to our young friends, cultivate thought, earnest, patient thought.

E. L. F.

THE RAINBOW.

Child.

WHAT is that, mother, bending there,
In circling beauty, pure and fair?
Is heaven opening wide its eye
And gazing at us through the sky?

Mother.

It is the rainbow's graceful form,
The eldest daughter of the storm.
'Tis brightest on the darkest cloud,
As hope smiles sweetest from the shroud!

Child.

O tell me, mother,—for it seems
The bright fulfilling of my dreams,—
Who hung the rainbow on the air?
Did God's own finger paint it there?

Mother.

Yes, daughter, 't is the hand of God
That worketh wonders all abroad—
He painted every varied hue
With sunbeams on the falling dew.

THE RAINBOW.

Child.

How good He is, dear mother, now,
 While angel hosts around him bow,
 To stoop from his high throne above
 And bend that bow, his arch of love!

Mother.

"His arch of love" it is indeed!
 His own sure promise we may read
 In fairest lines upon that bow—
 In every tint his name doth glow.

Child.

Then I will love it more and more;
 It looks still brighter than before;
 And when I see its beauty rare,
 I'll think of Him, who placed it there!

Mother.

And when a storm of fearful wrath
 Seems hanging o'er life's troubled path,
 Look up, my child, and see, above,
 By God's own hand, THE ARCH OF LOVE.

Child.

I will, with thankfulness; I know
 He leads me wheresoe'er I go.
 Dear mother, can you tell what made
 That beauteous bow so quickly fade?

Mother.

Weep not, my love; the same kind hand
 Sustains you, that the rainbow spanned;
 If earthly beauty should not dim,
 You would forget to trust in Him.

Child.

But, mother, you have bid me look
 Upon creation's open book,

THE END

And listen while her voices call
Upon our God, the God of all.

Mother.

'Tis true, my dear, He fills the air,
The earth, the ocean everywhere
With tokens of Himself; but say,
Do they not fade full soon away?

Child.

And mother, is He changeful too,—
His kindness like the morning dew?
He is not like the short-lived flower,
The transient beauty of *this* hour?

Mother.

These are but glimpses of his face;
They beam on us, then flee apace;
They whisper of a tale untold
This life can never all unfold.

They breathe of Him a single breath,
Then haste to an untimely death,
And, dying bid us look above
To Him whose name is CHANGELESS LOVE.

Child.

I see it now; so frail a child
Would think the flower and rainbow smiled,
And seek no other home of bliss
If beauty faded not in this.

I should not see God smiling through
The sunbeams and the falling dew
How good He is to teach us so
Our heritage is not below.

ADELAIDE.

JANET MELVILLE;

OR,

TOO LATE.

She never deemed it was a crime
To steal another's precious time.

"SEVEN o'clock is the hour at which the carriage is to be here as you requested, Janet, and now look at the clock," said Dr. Melville, as he came into his parlor on a winter evening, to his daughter seated at the table, and very busily engaged in working a screen for a Charity Fair. She looked towards the mantel-piece, and saw the hands of the faithful clock shewing that very hour. She threw down her canvass with such precipitation as to overturn her whole basket of many-colored worsteds; ball after ball rolled upon the floor, became entangled with her feet and dress till, losing all patience, she declared she never wished to do another stitch of rug-work, the balls were such a plague. Her father requested her to stand in perfect quietness till he could disentangle them, and when this was done, he bade her hasten in making ready for the dance, as the hackney-coachman would probably be at the door immediately. He closed the parlor-door after her with a sigh, as she ran up to her chamber; turning to his elder daughter, who was restoring the confused basket to order, he said, gently but reproachfully, "Why did you not remind her, my love, that the hour was so near, that she might not keep the coachman waiting? It is cruel in a night so cold as this to keep the poor fellow standing on the sidewalk; this

thought might seem sufficient to insure punctuality, even if all my earnest requests on the subject had been forgotten." Seating himself before the fire till Janet should come, he thought of the discomforts and sufferings which his child would bring upon herself and others, by the want of punctuality which increased with her years; absorbed in these painful reflections, he failed to perceive how deeply his words had wounded the gentle Fanny, who repressed, as quickly as possible, her springing tears at this undeserved rebuke.

Janet was quickly prepared, for she well knew her father's aversion to such delays, and therefore she spent no unnecessary time in changing her dress.

"Come, father," said she, putting her smiling face in at the door before he expected she would be ready, though the coach had then been waiting more than half an hour, "you must not keep me waiting so; I shall have to go to the carriage without your help."

"There is no time to talk of this growing fault now, my daughter," said Dr. Melville, as the laughing girl hastened to the coach. "Perhaps by other means than my words, you may become convinced of your error. A pleasant dance to you this evening; and at whatever time you request to be called for at Mrs. Paine's, I beg you to be ready to leave then."

"At ten o'clock I shall leave the party; and if you do not find me in our own parlor when ten minutes from that have passed, you shall chide me as much as you please," said the affectionate, but careless girl. The coachman, very hastily closing the door, drove rapidly away, leaving the end of her sentence to be heard by herself alone.

"Now, father," said Janet, when they met next morning at the breakfast table, you must give me great credit for punctuality ; for at the very moment which I named to you when we parted, I stood here again before the clock. I assure you I felt quite proud to find how exactly I had fulfilled my engagements. And then it was entirely by myself too ; for I did not have my kind Fanny to say, ' Come, Janet, it is time for you to go ; now, dear sister, do get ready ; how can you run the risk of offending father so often ? ' as she repeated to me again and again last evening before you came in ; while I did so wish to finish the carnation I was working, that I lingered over it, in spite of all her kind advice."

"Ah ! Jeanie," said Dr. Melville, fondly stroking the smooth hair of the lovely Fanny, his invalid daughter, "you little know how unjust you caused me to be last evening to this patient friend of yours. Grieved that the coachman should be detained in the cold, I reproached Fanny for not having reminded you to be ready in season, and the dear girl bore meekly all my rebuke, without intimating to me that the fault was all your own."

"My own sweet sister," exclaimed Janet, clasping her arms round Fanny's neck, "you are always kinder to me than I deserve ; with no faults of your own to regret, you are troubled each day by mine. I will try to be more like you, and more worthy of your love."

She to whom these words were addressed was a patient sufferer from a long-protracted, painful disease. Mrs. Melville in dying had left two daughters, Fanny eight, and Janet six years of age, two bright, buoyant, happy creatures, most tenderly attached to each other, and blessed in the affection of a devoted father. When

she, who had watched over their earliest years, was taken to the spirit-land from the home which had been made a most happy one by her holy influence, Dr. Melville felt that on him had devolved the duties of both father and mother; and most tenderly did he fulfil the double trust. All the hours which could be spared from professional engagements were devoted to his daughters; their home was made cheerful, their reasonable wishes were all gratified, their opening minds and hearts were watched over with untiring care, and each passing day linked more closely the bonds of affection in which father, daughter, sister were so sweetly joined. This self-sacrificing, devoted parent watched, not without cause for anxiety, over the health of his eldest girl. Soon after her mother's departure, he perceived symptoms of grave disease in the hitherto playful, active child; a spinal affection was found incurable; the glow of health gradually faded from her cheek, and the light of youthful spirits from her bright blue eyes, as the graceful form became so sadly distorted by the painful disease, and nights of sleeplessness told their story of weariness on her pallid, sunken cheek. Disease set its seal upon that young brow, and blotted out the fulfilment of many a youthful promise; but what a blessed angel of peace and love and holy joy did this veiled messenger prove in that little circle! The delicate Fanny might have seemed, to a casual observer, an object of unmingled pity as, day after day, removed from the sports of her young friends, pillowed in an easy-chair, or reclining on a couch, she used for months, under her anxious father's care, every means which medical skill could devise to remove the disease; or when all had failed, and she knew that she must be a

cripple for life. But they little knew her deeper happiness who judged so. Sickness might take the rose from her cheek and the carnation from her lip ; but only to spread sweetest flowers of undying fragrance along her daily course, in the sympathy and tenderness and deep devotion of her dearest friends ; it might abridge the freedom of her bodily movements ; but only to give an intenser vivacity to her spirit's action ; it might dim the brightness of her eye, only to reveal a perpetual fountain of light in her heart. Severe in its outward form, it had come to her with its most blessed ministries, eliciting the loveliest and holiest traits of woman's character ; teaching the courage to meet seeming evil, the patience to endure it meekly, the cheerfulness which knows no burden, and the trust which, through perfect love, casts out fear. No gaily-lighted hall was more cheerful than her sick-room ; and when again able to be present at table, and daily brought down stairs in her father's arms, no one who merely heard her happy voice, could have believed the utterance came from a frame so deformed, so often racked by torturing pains. At the time our story commences, Fanny had reached her sixteenth year, the delight and joy, almost the idol, of the whole household, of the various domestics as well as of father and sister.

While her life had been mellowing to this tender beauty, how had the experience of passing years wrought upon the character of Janet ? Rich in an affectionate heart, fervent aspirations and noble feelings, with fine talents, a cultivated mind, a countenance of rare beauty, she seemed fitted by nature and education to adorn and delight all society, as well as the home circle ; and but for one fault, which may to many persons seem but a

trifle, though often productive of discomfort, and even misery, she would have been as lovely as Fanny, though different from her. This one glaring fault was that disorderly habit, which shews itself in want of punctuality. Be the engagement what it might, Janet was rarely ready at the hour appointed ; hurry and confusion for herself and others were the effects, and an increasing conviction in her friends that no dependence could be placed on any engagement made with her. The inclination had shewn itself in early life ; the little Janet appeared at the breakfast table, when the rest of the family were rising from their social meal ; with blushing face she entered the school-room, unable to give any reason for being every day a few minutes too late there ; did her father name a certain hour in which she was to meet him for a walk, she might be heard at the last moment rushing down stairs, bonnet untied and gloves in hand, to intercept him at the study-door. "Unready" might have been inscribed as her motto for almost every day. The good humor with which she met the frequent disappointments it caused her, prevented her feeling the whole inconvenience of this careless habit ; still there were occasions in which it gave her real pain.

"In this box, Jeanie," said Dr. Melville, calling her one evening into his study, "is a salve, which I wish you to spread carefully on a soft linen rag, and lay it on Fanny's side at eight o'clock *precisely*, removing the one now there ; I am called to a patient who is so very ill, that I shall probably not be at home for some hours, perhaps not before morning ; meantime Fanny will need this, and I know you will be glad to prepare it for her."

With heartfelt expressions of delight at the confidence

thus reposed in her nursing powers, Janet kissed her father and bade him "good night," with the assurance that his directions should be particularly attended to. After he had gone she became very much engaged with a purse she was knitting for him, and which she wished to finish for his birth-day. Occupied with the pleasant thought of surprising him with the gift, she was astonished to find, by a glance at the clock, that it wanted but a few minutes of eight. "Perhaps I can knit a few needles more," thought she, "before the clock strikes ; and after all, it can certainly make no difference whether I put on dear Fanny's plaster a few minutes earlier or later ; she told me that the irritating plaster did not sting quite as much as usual ; and so perhaps if it is not changed for this soothing one till a little later, it will be really all the better for her." With so flimsy excuses will those, who indulge themselves in any bad habit, apologize to themselves, as well as to others.

Interested in her work, she was not recalled to her pleasant duty of waiting upon her suffering sister, till she was startled by the faithful Bridget's coming into the room, to say that Miss Fanny had fallen asleep. Janet uttered a sincere exclamation of regret as, looking towards the little monitor that so often gave her a silent rebuke, she found that she had delayed her father's prescription more than half an hour. With gentlest movement of the chamber door and noiseless tread, she stole to her sweet sister's bedside, and found her quietly sleeping. Under all the pain which she endured, the kind angel of sleep was so often absent from her pillow, when he was most needed, that his continued presence at any time was regarded as a rare blessing, and never on any account to be interrupted.

There are feelings altogether indescribable which come over us, as we sit and watch by the side of one sleeping. What a mystery is passing before us, and how utterly incapable we feel of understanding it ! The body in repose ; is the spirit inactive then ? The busy hand and foot resting quietly there ; is the mind that impelled their movements also at rest ? We bend over the cradle of the infant, nestled softly to its little nap, and we are filled with delight and awe as in a sacred presence ; we mark the measured breathing and closed eye of a slumbering friend, and wonder how we could ever have it in our hearts to disturb, by unkind word or look, that spirit's calm.

But thoughts of a more anxious nature than these came over Janet, as she sat that evening, intently watching her sister's face. She recollected her father's words, "At eight o'clock precisely" ; she would have given more than she could name to roll back the wheels of time, and execute his order exactly ; she reproached herself bitterly for neglecting his prescription, for neglecting Fanny's comfort ; she watched, hour after hour, with eyes fixed almost constantly on the face of the pale sleeper, hoping she might waken and give her an opportunity to do what she should have done before. In vain ; the church-clock struck, with slow and reproachful tone, the midnight hour ; still Fanny slept ; one, two struck their sad knell to her wishes ; till at last, exhausted with watching for her sister's waking, she lay down beside her, and sobbed herself to sleep.

The first glimmering light of day recalled her to herself, and a vague remembrance of something very painful flashed upon her mind, even before her eyes were open-

ed. She waked to find her father standing by the bedside, speaking soothingly to Fanny, and applying the plaster, which he found lying on the table. She sprang to her feet with a cry of anguish, "Oh! father! oh! Fanny! forgive me!" but was checked by her father's finger laid upon his lip, and an intimation to leave the room. She hastened to the parlor, uncertain what to fear for her dear sister, desiring yet dreading her father's approach. When he entered the room, looking grieved, yet pitifully towards her, she hid her face in his bosom, and besought him not to speak kindly to her, for she had been too cruel, too wicked to deserve his forgiveness.

"Be calm, my daughter," said Dr. Melville, folding her in his arms, "you have indeed caused great suffering, but I am certain you can never do the same again. Listen to what I shall tell you, though it will be a bitter lesson."

He then told her that the irritating plaster, which he had left on Fanny, was peculiarly powerful and sudden in its effects; that its whole healthful work would be finished at the hour he named to her, and its longer application could only be injurious; it should then have been supplied by the one of healing nature, which he left in her care, never doubting that, with her usual devoted love and attention to the dear invalid, his request would be complied with. But what was his amazement and grief on returning from the bedside of a suffering man, with whom he had passed most of the night, and going by his daughter's chamber, to hear the suppressed sounds of pain; and, entering, to find his gentle child writhing in agony under the application from which he had supposed her long since relieved. She had waked between the

hours of two and three, suffering intensely, after a terrific dream of being burned alive ; she knew her father had expected to pass the night with his sick friend ; she found Janet soundly sleeping, and, with the perfect disinterestedness which marked her every act and thought, she would not rouse her to witness the suffering which she did not suppose her capable of relieving ; she bore with as much fortitude as she could summon, this needless torture, never imagining that the means of relief, entrusted to her careless sister, lay so near ; but resolving to bear as well as possible what she supposed to be her father's wishes. But her great fortitude in enduring pain was fast sinking beneath the trial, when she heard her father's welcome step in the room ; to his inquiries she could answer only by sobs, and placing her hand on the painful spot ; with deep emotion he saw what must have been her suffering for hours ; the sight of the contents of the box which he had given to Janet, added to his grief ; he knew not which to pity most, the tender, patient Fanny for the bodily anguish she had endured ; or his careless Janet, sleeping there so unconscious of the pain she had caused. Soothed by his gentle words and skilful ministrations, the poor patient was just returning to composure, when her sister waked ; fearing the effect upon her of Janet's disturbed state, Dr. Melville had sent her from the room.

"And now, my love," said he, after finishing his story, and listening to her explanation, "I sincerely pity you. You cannot retrieve your error ; the hours of intense pain our darling has passed, were owing to your one sad habit of want of punctuality. What farther misery this may bring upon yourself or others we cannot foresee,"

"Oh! never, never again can it be so!" exclaimed the sobbing girl; "the remembrance of this night's cruelty will be a continual warning I can never forget."

"How fervently, my dear child, do I wish that it may be so," replied the kind father; "do not trust too much to the effect of a single impression, but preserve a constant vigilance over your actions and your inclination to this baneful habit. Now, lie down, and take the rest you need; we all shall feel better for the refreshment of sleep, and may some sweet vision of holy resolve cheer you, dearest."

With what earnestness of purpose did the sweet girl apply herself, after this sad night, to correct this long-indulged fault; towards her sister her devoted attention knew no limits; her every wish was anticipated, her wants supplied with instant alacrity, and never, from that day, was there the unpunctuality of one minute in anything that was to be done for her comfort or pleasure. Both father and sister watched, with unspeakable interest, the passing away of this habit; she never spoke of that sad night, for its remembrance was too painful; but all her conduct shewed how abiding was the impression it had produced upon her character.

The incident we have narrated occurred soon after that evening on which the coachman had been detained in the cold. Though on her guard continually after this time, and gradually acquiring habits of strict punctuality, still the bad effects of her long-indulged habit were very evident, even to herself, in many ways; and the following story proved that very serious consequences may follow from very thoughtless deeds.

"I would not needlessly pain you, my daughter," said Dr. Melville, as they sat one winter evening, at their cheerful tea-table, a year after the night of Mrs. Paine's party; "But I think you will rejoice in the opportunity to repair a great wrong. The weather has been so severely cold for the last three weeks, that it has produced an uncommon amount of suffering among the poor of our city; those who, in warm weather, have been able to support themselves and their families have been compelled to ask assistance, while the generally needy have been reduced to suffering. I was called this morning to a sick child, in one of the narrowest streets of the north part of the city. The day has been so intensely cold that, as you know, we have been scarcely able to keep comfortable sitting in our well-built, well-warmed house. I searched for No. 28, the place to which I was directed, and found that it was one of the poorest houses in that poor place. It was an Irish woman who had sent for me, and every thing about the room was as shabby, and dirty, and comfortless, as the unthrifty habits of those warm-hearted, careless, generous people often make their dwellings. After I had prescribed for her child, I inquired if she knew of any families in that house or that neighborhood who were in great want.

" 'And sure it must be such as the poor cratur in the room jist above that your honor manes. If it is after the like of that you may be for looking, ah! and indeed you need step no farther than to that poor body.'

" 'What do you know of them, my good woman?' said I.

" 'Never a bit of harm, plase your honor: they have as little to eat, I think, as can keep sowl and body to-

gether, a wee bit rice or so ; but I never heard they begged anything of any body. I gave them a bit of wood to-day, but it was little I could spare from my own children.' Without waiting to hear more, I groped my way over the dark, broken staircase and, tapping at the door, was politely asked to come in, as I touched my hat to a pale, neat-looking woman who opened it.

" 'I have taken the liberty to call,' said I, while she drew a chair towards me that I might be seated. 'The extremely cold weather has brought want into some families who have not known it before, and thus it gives those of us who have more comforts than we need, an opportunity of sharing them with those who have too few. May I ask whether I can be of assistance to you in any way ?'

" 'Two neatly-dressed children of two and four years of age, who were sitting on the floor, each playing with a doll made of a rolled up apron, now drew close to their mother, half in fear, and half inquisitively.

" 'We have never asked help,' said she, blushing and trying to check the tears which would roll down her cheeks, 'but Heaven only knows how else I can save my poor husband and children from starving ;' and looking round as she spoke, she directed my attention to where the father of the family lay in the unquiet sleep of a fever.

" 'Perhaps I can tell you of our sufferings,' continued she, 'before he wakes ; he would be miserable to know that I was relating them to a stranger.'

" 'It is one of the beautiful ministries of sorrow,' interrupted I, 'to make strangers friends.'

" 'The first ray of a smile that I had seen on her care-

worn face played for an instant about her mouth, though it did not kindle in her eye, as she slightly inclined her head in answer to my words, and thus went on with her story.

“ ‘ We have not, sir, been always as poor as you find us now. When we married, six years since, Joseph and I had put by money enough from our earnings to furnish, with all the comforts we desired, three neat rooms in Pitts street. I had always lived in Vermont, and so was quite unacquainted with our neighbors, or any one else in Boston; we lived snugly and happily by ourselves, and found our happiness in our quiet home. Joseph drove a hackney-coach, belonging to the owner of a very large stable. He worked hard, for the coachman’s is a life of hardships; to see him driving round the streets on his box, or in the country on a pleasant summer-day, one might think it a very easy, pleasing life; but early and late the coachman must be ready, in storm and in cold weather, if he is tired or not: sometimes hurried by unfeeling people more than his horses can bear, and often kept waiting by those who do not reflect that, in taking his time, they are doing what amounts to the same thing as taking money out of his pocket. Alas! sir, this last was the cause of all our distress. One bitter evening last winter he was ordered to take a lady to a party at one hour, a gentleman, in another part of the town, a half hour later, and still another at the next half hour. The lady kept him waiting so long that, though he drove rapidly to the house of the first gentleman, he had gone, and hastening to the second, he found another coach at the door, and was told he was too late. The next morning messages were sent to the stable by the two gentle-

men, that they should send elsewhere for their carriages in future, as these coachmen were so unpunctual. Mr. —, the owner of the stable, was a quick-tempered man; irritated by these messages, he inquired who had failed to obey his orders; Joseph acknowledged it to be himself, and was going on to give the reason, and show that it was no fault of his; his employer interrupted him at once, reminding him that the same thing had occurred twice before, (for poor Joseph had been kept waiting more than once by this same lady,) dismissed him immediately from his employment, and refused to give him any recommendation to another employer. A sad day it was for us; but I assured my husband that as he had done no wrong he need not be unhappy, and that he could find some other carriage to drive. But this did not prove so easy as I had thought, for a man who had been turned away from one place. He sought in vain for this work; he became dispirited and anxious; we lived as economically as possible; but having no income we were obliged to sell much of our furniture to buy food; finally, he got work at a printing-office; but the confinement was so severe after his former way of life in the fresh air, that by degrees he lost his health, presently became too weak to go to the printing-office, and another man was hired in his place. We became daily more destitute; for he was so ill, and the children so small, that I could not go out to work and leave them, and I had no work at home. We were obliged to take the cheapest room we could find, and sell all but the few things you see here. He has been more ill this past fortnight; I wished to apply to his old employer for help; but, ah! sir, Joseph is very proud; he said he

would never ask a favor of the man who had treated him so ill. But there is no use in feeling so ; I cannot let him and my little ones starve and freeze. That stick of wood is the last I have to burn, and on two cents' worth of rice a day my children and myself have lived for a week, and now I have not one cent left.'

"A painful surmise had crossed my mind while the poor woman related her story, and increased my compassion for her.

" 'Have you had medical advice?' said I, when she finished the mournful tale.

" 'Not any, sir. Joseph begged me not to send for a doctor, for he could never pay him.'

" 'He shall have one who wishes no pay. When he wakes I will examine his case.'

"In a few moments the sick man turned his head languidly round, and asked his wife, in a feeble tone, for some water. I went to the bedside, and, while feeling his pulse, watched his countenance ; my painful suspicion was confirmed, as I detected in the altered face of the poor sufferer the same young man, whom we liked so much as coachman last year, and who, my daughter, was so often kept waiting at our door. I asked his wife if she could remember when he left his employment ; she named the day after the party at Mrs. Paine's. Examining his situation, I found it to be a case of protracted typhus fever ; it has not yet reached its crisis, and he may have much more to suffer."

"Oh ! do not say it is possible, father," cried Janet, overpowered by the various emotions which the story had excited. "Let me go there to-night ; let me take care of the poor man, and comfort his wife, and do something to atone for my fault."

"Not so, dearest," said the kind parent; "his wants shall be cared for; and you shall have the satisfaction of ministering to them. He is already removed with his family from that damp, cheerless place to a comfortable room, and provided with all that they can need for to-night. It shall be for you to see to the future well-being of the family."

And at every expense of personal convenience did the penitent Janet daily seek that sick-room through the long and tedious illness; providing for the children all they could need, assisting their mother, and cheering the patient; till she who had been the cause of their distress was regarded by them as a heavenly messenger, and her daily visits were sunshine to that lowly home. She was not satisfied till, by her representations, the owner of the stable from which Joseph had been dismissed, recalled him to his service, and she saw them all prosperous and comfortable again.

Can my young friends believe that she ever after kept him, or any one else, waiting through failure to be punctual?

H. E. S.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL ANECDOTE.

MRS. GRAY, who had the charge of a class of little boys in a Sunday school of one of our cities, was in the habit of having some conversation with them, after their lessons were finished. She asked them, on a certain occasion, what trades or professions they intended to follow by and bye.

All replied very promptly ; and all were proposing to be lawyers and merchants—except one—who blushed, seemed very much embarrassed, and remained silent.

“Can’t you tell me what you mean to be, Robert?” she asked.

“Oh ! he will be a blacksmith I suppose,” said one of the other boys in a tone implying great contempt of him, on that account.

Mrs. Gray, perceiving how much Robert was pained, changed the conversation at once.

When the school dispersed, she told him that she would walk home with him. When they were alone together, she asked him if he was willing to tell her why he would not answer her question. A burst of tears was his only reply.

“Is your father a blacksmith, Robert?” Mrs. Gray asked.

“Yes,” he replied, as if he felt deep mortification at the avowal.

Again she changed the subject, but when they parted, she asked Robert to come and see her, and the invitation was given in so kindly a manner, that he had courage to accept it. He went, accordingly, that same week, and Mrs. Gray took pains to make his visit as agreeable as possible. She had a beautiful drawing-room adorned with pictures and statuary, and other beautiful works of art. She called his attention to those which she thought he could appreciate well enough to enjoy them, showed him books of prints, explaining those which needed explanation ; talked with him a good deal, and when he went away, gave him a beautiful bunch of flowers from

plants in her windows for a little sister, who, as he told her, was ill.

At parting, she desired him to come again, and said, "Now I beg you to observe that you are the only one of my scholars who is the son of a blacksmith, and the only one whom I have invited to come and see me."

On the following Sunday, after the lessons of the class were finished, she asked them, if they could tell her whose son was Jesus. One of them replied promptly, "Joseph's."

"And what occupation had Joseph, which he probably taught his son?"

After hesitating a little, they replied that he was a carpenter.

"Was our Savior a gentleman?" she continued. The boys found some difficulty in replying, but at length said no, they supposed not.

"Is it being a gentleman, that, above all things else, makes a man respectable or useful?"

The boys hung down their heads and were silent, for they began to perceive that these questions had a bearing upon the occurrence that I have mentioned as having taken place on the previous Sunday.

"Was not our Savior, although the son of a carpenter, and probably a carpenter himself, the greatest and best being that ever appeared on this earth?" was the next question, which, of course, was answered in the affirmative. She then spoke to the boys directly, of what had happened the Sunday previous, and told them how much shocked she had been, to find that American boys could hold a fellow-being in contempt, on account of his occupation, whatever it might be, if a virtuous one, and said to them, "You made Robert cry by your un-

American, unmanly, unchristian conduct, and you almost made me cry, too. Many a true, noble heart," she added, "has beat beneath coarse clothing and even rags ; many a mean, pitiful, wicked heart, beneath fine and showy garments. Let me remind you, boys, that it is man, only, that looketh on the outward appearance, in order to form his judgments of his fellow man, but God looketh into the heart. Remember that there is an inner, as well as an outer man. That the outer man, imposing as it may be made by dress and ornament, is to be, at last, food for worms, but the inner man which can be adorned by noble deeds, and made great and glorious by truth, justice, humanity, and charity, will live forever. God has created every man in his own image ; whoever keeps that image most free from sin, from the stain of vice and selfishness, is most like God, and therefore God's noblest work, whatever may be the occupation of his hands, or his rank among men. He is 'a son of God,' which is the highest title and the highest rank that he can attain. You are American boys, you live in a country where there is no caste, no distinction of rank ; you live in a free state, where labor is not degrading, where the paths to eminence of every sort, are equally open to all, where it is more respectable for a man to employ his powers of all sorts, in some useful manner, than to be an idler to play the gentleman. It is not by being lawyers or merchants that you can do yourselves, or your country honor, but by being good and true men."

The boys listened very attentively to their teacher, for she spoke earnestly ; poor Robert held up his head again, and I doubt whether the others *looked down* upon him any more.

E. B. S.

THE COUNTESS OF BUKEBURG.

It being a favorite object with the Child's Friend, not only to provide amusement for its young readers from month to month, but to stimulate them by every possible means to the deliberate choice and practice of all that is good and praiseworthy; nothing can be better adapted to this purpose than a judicious selection of biography, in which no imaginary characters are portrayed, but the example of those who have lived, enjoyed and suffered like themselves, is held up for their imitation.

The following exquisite portrait of female excellence, is compiled and translated from different parts of the "Memoirs of Herder," written by his widow, Caroline Herder. To those of our young friends who are verging on the age of romance, and wish for something differing from the common details of every-day life, it may be pleasant to be introduced to a foreign lady of exalted rank, distinguished beauty, and a masculine education; for such was the Countess of Bukeburg. And to those again who believe that the Christian religion is a divine reality, capable of transforming the heart and life, we trust that it may be a lasting benefit to contemplate the character of this lovely young woman; born to the highest distinctions which wealth, rank and fashion have to offer, but considering the cultivation of her immortal nature as the only object worthy of her attention; obtaining no exemption on account of her rare outward advantages from the common sorrows and afflictions of humanity, but sustaining them with a meek submission and patient resignation which converted her trials into

blessings, and prepared her while still in the bloom of life, for an early admission into that higher state of being which was the object of all her aspirations. Extracts from the Countess' correspondence with Herder, shall be inserted in some future number of this little work.

Caroline Herder thus commences her account of Herder's connexion with the Countess of Bukeburg.—“In the month of May, 1771, Herder arrived at Bukeburg. He was then in the twenty-seventh year of his age, an ardent youth, full of enthusiasm and of a cheerful disposition, though liable to depression. Thus far, as a teacher, preacher and instructor, he had been a free man; far from presumption and forwardness, he had no wish to obtrude himself, nor to make any extraordinary impression by his outward bearing. At the same time, he felt all the more deeply that self-respect belonging to sensitive characters, though in him it was united with the kindest disposition. His outer, corresponded with his inner man, in an intelligent, expressive countenance, with a figure of youthful delicacy, but elastic, powerful and animated. The Count of Bukeburg on the other hand, had a tall, well-built, noble, slender form, a manly countenance, full of spirit and seriousness, with a foreign air which was very imposing. He looked more like a Spanish knight, or rather an ennobled Don Quixote, than a German prince. Quiet, serious, thoughtful, dignified, proud, full of his own consequence, grave, of few words—such he was, and such was his deportment. Being now forty-seven years old, twenty years older than Herder, the many extraordinary catastrophes of his life made him look much older than he was. Herder's delicate, artless, timid nature was in direct contrast with the grave, im-

sing exterior and interior of the Count. Yet such as they were, they now appeared facing one another; both, noble characters, yet most opposite, and having expected upon each side something very different, they were incapable of understanding one another at first. Thus Herder passed the year 1771 at Bukeburg, with the feeling that he was completely alone.

In the new year of 1772, the Countess Maria, wife of the Count of Bukeburg, wrote her first letter to him. Her timidity had selected this opportunity of addressing him as her pastor, when sending him the customary new year's gift. Then followed a correspondence in which, with perfect frankness, Herder made her acquainted with his position at Bukeburg, both in respect to his feelings, as well as his outward circumstances. She inspired him with courage and patience, in accordance with the religious principles which were so peculiarly her own. She appeared to him like an angel from heaven. In writing to me at this time he said, 'For fourteen days past, I have been beginning to live at Bukeburg; all now appears to me different, through the change of one person. You must participate in my pleasure! The present reigning Countess—think of her, if you would form to yourself an image of charity, gentleness, love and angelic humility united in one person. The events of her life have been remarkable; she was born Countess of Lippe-Bisterfeld, but was left an orphan in early childhood, and removed by her relations and friends to Magdeburg in Silesia. There, she fell into the hands of the Moravian brethren; you may imagine the impression they would make on a tender, feeling heart under such circumstances. The Count married her upon seeing her

portrait. At first, she appeared to me insignificant, partly from her natural diffidence, partly from the reserved manners customary here. Her confinement also, and afterwards a three months' journey, afforded me few opportunities for discovering her character; and having seen her only as it were through a veil, she left on me no impression. I heard indeed of her universal benevolence, love and gentleness, and I had wondered more than once how she could live with such a husband as the Count; but it had been only a passing thought. I supposed that brought up as she had been, neither I nor my preaching were likely to please her. And when once, probably for a very different reason, she declined receiving a visit from me, I felt offended. Imagine, then, how mistaken I found myself, when at the beginning of this year, she sought an opportunity to write to me herself. And such a letter—revealing such thoughts, so much reason, so good a heart, so sweet a spirit! Who was ever so surprised as I?—I could imagine all it must have cost her to have taken such a step, and when I looked back on my ungracious mistake, who could have been more ashamed than I? I answered her immediately, and was invited by her that evening to a concert, where she appeared shy and restless. The Count detained me with a long, philosophical, moral preachment, but either I had become a better listener and more tranquil, or she had spoken to him on my behalf, or shown him my letter—at any rate, all was changed; he was quite a different person. I then waited upon her. She requested me to give her one of my sermons—and with what an expression! Her remarks upon Sternheim and Spalding were full of the finest feeling. I sent her the

sermon, together with Spalding's 'treatise on the destiny of Man,' which she had never read; and to-day I received the volume again, with a letter full of gratitude and in a heavenly spirit. She has the appearance altogether of one too good for this world; she is delicate and fragile. Since her confinement, a pallidness rests on her countenance, like a celestial veil, showing her to be already set apart for a higher world. So at least she always appears to me, as if she were not long to live. It is not in my power to converse with her often; so that it only remains for me to speak with her from the pulpit. But to find such an angel where I had not looked for one, who was standing before me, needing only as it were to burst the cloud between us! I mean to dedicate some hours to her, and to write for her something in the form of a Socratic dialogue, upon the immortality of the soul, and the anticipation of the future life while yet in this world. When she has read it, I will send it to you.'

Through this angelic and divinely resigned being, Herder acquired a new prop in life; he himself learned patience through her, and while he rendered her ideas upon religion more distinct and elevating, he thereby acquired for himself energy and courage to rise above the present, to strengthen anew his principles and his faith that his circumstances were arranged by a higher hand, with a view to improve and ripen him. To his solitary heart and religious sensibility, this new tie was like water in the desert.

He loaned her such books as he thought would be useful and interesting to her, and in her own modest way she contrived to apprehend and appropriate to herself their spirit. She quietly passed over what was not suited

to her. In the most graceful manner, with equal mildness and strictness, she united intellect with deep moral sensibility. Without hesitation, though with all gentleness, she designated those opinions which she deemed injurious to religion and humanity, as pernicious and corrupting. Her self-forgetfulness, her divine resignation under so many trials which were heavy to bear, would have been impossible for any other spirit than one so pure, so pious, so withdrawn from earth. Her hidden, unremitted, quiet striving was daily to perfect herself in mind, in heart, in real virtue and fidelity. In her deportment as a wife towards her husband, and in the constant sacrifice of her own inclination to his, she stood alone. Every trial she accepted as sent from God, and used as an opportunity for the exercise of virtue. With a similar view she studied books, and thus Herder and she in writing and conversation enjoyed a cheerful intercourse, and participated in each other's opinions, sympathy and friendship.

She and her twin brother, Count Ferdinand John Benjamin, lost their mother upon the day of their birth, June 16, 1744. The brother and sister remained until death but one heart and one soul. They passed their childhood and earliest youth in the country with their father, whom they often accompanied upon his hunting and other rural excursions. She received the same training, and in a great measure the same instruction as her brother. She always thought with emotion of a clergyman (whose name I have forgotten) who loved her as his own child. Neither do I know who supplied to her in her tender age the place of a mother. Whoever she was, she must have watched, like an angel of Providence, over that holy nature, to have preserved it so pure and consistent.

In her sixteenth year, she removed from her father's house to Silesia, to her only sister, whom she called her second mother. To this admirable sister, who had grown up in nature's garden, and had received no premature artificial culture, she was chiefly indebted for her training.

She was in her twenty-second year, the blooming period of youthful beauty, when the reigning Count, William of Bukeburg, selected her for his wife, having become acquainted with her through a letter which she had written to her twin brother, and the sight of her portrait. In the fairness of her countenance, her form, and the softness of her manners, she resembled a glorified spirit, imparting and receiving all that earth has of purity. Her face and look had the celestial expression of one of Raphael's Madonnas. A beautifully arched, thoughtful brow, full of innocence and cheerfulness; the clearest blue eyes, of a superterrestrial brightness, expressing indescribable goodness of heart, love and humility; a well proportioned nose, mouth and chin constituted her lovely oval face. Her slender frame, indicating perfect health, was in beautiful harmony with her soul. Thus was she, when her twin brother, on the 7th November, 1765, concluded the betrothment between her and Count William.

The newly wedded pair remained for a long time strangers to each other, as regarded the participation of their most peculiar feelings; their characters were too entirely different. The Count was excessively grave and taciturn, the Countess equally shy and timid. A circumstance which occurred at this time, contributed to keep them asunder. The Count received Thomas Abbt into his service, in October, 1765. His deep philosophical

discussions with this scholar riveted his whole attention, and reduced the timid young Countess to solitude. She bore this first domestic trial with her wonted resignation, neither feeling herself entitled to attention nor claiming it, but submitting to the will of her lord.

When the death of Abbt took place in the following year, November, 1766, she entered into the Count's affliction and lamented the loss with him. Through this union of sympathy they became better acquainted and more confidential, but as the Count had never been familiar with female society, he was often negligent in paying attention to his wife, and her exceeding modesty prevented her from ever demanding it. Both of them were sincerely pleased, when in August, 1770, Herder agreed to enter the Count's service. The earnest desire of both for posterity was also about to be fulfilled, and in June, 1771, a few months after Herder's arrival, the Countess gave birth to a daughter. The beautiful child became a new tie to unite the parents.

Early in the year 1772, the Countess' twin brother, Count Ferdinand Von Lippe, died; he had resided with his wife and children at Bukeburg. Her heart was deeply wounded and desolated forever, at losing, in the prime of his days, him whom she called her second father, her most faithful friend and Jonathan. Herder endeavored, and not in vain, to console her, partly by his private conversation, and partly by the funereal tribute which he paid to the Count, as well as by his deep and heartfelt sympathy in her sorrow. Under this most painful loss, her divinely submissive spirit was manifested in all its elevation. While craving consolation for herself, she was the support and comfort, in word and deed, of her

brother's deserted family ; she bore her own grief without a murmur in deepest silence, as though she lived only for others, and she appeared but the more lovely after her sufferings, like refined gold.

On the 7th November, 1773, the Countess wrote thus to me, referring to the day, (it being the anniversary of her betrothment.) " Ah ! my Jonathan," (so she was accustomed to call her brother) " How near he seems to me to-day. How the dear soul—best part of myself!—rejoiced eight years ago this day, when he solemnly committed me into the hands of the noblest and worthiest of husbands ! I can still see him, as he put his hand to our marriage contract. How cheerfully and affectionately he answered for me, the most timid of brides ! Nothing was nearer to his heart than my happiness. And he verily obtained his wish. I am far happier than I deserve to be in my marriage, both in regard to my friend and all the rest. At the time too when he was called to leave me, his blessing obtained for me the friends I have found in you."

She had grown up among the Moravian brethren ; their gentleness, humility, and affectionate demeanor were largely imparted to her, or rather, they had simply developed her own nature. Strictly indeed, she did not belong to the brotherhood—the narrowness, the constraint, the peculiarities inherent in so many of their body, existed not in her ; yet she esteemed and loved the more noble among the brethren and sisters, as the friends and confidants of her heart. Under Herder's instruction, the wants of her religious nature expanded into the sublimest feelings. She regarded God as the tenderest of fathers, herself as a child under his merciful guidance, and she

viewed men and loved them as her kindred. Suffering and joy she accepted with thankfulness as from God's hand, and in all her duties and connexions, she endeavored to form herself after the pattern of Christ and to be like God. By her affection, support, counsel and efficiency, she was the mother and the life of her family; and to all who applied to her in their necessities, she rejoiced to be a ministering angel. Her duties and connexions continually became more extensive, important and weighty. January 5, 1773, she thus wrote to me, "I must confess that the burden of my responsibilities, of the many obligations in which I am involved, is often more than I can describe; yet I would not lay aside the smallest particle of my sympathy, since I have learned to regard it as the best service I can render to God; and after all, there is far greater happiness in being interested for every one, than for one's self alone."

In dispensing her charities, it was never a matter of indifference to her how, and to whom she gave; she informed herself how she might give to the greatest advantage, and this doubled the value of her gifts. Pressing necessity she always relieved without delay, considering it a duty in the hour of need to extend a hand even to the guilty, and thus to lead them into a better way. Widows and orphans were always nearest to her heart, and for this reason, she loved to call herself 'the country's mother.' Her servants and all who were entrusted to her, ever enjoyed her especial care and attention.

The Countess Maria lived in retirement, in extreme simplicity and frugality, and was always busy with some kind of work; she was ever the sole and dearest society of her husband. She had no taste for expense or

fashion; her attire cost but little, though it was always suited to her rank, and she dressed in a style of simple dignity and nobleness. She was adored by all the ladies of Buckburg. Every year she visited in rotation the wives of the civil and military officers, and received their visits in return. The birthdays of the Count and Countess were celebrated with a court-concert and evening party, to which the civil and military of highest rank were invited with their wives; and the noble Countess, even at this ceremonial, contrived to distinguish every lady with her benevolent attention."

Caroline Herder proceeds to relate her own marriage, which took place May 2, 1773, and then continues,

"We hastened to our quiet pleasant cottage at Buckburg, where the pure affection, sympathy and friendship of several choice and noble individuals completed our happiness. The three years and a half which we passed there, were the paradisaic years of our domestic felicity, the golden age of our wedlock. At our arrival, the Count and Countess were absent at their own country villa in Baum. I was invited there to dinner with my husband. This attention was a token of the Count's kindness for Herder, and of his wish to make it apparent. We were received with exceeding kindness, graciousness and cordiality. The dignified air of the Count, and the angelic sweetness and affectionate manner of the Countess will be remembered by me forever. This first interview knit in stillness our souls together in everlasting love. It was a holy tie—not to be described by words.

August 28, 1774, God gave us our firstborn, our worthy Godfrey, and our happiness was unspeakably heightened. Ah! never did I behold a happier father than on

that day ! Indeed, those days upon which God gave us children, were to us holy and festive ones. Deep emotion and pious joy filled the whole soul of Herder, and never did it appear more lovely.

Our Countess took the liveliest interest in our happiness, though not without tears, for two months before she had lost her only daughter. The Count also expressed his joyful sympathy with us. Herder's connexion with the Count, and mine with the Countess remained undisturbed, or rather, it grew every day more confidential, more intimate and less ceremonious. Of this, the Countess' letters to us were the surest tokens, while at the same time they were speaking evidences of her pure and noble spirit.

But the health of our beloved Countess was never completely re-established after her confinement. The death of her brother and daughter, and many other troubles undermined her life. A decided attack of rapid consumption at length fulfilled her longing after higher perfection. She died June 16, 1776, on her birthday, at her country villa in Baum. She died as she had lived, a pattern of patience and resignation. She concealed her pain and suffering from her husband, that he might not be afflicted beforehand. Consequently, her death came upon him almost unexpectedly, and was overwhelming in the highest degree. With us it was not so ; we had been beholding its harbingers for half a year, though we were obliged to conceal our feelings, for she was utterly averse to having her danger anticipated. The mourning and lamentation for this heavenly being, not only at Bueburg, but among all who had known her, were sincere, universal and in the highest degree moving.

In the quiet rural retirement of Baum, which had been a favorite residence with both of them, the Count had a monument erected for her ; and her remains were preserved in spirits until it was ready for their reception. She was placed in it on the 7th of September. Herder offered prayers at the grave, and the Count himself composed the inscriptions which were engraved upon the monument. Our removal from Bukeburg having been determined on, it seemed as if God himself now took her from us. We carried away in our hearts for the whole remainder of our lives, the image and the memory of this saint. She had exercised the most blessed influence upon our domestic happiness, and upon Herder's personal character, in counteracting the tendency to despondency, increased by his loneliness at Bukeburg. In his—in both our lives, she was to be estimated as constituting a part of our higher guidance, for as an angel she had met us on our path.

The Count and Herder separated from each other with profound emotion. O how much had both of them lost ! The Count was most to be pitied, with no male nor female friend. In the succeeding winter he became ill in consequence of a fall. He wasted away in suffering and solitude, and in the following year, Sept 10. 1777. followed his wife to that world of light, in which he was a believer.

. It was with inexpressible sadness, though with the deepest gratitude to God for all his goodness—to Him who alone gives and takes away, withholds and guides according to his pleasure, that we departed from Bukeburg, from the pleasant groves, hills and vales of that land where we had so often and so intimately enjoyed the

loveliness of nature in the society of the noblest friends ; we blest the place where Herder withstood so many trials, where he found and acquired so much in the friendship of a man of rare eminence and of a woman of heavenly virtue, and where both of us had enjoyed together our first domestic happiness—our Paradise.”

The following are the inscriptions composed by Count William for the monument of his wife.

Over the door at the entrance to the monument, the following words are engraved upon an oval metal tablet, with one hand pointing from the clouds, and another from the earth.

“Sacred hope ! Emanation from the Deity ! source of blissful expectation that the ties which have knit together our rational being, shall remain undisturbed, amid all the vicissitudes of what is transient.”

Over the entrance to the area around the grave, or the ‘Garden of Rest,’ as it is styled, is the following inscription,

“The progress towards perfection is everlasting, although the track of its path vanishes at the grave.”

Upon one side of the coin deposited in the monument, are these words.

“Maria Barbara Glenora, the honourable Lady and Countess of Lippe. Born 16 June, 1744. Married to the reigning Count of Schaumburg Lippe, 12 Nov. 1765. Died 16 June, 1776.”

Upon the reverse—“The happiness of her husband. The bliss and joy of her land. In living, in suffering, in dying, a pattern of the sublimest virtue.”

L. O.

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Through night to light ! And though to mortal eyes
 Creation's face a pall of horror wear,
 Good cheer ! good cheer ! The gloom of midnight flies ;
 Then shall a sunrise fellow mild and fair.

Through storm to calm ! And though his thunder car
 The rumbling tempest drives through earth and sky,
 Good cheer ! good cheer ! The elemental war
 Tells that a blessed healing hour is nigh.

Through frost to spring ! And though the biting blast
 Of Eurus stiffen nature's juicy veins,
 Good cheer ! good cheer ! When winter's wrath is past,
 Soft murmuring spring breathes sweetly o'er the plains.

Through strife to peace ! And though with bristling front,
 A thousand frightful deaths encompass thee,
 Good cheer ! good cheer ! Brave thou the battle's brunt
 For the peace-march and song of victory.

Through sweat to sleep ! And though the sultry noon
 With heavy drooping wing, oppress thee now ;
 Good cheer ! good cheer ! The cool of evening soon
 Shall lull to sweet repose thy weary brow.

Through cross to crown ! And though thy spirit's life
 Trials untold assail with giant strength,
 Good cheer ! good cheer ! Soon ends the bitter strife,
 And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at length.

Through woe to joy ! And though at morn thou weep,
 And though the midnight find thee weeping still,
 Good cheer ! good cheer ! The Shepherd loves his sheep,
 Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

Through death to life ! And through this vale of tears,
 And through this thistle-field of life ascend
 To the great supper in that world whose years
 Of bliss unfading, cloudless, know no end. ANON.

GRANDPAPA'S GARDEN,
OR AUNT LILIAS'S TALES ABOUT TREES.

[From the London Juv. Misc. of Facts and Fiction.]

"AUNT Lili-as! aunt Lili-as! poor tree bleeding! naughty grandpapa hurt poor tree!" said, or rather sobbed, little Walter, as he dragged his aunt with all his strength towards the sycamore, from which a large branch had just been felled.

"Nonsense! Walter, it's only the sap running," said his eldest brother Tom, who was busily searching among the smaller boughs for the straightest and cleanest-barked parts, to cut with his knife for a whistle.

"Well! but the sap is the tree's blood, and how do you know it doesn't hurt it, Tom!" asked Annie.

"Does it now, aunt?" appealed Tom, as he trod firmly on the branch, and broke off the end he had chosen.

"No, dear, I don't think it does hurt it. Trees do not feel as we do, and as most things do that can move about, to get out of the way of what might hurt them. But still, the sap is very like the blood of the tree, and it is running up very fast this mild spring day, to feed the buds at the tops of the branches, and make them grow into leaves and flowers."

"Where is it running from? How did it get there? How comes it to run up-hill? I thought water always ran down-hill? Has the tree got a heart somewhere up at the top, to pump the sap up and about, like our's?" asked Arthur, the second boy, who, all this time, had been vainly trying to stop the gush of juice with his fingers.

"My dear, I cannot answer all those questions at once; and, indeed, I do not know the answers to all of them. But I will tell you what I do know. The tree has not got a heart like our's. The sap is water, which comes

out of the ground, and is sucked up through little holes like mouths at the end of the roots. Do you remember when Annie spilt the water on the nursery floor, I laid the dry sponge upon it, and it drank it all up? I cannot explain to you now, *why* it did; but the roots of trees and plants suck rain-water up just in the same way. The little mouths at their ends are called spongioles."

"Little sponges?" said Tom.

"Yes. The waters goes up, up, up, into the leaves, in the spring and summer, and comes down again in the autumn, quite thick, and greenish, and makes new wood and new bark every year. That makes the tree grow bigger."

"It has never made any new bark here, auntie," said Arthur,—“down here, I mean, on this great stem, for I can remember this old, cracked, dirty bark, and all the holes in it, as long as I can remember anything at grand-papa's.”

"Very likely, dear: because the new bark is laid *inside* the old bark; and as it grows larger, it cracks the old dry layers outside, to make room for itself. Then the new *wood* is made next to the new *bark*, and is quite soft till, the next year, when it is squeezed tight, and hardened by new layers growing again inside. The hardest wood, which turners use, to cut, and carve, and make boxes of, is inside all."

"The middle is the softest in this wood, as it happens, aunt!" exclaimed Tom, taking his half-made whistle out of his mouth to speak. "You may push it out of an elder tree with your finger."

"Yes, quite true, Tom; but *that* is *not wood*; it is pith; and pith is soft, because it is made of little cells stuck together, and not, like the woody parts, made of bundles of

thread roiled up like the string round the peg of Walter's humming top."

"Bundles of threads! why, aunt Liliás, what strange tales you are telling this morning! I never saw any threads in wood!"

"Fetch me a long bit of that little blue periwinkle, Arthur."

"I can't gather it, aunt, it is so tough!"

"There's my knife," said Tom.

"No thank you, Tom, here it comes! Hallo! what's this! Why the stem is all gone soft, aunt, and I have left a long a piece of the inside behind."

"That inside is just what I want, Arthur; cut it off, Tom, and let us put it to soak in water for a day or two, and then you shall see the wonderful bundles of threads with my microscope. Meantime, finish your whistle, while the sap is moist, and the young bark is loose from the wood."

THE SPIRIT IS EVERYWHERE.

In our dreams of heaven, whate'er they be,
Of golden vista or moonlight sea,
Where the stars are borne on fiery wings,
And space with celestial cadence rings;
In the earnest breathings of nightly prayer
The spirit of God is there, is there.

'Mid the coral reefs of the wild gouth sea,
In the small green leaves of the amber-tree;
Where the journeying air to the wind-flower sighs
Of unfading bloom in Paradise;
Where gems are sparkling in beauty rare,
The spirit of God is there, is there.

As the dew that falls on the twilight bough
We know not whence and we know not how,
As cherished tones round the heart which play
Of one beloved in our life's sweet May,
As viewless music in viewless air,
The spirit of God is everywhere.

ANON.

USE OF LIFE.—A PARABLE.

MAHOMET once told Adad Ben Yessuf to bring before him the man who had done best and noblest in life—the man who had made the most of the world. After months of dissatisfied research, he brought Caled the Onyssian, and said, “Lo, I have found him, great Prophet. Caled was born poor and ignoble, the son of Yahooor the red-haired, a one-eyed saddler, of Algat. Now he is rich and full of honors. He has succeeded in all his schemes.”

The favorite of Allah smiled in reply and said, “Thou speakest as silly women, not seeing below the surface of things. Success is a teacher, but not the only nor the best. Caled has learned much, for he has used this teacher wisely. But now he is enfeebled by his own prosperity. He fights no longer, satisfied with former conquests. He is contented with the admiration bestowed on his skill and wisdom, so seeks nothing farther. His past thoughts are the sepulchre of his reason. He will not look again at the riddle of the world. But look at his slave: Amri was born noble and affluent; early the words of sages fell on his ear. But the fortune of the sword has made him a slave, the companion of merchants, and the vilest of men. Nothing succeeds with him; the curse of Ab-Sathan overhangs him. Yet he uses the world far more wisely than Caled. He has a wisdom thou canst not measure; a cheerfulness nothing can take from him. His disasters force him to rely on himself; so at fourscore he learns daily like a stripling, and stands the man whom life teaches most. The inspiration of Allah abides with him.”

Then the Prophet touched the eyes of his friend. He saw the past, present and future alike before him. He

saw the whole life of Caled and Amri; the whole soul of the slave and the master. Caled was like the Engaddi of the Persians, a sweet garden, with walks and shades and fountains and flowers languishing in their own fragrance: but a garden begirt with immovable walls. The slave's soul was a vast field of nature. Rivers rolled, and torrents leaped hastily from the wells; huge trees savage with moss and spines, sheltered new trees shooting from the soil; flowers bloomed, and seeds fell; the bird and the beast dwelt there; man also, with tents and cities, was a tenant in that wide space, measured only by the sky; quaint flowers enamelled the ground, and the olive and date-tree were full of spirit.

He saw the Death-Angel descend to conduct to another world these two men, so unlike in outward condition and appearance, so diverse in their inward history. The robe of flesh fell off at his touch. Caled was a fair spirit, glorious and majestic; but the slave towered above him, as the palm-tree over the kantuffa shrub. Both ascended like a flame. Spontaneously, as flame goes up, they went each to his place. Caled stood among the Seraphim, with Shem and Abraham and the far-seeing Fo. But with Zerdusht and Moses and Enoch too good to die, Amri sat at a vast distance alone, within sight of the Throne of Allah, of God Most High!

T. P.

THE TWO SISTERS.

FANNY and Catherine were sisters, but their dispositions were very unlike. Fanny was never idle; either her fingers or her mind, or more frequently both, were engaged in some occupation for herself or others. Cath-

erine, on the contrary, was always complaining of want of time to do this and that—while she would sit at the window for hours, with no other employment than that of gazing at the passers by. One day their mother, who was a very kind and useful woman, was too unwell to go out on her usual visits of charity, and she requested her daughters to take her place. “You, Fanny, may go to the house of the poor bed-ridden woman on the hill, and arrange her room for the day and read to her, while Catherine carries the medicine to little Frank Morton.” Fanny hastened to obey her mother, and had soon accomplished her labor of love. But Catherine lingered so long, that it was afternoon when she returned home; and then she had no time to write her French exercise, no time to practise her music lesson, no time to work on her fire-screen, and more than all, no time to listen to the conversation of a learned friend whom she valued and loved, and who had come to pass the remainder of the day with her parents. In this manner, with little variation, passed the childhood of Fanny and Catherine; but their characters in after life were still more dissimilar. The qualities of industry and indolence grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength. The life of Fanny was one long career of usefulness; but alas for poor Catherine—gladly would I draw the veil of oblivion over her unhappy fate—but in the hope that the exposure of her sins and sufferings may be a useful lesson to others, I will not do so. Indolence, the parent of many vices, soon introduced one of the most hideous of her children into the mind of her victim. *Intemperance* paved the way to an early grave for Catherine, and a life which was begun in indolence, ended in destitution and wretchedness.

A. G. C.

THE

CHILD'S FRIEND.

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A TRUE STORY.

ONE cold, stormy evening in the middle of winter, a family consisting of four children and their parents were gathered round a bright, blazing fire. One merry looking little girl was sitting close by her mother, with a large, beautiful cat in her lap, which she was stroking, while Miss Puss was purring her satisfaction at her happy lot; an older girl was assisting her mother, who was employed at some needlework; the oldest boy was getting his lesson; the youngest, was sitting on his father's knee. "How the wind roars," said little Robert, as a tremendous blast came swelling and moaning over the fields and rushed against their dwelling, which, saving one old elm tree that bent its protecting branches over it, stood all alone exposed to the shock of the wind, with nothing to prevent it from working its will against it. "Shan't we blow over, father?" said the child. "No, dear, we have stood higher winds than this." "Now it dies away," said

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Helen, as for a moment she stopped caressing her favorite. "The storm is taking breath," said Ned, "now you can hear it a great way off; it sounds like a troop of horse galloping up—now it comes nearer and nearer—Hurrah! there it comes again, hurrah! hear the poor old elm creak and groan, and hear the icicles rattling down. I hope none of the branches will break, but I am afraid the ice is too heavy for them." "Think of poor old Fanny to-night," said Julia, the elder girl; "in her little cottage, and the walls so thin, mother, what will she do?" "Her house is so small that the wind seems to pass her by," said her mother, "and when it is so cold as it is to-night, the poor soul goes to bed and lies there till it is warmer. Many a time I have found her in bed in the morning, and given her some breakfast, and advised her to lie there till she could get up with comfort." "It is so still now," said Robert, "that I can hear the flakes of snow on the window-panes." "And so do I," said little Helen, "and the wind seems to say hush! hush!" "I should not think you could hear anything while Puss is purring so loud in your ears," replied Ned, "Do put her out of the room; I had rather hear the loudest wind that ever blew than hear a cat purr, purr, purr so forever—it makes my head spin to hear it—hush Puss! stop purring."

Puss purred on all the same, for Ned's words were followed by no hostile act towards her. No one, much less Helen's pet, was ever treated inhospitably at Mr. Nelson's fireside.

And now there was a short silence in the happy group, and nothing was heard but the fitful wind without, and the crackling of the fire, and the contented sound of the

purring cat within. Mrs. Nelson was the first to speak. "Is it not time," said she, "for John to return from the village? I cannot help expecting a letter from James, if," and the color left her cheeks; "if he was alive and well I am sure he must have written, and we must have a letter by Captain S." "I hear John coming up the avenue now," said Ned, and in a moment he was gone to see what packages he had brought from the stage office, and in another he was back again with a parcel in his hand. "Here father," said he, "here are the newspapers, and here, mother, is a big letter from Uncle John for you. Do see quick what he says, and whether it is to invite us all to pass next Saturday at his house."

His mother opened her brother's letter; "A letter from Jemmy," said she with a voice trembling with joy. "A letter from Jemmy," said all the children together, and in a moment each one was silent in order to listen to its contents. Let us listen also.

"DEAR MOTHER—Here we are all safe and sound; but when you get this, you will, I know, thank God you have yet a son Jemmy. I have kept a sea journal which you and father can see when I get home, so I shall say nothing more about our voyage except that I got along very well considering I was a green hand, and that I made friends with the mates and all the sailors. Oh they were so kind to me! and lucky it was for me that they did love me so well, as you'll see presently. Well, to my story. I hate to come to it, for it makes me feel so badly; but don't be frightened, mother, here I am on shore as lively as a cricket, and could make as much noise in your house now as I ever did. Well, dear mother, all, as I said, went well with me till one night

when we were on the Grand Banks ; it was a rain-storm, and the captain sent me up to the topmast to reef a sail ; some one had been up in the course of the day and dropped some grease, and I think my foot slipped ; I was confused, the rain beat in my face, I could not see anything, and I fell. You know the steeple of our church ; it was from a greater height than the top of that. I must have been stunned, for I am sure some time must have passed before I found myself overboard, struggling to keep myself above water. In a moment I saw my whole danger, I knew that the ship must have gone on some distance, and that it was useless to try to swim after her. I did not think they would know I had fallen overboard for some time, and I knew that in such a dark, stormy night it was almost impossible for them to do anything to save me. You know, dear mother, I am an excellent swimmer, but I immediately thought that my only chance was to save my strength as much as possible, so I turned over on my back and floated, and determined to keep myself as quiet as I could, so as not to exhaust myself before the boat came for me, which was what I hoped for, though I knew there was a small chance of it, on such a night. In a few moments I saw indistinctly one of those great birds that follow after vessels hovering over me, and I felt his horrid wings brushing over my face. I used one of my arms to drive him away, while with the other I kept myself on the top of the waves ; they rolled high, and as they broke over me, repeatedly filled my mouth with the bitter water, so that I could not scream to let them know where I was, in case the boat was out after me. Presently more birds, smaller however, fluttered their frightful wings over me, but the large one, whose

wings I am sure extended as far as I could stretch my arms, was the worst; he kept hovering over me; oh, I can see the frightful creature now! Well, mother, don't be scared, for here I am as well as ever. I found my strength began to fail me. I could not see the ship; the cold was terrible; the horrid birds, and the waves were rolling over me. I thought of you and father, my brothers and sisters, my dear home—and I felt as if I could not bear my sufferings any longer, and that I had better give up, and not try to keep above water any longer, and I was about turning myself over and letting myself go, when I saw a black thing at a distance which I took for a porpoise; but while I was looking to see what it was, I heard the words, Jemmy! Jemmy! and I called out, Here I am! This was the first sound I had been able to make from the time I had fallen over, for if I opened my mouth it filled with water. They soon had me in the boat, and in a few moments I was in the ship. Every thing was done for me, that love and kindness could do. I could not have stood it much longer. It was three quarters of an hour that I had been in the water. They told me afterwards that when they found I had fallen overboard, they put the ship about; but as they heard no sound from me, and knew not whereabouts I had fallen, the captain said it was useless to do anything to save me. The steward and cook and one of the men were getting out the boat, but it had a bad leak in it, and the captain said he would not risk the lives of three of his men to save one; that the boat could not live in such a night, and forbade their going after me. They would not listen to him; they said they would not give me up: and they lowered the boat. One of the men bailed all the

time, and as he had nothing else to stop the leak with, he put his foot in the place, and he kept it above water. By the merest chance they steered directly for the spot where I was. So you see, mother, it was their love and their courage that saved my life. The captain forgave them ; he was right, and yet I cannot call them wrong. I thank God for their safety more than for my own.

Now, dear mother, you will not feel anxious about me any more, for I think you may be sure that nothing worse will happen to me than has happened already on this voyage. I hope to be with you in a month after you get this, and I don't think I shall want to go to sea again for one while. My love to father and the boys, and to Julia and Helen and the cat, and all inquiring friends. Glad enough I shall be to be with you all again. I never knew before, dear mother, how much I loved you all.

“Your aff'ate son, JEMMY.”

“P. S. After my fall I could not stand for a fortnight, but they all took the kindest care of me, and I am well now as possible.”

It were vain to attempt to describe what passed in the hearts of these parents at hearing of the safety of their son after such a peril. The letter was read over and over again, and each one expressed their happiness in their own way ; little Helen wondered he should have thought of Puss ; but said it was just like Jemmy. “I would not believe such a story if I had it from any other but James himself,” said his father. “Nothing so uncommon as to save a person that falls overboard in such a way, and at night I never knew of it—and I have been many years at sea. Nothing but James' presence of

mind and courage saved his life ; he did the only thing that would have been of any avail ; had he attempted to swim after the ship, he would have been lost. It seems now as if it could not be true. His presence of mind and his courage and his knowledge of swimming would however have been of little use to him, if the love of the sailors for him had not been stronger than the love of their own lives ; they put them in the greatest peril to save this poor boy who a few weeks before was an utter stranger to them. How noble, how beautiful, and these were what we call common sailors. The glory of the wise and so called great of this world fades away as we look at this simple act of self-devoted love. In the hearts of each of these men we see the angel that God has placed within us all, ever declaring, if we would listen to it, that love is greater than life, that there is no death to the soul."

The children not long after retired to bed ; the thought of dear brother Jemmy made them insensible to the storm ; all was sunshine and peace in their young hearts. The parents sat up many hours of that stormy night talking over and over again the story of their boy's imminent danger and of his miraculous escape. They were rejoiced at this manifestation of his courage and presence of mind, which had enabled him in this moment of sore peril to do the best thing, in the right time, and in the right way ; but most were their hearts affected, and most deeply were their souls moved with reverence for the unbought, uncalculating, heroic love of the unnamed, unknown sailors who had saved their son's life at the hazard of their own. The hoarse breathings of the wild storm that beat against their house that night, its alternate

deep, far-off moanings and its shrill pipings through every loop-hole and crevice in their dwelling, sounded to their heaven-attuned souls like solemn music, and joined in sweet accord as they raised their souls in silent, grateful prayer to the Infinite Spirit.

E. L. F.

TO MY YOUNG FRIEND,

WHO SOMEWHAT CARELESSLY EXCLAIMED, "I AM GROWING
WORLDLY."

Growing worldly!—God preserve thee
From a sere and withered youth;
Save thee from that burning anguish,
Waiting on the soul's untruth.

Growing worldly! Weigh the meaning!
Chaining down thy spirit's flight;
Wearing sackcloth—eating ashes—
Loving darkness more than light.

Age by age, hath subtle nature
Slowly wrought the wondrous birth;
Closing over central burnings
Crust on crust to form the earth.

Read'st thou not in olden story
Fearful tales of monkish doom?
Vows to God a maid hath broken,
Sad her fate—a living tomb!

Onward moves the stern procession,
Abbot, monk and menial pale;
Donjon keep and workman's hammer,
Deaf to sinful maiden's wail.

Life shut up in death's dominions,
 Doom'd of men, of God bereft,
 Who may tell the spirit's anguish
 Ere the suffering clay is left !

Growing worldly ! read the lesson,
 Nature's voice, and man's decree ;—
 Spirit fires in earth are buried,
 Life in death may swallowed be.

Growing worldly ! God preserve thee,
 Give thee everlasting youth !
 Fill thy spirit with the blessing,
 Waiting on a life of truth.

S.

Boston, February 3, 1845.

THE LETTERS OF THE COUNTESS OF BUKEBURG.

MANY of our young friends who are accustomed to read merely for entertainment, will probably turn from the following pages with disappointment, and wonder at our offering them what they will consider as so very dull and dry ; and yet they have often read with interest accounts of the happy and triumphant deaths, and of the remarkable conversions and religious experiences, of young persons of their own age. Those who are in the habit of purchasing books for juvenile libraries, well know that every collection of volumes for the young, from the Sabbath School Union Depository downwards, consists in a very considerable proportion of works of technical theology—that even the stories prepared for

children of four and five years of age, often abound in sectarian phrases, by which the particular denomination from whence they proceed can be discerned at a glance, while the familiar use of such phraseology, is considered by multitudes as a sufficient test of a religious character.

With the express purpose of deviating from this beaten track, we insert the following letters in this little work. If asked to which class of Christians, the orthodox or liberal, their author belonged, we frankly answer that we do not know. The letters must speak for themselves. They bear the stamp of a pure and elevated spirit, continually rising to God, and soaring high above all sectarian littleness. To our female readers they are especially commended, as being written by a young wife and mother to her minister, seeking direction, counsel and consolation; and they are valuable on account of their sincerity and artlessness; being composed after no prescribed form, but expressing the genuine thoughts and feelings of the writer upon the concerns of her soul. A spirit of unaffected humility, resignation, love to God and universal benevolence breathes through them all.

Caroline Herder introduces them with the following prefatory remarks.—“The deceased Countess carried on an uninterrupted correspondence with Herder; usually it was upon the concerns of her soul, which she laid open to him with the utmost ingenuousness; sometimes it related to the care of the poor, which she generally committed to him during her absences; and sometimes it was about her friends, her books, and even her husband for whom she entertained a profound reverence and affection, not to be mistaken. Indeed, through her letters, a far more favorable idea is obtained of him and of his

connexion with Herder, than from the picture presented of him in the preceding sketch.

Upon Herder, the Countess exercised a deep and most beneficial influence through his whole life. She had been to him as a good angel, to gladden his days at Bukeburg. In the gloomy hours when every thing looked black around him, she endeavored by the strongest and tenderest consolations which religion and friendship could offer, to encourage him to be patient, and to hope that he was a blessing to many in his office, she raised him to a cheerful trust in God, and whenever she obtained oral or written evidence that he was doing good, she would communicate it to him in her next letter. He himself became through her more inclined,—I might even say more reconciled to believe in the spirit and progressive course of the religion of the heart, the interior Christian life, which was so peculiarly her own, than he had ever been before. On the other part, she was delivered through Herder, from the oppressive religious narrowness and punctiliousness in which she had been fettered by her early religious associates ; and the happiness experienced by such a spirit, upon being lifted out of the dark school-room of a formal, mystical, ascetic, methodistical piety, into the full light of Christianity, and expansive views of the ways and works of God, appears through these pages in characters of light and gladness.

One hundred and five of the Countess's letters still remain ; of those from Herder to her—only one. In her last sickness she destroyed them all, and requested Herder to do the same. She was influenced to this desire partly by pure humility, and partly by her preference for a retired, hidden life. She was also actuated by a

higher aim, being apprehensive lest others, in endeavoring to form themselves after her peculiar spiritual character, and in comparing themselves with her, (a propensity which had cost her many heavy hours,) might be unnecessarily tormented, or satisfied without reason. 'God,' she said, in one of her letters to Herder, 'will reveal what ought to be known, in his own time,—it is sufficient that all is known to Him.'

But Herder could not prevail on himself to destroy these letters—neither can I. In reverence for the wishes of the now long-deceased writer, I suppress the greater part; printing but few entire, and only extracts from the remainder, explanatory of her character and her connexion with Herder. This too, not with a view to adding another laurel to Herder's crown, but to preserve the memory of her who was his friend, of a truly devout woman, enlightened by the purest religious ideas; and through her experience, communicated with the most amiable frankness to her friend, to instruct, warn, and encourage others of a similar disposition, who might suffer, as she did at first, from a tendency to artificial culture and technical piety. On this account, I feel assured that many a good heart will enjoy the communication of these genuine confessions of a beautiful soul. Indeed, why should not this rich spiritual portrait of a devout Christian character, be made known, at least in its leading features, after the lapse of forty-three years? The counsel of princes shall perish, but the work of the Lord (especially his work in the human soul) shall be glorified. This is the picture of a pure, conscientious, honest soul, of one who strictly judged herself, and in her humility, could never feel satisfied with her own attainments—(for

the purest souls are always the humblest,) but amid her earnest striving after perfection, perceived more errors and defects in herself, than were visible to any other eye. There are passages in these letters, in which the view one obtains of this noble heart is like looking into heaven—there are such affecting expressions of the deepest humility and self-abhorrence before God, that I cannot bring myself to exhibit all of them to the public through the press. There is no tasteful poetical religiosity, as is too much the fashion of the present day—a fashion as pitiable and dangerous in regard to poetry, as it is to religion—but the pure, heartfelt, genuine Christian piety of a noble soul ripening for heaven.”

Extract from the first letter of the Countess to Herder, accompanying her new year's gift.

“After hearing you preach, I do not find myself disposed to praise or blame, but to turn what you have been saying to my own improvement, and to render my soul better fitted to serve God in a rational manner. Your last discourses especially, so impressed, penetrated and cheered me, that I shall remember them as long as I live, and may the grace of God help me to prove it in my whole walk and conversation.

“Were it possible that you could know how many times my soul has wandered in error, I should often think that you spoke to me individually; as it is, I attribute your remarks to your own experience, to your extraordinary understanding, penetration and noble way of thinking, and I then rejoice that a gracious God has given you to us. I hope that your residence among us will be agreeable to you, and that you will aid the exertions of my excel-

lent husband here, who is always so anxious to make a wise selection of the persons whom he entrusts with employments, and of whose high esteem and reliance on yourself you cannot be ignorant. Go on then with confidence, in the important work to which you are dedicated, and be assured that the God to whom you live, will accompany your faithful endeavors with his blessing, and will never suffer you to fail of joy and support.

I hope that you will be so kind as to receive these lines as my instructor, since I desire nothing so much as to walk with assured steps in the path of virtue and piety. As far as it is in my power, I shall always attend your public ministrations, as I obtain through them so much of the instruction which I have needed, but could not receive from my own reflections, for I have already told you that I have committed many mistakes. When any subject arises upon which I need further explanation, I shall apply to you, and as my teacher, you must not refuse to assist me during the, perhaps, short remainder of my life, by the best directions, to redeem the time which has hitherto been wasted.

You will not be offended at my bestowing on you the new year's gift which I am accustomed to present to my teachers, and should be sorry to omit. It is a trifle, of which the only value consists in its being a likeness of my husband, and this relieves me from all hesitation in offering it to your acceptance.

Your obliged friend and servant,

Jan. 1, 1772.

MARIA &c."

II.

"I ought perhaps to apologize for the trouble I occasion you, but in so doing I should fear to offend the noble-

ness of your character, which convinces me that it is a pleasure to you to aid a soul which is seeking the truth.

“As it is not enough for me to pass here and there for a good person, but I wish to be such in reality before God and my conscience, and desire to act from firmer conviction; you may easily imagine how distressed I have often been, when in accordance with established formulas, devised indeed with the best intentions, I have been questioned by others, and have interrogated myself, whether I could distinctly point out the time and hour of agony and gladness; and what sorrowful conclusions and fearful hopes remained for me, when I was unable to return any quite free and satisfactory answer. You may from hence infer how necessary, important and consolatory, your instructions have been to me, and may conceive the pleasure and satisfaction I receive from your presence, a pleasure now doubled, since you afford the agreeable hope that you are satisfied to be with us. I cannot deny that I have experienced the restraint of which you speak, in all its degrees, and I felt it the more, because the persons with whom I then associated had, according to their own confession, gone through the same; they were most excellent and venerable characters, and some of them have passed into eternity, under the firm conviction that it was necessary. I afflicted and tormented myself because I could not feel the same; I repeatedly endeavored with all my might to do like them, yet could not succeed; and when I reflected that perhaps it would be of no use for me to adopt their mode of thinking, I feared lest such a sentiment might be wrong—thus I lived a life of anxiety, and all my thinking only helped to continue my uneasiness.

"I do not cease to bless the hour when divine Providence united me to a husband with whom I have thus far passed a most happy life, and whose instruction and example conducted me to thoughts which brought back rest to my soul. I have attained to the reflection, whether indeed it be possible for man who cannot comprehend his own nature, to comprehend the purposes, ways and ordinances of the Being who conferred it on him—whether, as my lord has often said to me, we do not perceive enough to fill us with gratitude, trust and hope towards God ; and whether I have not enough to do, in studying the lessons of my Redeemer, without striving after rare attainments on my own account. Such considerations have rendered our religion clear, delightful and tranquillizing to me, and often cause me to see with pleasure that my eternity is drawing near. My frame of mind however is not at all times alike. Uneasy recollections, springing from my former experience, often revisit my soul ; especially when I call to mind the last days of some of my dear departed relatives and friends. When rejoicing in their end, I wish to follow their faith. But I often fall short even in those respects wherein I ought to be like them, and then I grow despondent. Nothing therefore can be more desirable for me than a teacher like you, who can guide me in the right way, through the comprehensive view acquired by his own experience.

"You must now know what books are adapted to my capacity ; I entreat you to commend to me such as I can read with advantage. It is time for my soul to acquire and retain distinct and tranquil views ; since the gift with which God has entrusted me [alluding to her little daughter] must receive its first instruction from me, and I may not treat the charge with neglect or perversity."

III.

“ Allow my dejected spirit this question—why is it that we differ so much at different times?—that upon those very occasions when we ought to prove our faith, trust and obedience, we for the first time quite forget them? Might we not be stronger than we are, or does each individual possess only a certain degree of energy, which he cannot overpass? Have the kindness to answer me and relieve my uneasiness, as I must confess myself to be of the number (if I am not the only one) of those whose feelings are so unequal. At one time, I am as certain that towards his creatures God is love, as I am of the existence of heaven and earth; although the ways of God are incomprehensible to us, I am still assured that they abound in goodness and wisdom; and when my season of trial is distant, then I am strong; I can praise and magnify God’s mercy, and even encourage others to trust in it. But when the hour of deep sorrow comes to me, how very little I become! How difficult it then is for me to follow my Redeemer, and say, ‘not my will, O Father, but thine be done.’ What a struggle arises in my soul, between resignation and reluctance.—This ought not to be—and when at last my spirit becomes more tranquil, I am troubled at still finding myself so far behind, remaining ever an admirer, rather than an imitator of Christ—at perceiving that my resignation is often accomplished with streaming eyes, although from my youth up, I have experienced so many proofs of the Divine faithfulness and mercy towards me and mine.

“ If you, my excellent teacher, have also known hours of sadness, you will be indulgent to my inquiries and confessions, and not surprised, that to one who walks in

darkness, nothing should be more agreeable, than to find a friend who can be trusted, and who is able to point out the right path. Such a friend you are to me."

The next letter was written by the Countess after the death of her *twin*-brother.

"I am happy to take the first leisure moment to thank you for your sermon last Sunday, which was so soothing to my afflicted sister-in-law, and to my own desolated heart. May the God of all mercy and consolation reward you, not for this only, but for all the kindness, instruction and comfort which I have thus far received from you. Most certainly, through divine mercy, I am indebted to your instructions, my excellent teacher, for not having been utterly cast down in my recent affliction—that, blessed be God! not a despairing thought has assailed me, but while feeling the deepest sorrow, I have had many comforts and been able to look up to heaven, to trust, to believe, and to say, 'good is my Father's will.' The mercy of God has permitted me at this time to learn the power of our religion, else I could never have sustained this most desolating bereavement. My dearest brother, with whom God himself had united me in such peculiar nearness, whom I had so justly called my second father, who was my confidential friend, and whose heart had honored me with its closest intimacy, whose life and society seemed so necessary to my happiness—to lose this brother, was an event the bare thought of which, would once have occasioned me the most intolerable anguish—but now since God has actually taken him away, and so many joys and hopes of my life have vanished with him, I find myself, though fully aware of the whole

extent of my irreparable loss, in possession of a repose and contentment, sweeter than all the pleasures of the world. The grace of God had been preparing me for this separation—all our past brief moments of trial ; your letter, my worthy teacher ; your sermons during the solemnities of Passion week, had tended to put my heart into a condition for sustaining this blow, and I can assure you that in the midst of my affliction, I have thought of your counsels and they have borne me up. Your sermon last Sunday put the seal, if I may so say, to my perfect composure ; it will prevent me from allowing in future a single mournful thought to cause me to forget the gracious God, in whom we live and move and breathe. I will rather praise the Most High, for having rescued my beloved from all anxiety, suffering, and pain. I will give thanks for having enjoyed him so long, that the separation from him becomes a new motive for improving my soul ; I will rejoice in the immortality of our souls, and hope in peace for our everlasting re-union. Whenever his tender orphans and dear widow lay heavy on my heart, I will consign them into the hands of the best of Fathers, and I will see them depart from me with composure. The happiness, the mercies I enjoy, are still great, and infinitely beyond what I deserve, I will cherish them with unceasing gratitude, and seek for no pleasures but those which God himself bestows on me, through the faithful education, so far as I am able, of my child, redoubled affection and respect for my husband, and sincere application of the instructions and doctrines which I may in future hear from you. If in times past you have kindly listened to the moanings of my dejected spirit, you shall now praise God with me for its tranquillity. My brother

will indeed have a permanent grave in my heart, but I should show myself ungrateful for the exceeding kindness which God has conferred on me through you, my worthy teacher, were I to conceal from you the peace of mind which I also enjoy ; to which, as I mentioned before, you have contributed so much."

The Countess dates the following letter from her country-seat at Baum.

"Your last letter deeply moved me. What delightful instruction you give me for my residence at Baum ! With redoubled attention I shall contemplate every blossom, every plant, every bright evening, every beautiful work of God. Most comforting and strengthening to my soul will be each thought connected with them. *'God saw all that he had made, and behold, it was very good !'* Ah ! were not all the days of the whole human race then present to the omniscience of the Most High, and did not his grace and wisdom allot what was best for us ? Why then should I yield myself to an unlawful sadness ? Though at present my lacerated heart must mourn, my God will have patience with my sincere endeavors to show a child-like spirit. I even believe that it will be agreeable to the Creator's will, for me to feel my bitter loss, if I abstain from complaint and lamentation."

LETTERS VIII. AND IX.

"Your present [a poem on the raising of Lazarus] was too precious for thanks. It was singular ! But upon losing my never to be forgotten brother, I found in this very history of Lazarus, my strongest consolation, and was often so occupied with it, that I thought several times of

asking you to discourse on the subject, but was deterred by the fear of troubling you. And now you come, as you often have before, to meet my very thoughts. May God bless you and spare you, so far as may be good for you, from those deep sorrows which shall need such alleviations.

“The resurrection, re-union, eternity—they are incomprehensible, yet without the hope of them, I would not desire to be another hour on earth. I should wish for no friend and nothing else that is dear to me. It is faith in these, which gives life to the soul, enhances the pleasure of every tie, and even sweetens the bitterness of separation. Without faith, love and hope, we should be of all creatures the most miserable.—But on all sides the human understanding loses itself, beginning from the contemplation of the first man, of heaven and earth, of ourselves, and of the way in which each one has to go.

“That from the labyrinth of all worlds, the ways of the Everlasting all lead upwards to one grand goal, happiness—this, if I may presume so to say, is my best confession of faith. It is a thought which cheers me, and which I take along with me when Klopstock speaks of wrath, cursing, thunder, and vengeance—against these, whether it be the result of a true conviction or temperament, I cannot say, but all within me rises in opposition; although to other passages of his admirable poem my whole soul can say amen; and these last are particularly soothing to me at this anniversary of recollection.

“In a few days, this memorable year will have expired, and I have not followed my friend and twin companion, as would have seemed so desirable to me while we lived together, and under the first agony of separation. I

still live, and am in truth not less happy than before, though I continue to shed many tears in silence. For him, all is absolutely well in the hand of God. Nothing remains for me but thanks, thanks for all, but especially that my selfish wishes have not been granted ; and these thanks must be expressed, not in words, but through God's assisting grace, in my life and walk.

“ Your admirable discourses at our last festival gave me more cheerfulness for meeting this anniversary, than the poems of Klopstock ; because they imparted to me truths more pure, clear, and for mortal men more necessary and permanent, than the description of those things which neither eye has seen, nor the heart conceived of.”

In another letter speaking of her brother, she says,

“ When I am not missing him, how I rejoice in his happiness ! But when I miss him, (and that is often) I seem to have two hearts, one in heaven, resigned, thankful, rejoicing ; the other on earth, weeping and wailing like a perverse child, in opposition to its better wishes and convictions, and often blind to the countless remaining benefits proceeding from God and bestowed, as it were, in compensation of my loss.

“ To my shame I confess it, I entered upon the new year with an almost uncontrollable terror. I looked upon the past and the future not with the eye of a Christian—all was mist and darkness ! But your exhortation on Friday and Sunday helped me to the song of praise, ‘ Even so, O my God ! cheerfully I commit myself into thy hands.’”

L. O.

[To be continued.]

MARION'S POETRY.

LITTLE Marion sat in the parlor with her mother one morning, while she was entertaining company. The lady who spoke most, had been visiting in the State of New York, and had spent some pleasant days with an old friend who had a very lovely and gifted child. That little girl was a poetess, and one whose name is now known in other lands than her own. The lady repeated some of the little girl's poems, and among them some sweet verses addressed, by the child, to her mother. Marion's eye met that of her own dear parent, and, at that moment, she felt an earnest wish that the high gift of genius, with which this child had been endowed, could also have been her own.

The morning passed away, the ladies returned to their homes, and Marion's mother went to the nursery. She did not notice the abstracted look of her little daughter as she left her, and, when it was time for the children to eat their dinners, they all wondered where Marion could be. Jemmy searched for her in the garden, and Georgy ran to the play-house: little Susy tottled up stairs to their sleeping-room, but they all returned exclaiming that "Marion was nowhere." Jemmy could not eat his pudding from vexation; but Georgy thought she might return from some long, tiresome walk, or be breathless from a race, and he saved for her his tumbler of milk. Susy laid by her grapes, with the cluster that had been reserved for Marion, and would not eat until her sister was found.

Suddenly her mother started from her chair, opened the parlor door, and there sat Marion. She had drawn

her chair to the centre table, taken her mother's gold pencil, and a letter which lay there, and had just completed her first effort at poetry—one stanza—and there were three pages of a sheet of paper covered with pencil marks. Marion had read fables, and she knew that if her little brothers had also done so, they would tell how the mountain once brought forth a mouse. Her mother ~~she~~ never feared, and very complacently gave her the last edition of the stanza. It was a vast improvement upon the four lines which were first blotted out, and, in its perfected state, it ran thus :

“Mother dear, I love you well ;
I love you better than tongue can tell ;
And mother dear, will you love me,
If I will good and pleasant be ?”

“And so, Marion, you forgot your dinner while rhyming for me ?” Said her mother with a bright smile.

“Yes, mamma,” replied Marion, sadly, “but I fear it is not so good as that I heard this morning.”

Her mother did not reply, and she ate her dinner with a heavy heart.

That night, when the little ones were asleep, Marion arose, and stole by the moonlight into her mother's room. She was sitting at her work-table, but a book lay open before her, and Marion's verse was placed in it as a mark. She was somewhat disappointed and grieved at this careless treatment of her poem, as she called it.

“Mother,” said she, hurriedly, could my poem be *any* better ? Shall I ever write like *her* ?”

Her mother drew her to her side, and a warm tear and kiss met together on her cheek.

“No,” she replied, “you will never write like her. Indeed I know not that I should wish a child of mine to

be so fatally endowed ; but it will make me very happy if you cultivate your powers as well as she does her rich talent."

"But you seemed pleased at the lady's recital, mother ; and, indeed, I saw tears of emotion in your eyes."

"I was astonished, my daughter, at the talents the little girl exhibited in her poems ; I was delighted at the purity of thought and expression, and moved to tears because the rich gift was so often laid upon the altar of filial affection, that she so often wrote of and to her mother, and thus showed who and what was dearest to her heart."

"But, mother, you do not seem much pleased with mine. Perhaps, it is not so good, but then I am your own little girl."

"But not my own little genius," replied her mother, smiling. "No, Marion, it would be foolish for me to encourage in you any propensity to rhyme. You might, by much effort, acquire a habit of stringing verses together, but I do not think you could ever be a poetess."

"Mother, will you point out the faults in that verse ?" and Marion, at that moment, thought she had imposed upon her kind mother, an impossible task.

"Well, my love," she replied, laughing, "as you have played author, I will play critic. The first line is very well, and I hope very true. In the second omit 'I,' and change *better* to *more*—'Love you more than tongue can tell.' But when you knew that I always love you, and am particularly pleased when you are very good and pleasant, was it not foolish to finish the stanza with that question ?"

Marion blushed, hung her head, and looked very silly.

"Do not be vexed with yourself, my child, nor think that I am vexed with you—No, I am greatly pleased with the affection for me which you have displayed in this effort; but I should have been as much pleased with the same time and exertion spent in some manner more strictly useful, upon something more perfectly within the limits of your abilities. There are many things you can do to gratify me, and all good, kind deeds are 'acted poetry.' Every great and noble action, if not suggestive of a poem, or the foundation of one, is in itself a poem. But these great deeds, these noble poems, are called for from but few of us. Then let those, whose lot it is to perform the minor duties of life, make it their great act to perform all little ones well and promptly. Let their poem be correct, cheerful and harmonious, and it will always be pleasing. Do you understand me, my child? do you know what poetry I would have from you?"

"Yes, mamma, you would have me be very good," replied Marion, but her ideas of goodness had derived a noble beauty from her conversation with her mother which she could not then express.

From that time, whenever her mother wished to require from her any act of sacrifice, self-denial, or the performance of any difficult duty, she had but to say, 'Now, Marion, may I have some poetry?' and the little girl was a heroine at once.

When several years had passed away, the father of Marion resolved to remove from New England, to a wild, rude place in the "far west." Marion saw that the thought of it made her mother sad, and noticed the tear that stole into her eye when it was decided that they should go. She stepped softly to her side, and, throwing

her arms round her neck, whispered, "Mother, you shall not be without *poetry* there," and her mother smiled, for she felt assured that in her noble-hearted child she would have a constant support.

And so it was ; for, when they had exchanged their nice home for a log-cabin, their pleasant neighbors for utter strangers, the pleasures of a delightful town for the discomforts of an uncultivated waste, it was Marion who was the joy and hope of them all. Her cheerful, pleasant ways were like a glad song to them then, and her patience, perseverance and trust were like the chantings of a holy hymn. But there came a time when she was to be sadly tried. Her mother was taken very sick, and there was no one who could relieve her pain, and restore her to health. Marion knelt to the Great and Good Physician, but she pleaded in vain for her mother's life. Before her voice and strength were wholly gone, she called her daughter to her bedside, and, placing in her arms her last treasure, the babe of but a few weeks of age, she said to her, "When the great poet would leave to the world some memento of his talents and acquirements, he clusters around one grand idea all his high and beautiful thoughts. His acquirements in the past, his emotions in the present, his hopes and aspirations for the future are all embodied in one beautiful epic or drama. Let the care of that immortal soul be the poem of your life ; let your knowledge, hopes, desires and aspirations all concentrate upon this little being. In imparting, you will receive, for your own mind will expand with all that is noble which you give to this dear child. Then in some future time, you may hope to hear the breathings of its beatified spirit, like a lofty anthem, chanted forever and ever around the throne of the Eternal." H. F.

MARY AND JESUS.

THE summer morn was soft and still,
In sunny Palestine,
While Mary at the cottage door,
Beneath the shady vine,
The flaxen thread spun earnestly,
To weave the garment white ;—
And at her feet the “ young child ” played
With face so calmly bright ;—
His little robe was filled with flowers,
Those lilies, wondrous fair,
Which grew, o’er all the hills and fields
Luxuriantly there.
He watched his mother’s busy hands,
Then looked upon his flowers,—
Then upward, where the sky so blue,
Its radiant beauty showers :—
Then to his mother mild he spoke—
“ The robes my lilies wear
Are not like those you spin for me
With so much toil and care ;—
The warm sky and the beaming sun
But look upon the earth,
And all the flowers in garments bright
Come springing into birth.”
‘ The Father good,” the mother said,
“ The lilies robes hath given :”—
And then she paused—and turned her eyes,
Unto the still, deep heaven.—
‘ And he hath clothed our hearts also,
With garments brighter far ;
With robes of love, more fair to see,
Than morning’s silvery star ;—
We do not toil and spin for these,
But like the trusting flowers,

Only in faith look up to Him,
And these blest gifts are ours."

Then Jesus bended down his head,
And sat all silently,
While visions through his purest soul
Were swiftly gliding by.
He spoke no word, but in his eye
There shone the holiest light,—
His mother saw—and then she knew
That ever fair and bright,
The garments which her dear child wore,
Would more and more become,
Like to the heaven which smiled on him—
His own forever home.

M. E. E.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

ANNIE and Margaret Duncan were twin sisters, united in the most cordial and tender friendship. Their father had been engaged in business for many years, as owner of a large manufacturing establishment, in one of the pleasant central towns of Massachusetts. The two girls from their earliest years had been playmates and schoolmates. They had wandered together about the beautiful banks of the river which flowed through their native town, till every fine prospect, every green secluded nook, every remarkable tree in its neighborhood had become as familiar to them, as the stairs and closets of their own home. They knew where the first, delicate wind flew—

ers would look up with their pale faces, to the chilly sky, trembling in the breeze, like some of those poor, ill-clad little girls, whom we meet shivering in our wintry streets, when we are wrapped in furs; the columbine, in its gay dress, might nod triumphantly from the crevices of what seemed inaccessible rocks, but they knew well, through what winding, tangled, briery paths they might gain the summit, and seize upon the slender stalks; if the May-flowers bloomed, in fancied security, beneath the crisp leaves which Autumn had spread over their tiny buds, the brown veil was soon removed by the busy fingers of these flower-lovers; and when in the marshy fields, the brilliant cardinals opened their rich scarlet petals, or the gentian with its delicate fringe smiled away its short life and rare beauty under the blue autumnal sky,—then might their laugh be heard, ringing through the fields and woods, as a sudden splash betokened that one had lost her balance in reaching too far over the brook for the unbending cardinals, or that a shoe-full of mud had been gained instead of the flower of heaven's own blue. Nor was the summer only their time for rambling. Undaunted by the severest cold they roamed through the leafless woods, admiring the brilliant pavement of unsullied snow, the trees swinging their pendent, graceful branches, laden with those icy stores, which the sun, that great magician, converts by his mere glance into the most brilliant of jewels, When the streams and ponds were frozen, no skaters in the village were more active and successful than Annie and Margaret; and it was even said that they had been seen, on a moonlight evening, steering two sleds so well down a long coast, that evidently they had practised the exercise almost as much as any of the boys.

In the equal enjoyment of these natural pleasures the hearts of these two girls became knit to each other with firmest ties ; the sunset glory, as it flooded the vale in beauty, and then gradually lifted itself from the earth, glancing last upon the old church-spire before it faded into the evening grey, seemed to Annie to want half its splendor if Margaret's eye had not met it with hers ; while to Margaret's ear the bluebird's song, seemed somewhat deficient in sweetness, if she could not say to her sister, " Hark how sweet !" With the basket of hazelnuts, which they had gathered with chilled fingers beneath the trees for their little brother Robert, or the kettle of berries, picked beneath a hot sun, with which they hoped to surprise their dear mother, they wandered cheerfully home, their only dispute being which should do the most to relieve the other of the burden.

Still with so great mutual enjoyment, there was a wide difference in their characters. Annie would have been content to live as the butterflies, sporting away her existence, with no more serious thought of responsibility when twelve summers had passed over her head, than when she first learned to run alone. Her father having great wealth they lived luxuriously ; he felt unwilling to deny his children any request, and, feeling secure in his fortune, lavished it upon them with unsparing hand. Their mother often reminded them that it might not always be so ; for in our country fortunes are sometimes lost as quickly as they are made, and those, who have lived in opulence one year, may be needy or dependent the next.

" Beside, my daughters," the fond mother would add, " though you could be perfectly assured that we should

continue as rich as now to the very end of your lives, it would be equally your duty to prepare yourselves to be useful women. The highest culture of every talent which our Father bestows, is the solemn duty of each man, woman and child ; none are too young, too insignificant to come under this law."

"But I cannot see, mother, that I have any duties," said Annie. "There is Lucy Woodberry—she has something that is her duty to do ; her mother is ill, and her father has more than he can do to support the children, and Lucy, though she is no older than we are, supports herself by binding shoes ; now I see that Lucy is doing her duty, but would you wish me to spend all day in binding shoes ?"

"No, Annie, for that would be a waste of your time, situated as you now are ; still I would have you able and willing to learn every thing by which a woman can make her home more happy, and the little circle, through which her influence may extend, better or wiser."

"Well, mother," was the reply, "you know I make my bed every morning before I go out, both winter and summer ; is not that doing something useful ?"

"What is your reason for doing it, dear ; because you think it right to be useful, or because you would really feel ashamed to see Margaret's regularly made by her, and yours left for the chambermaid ?"

"Ah, Mother wise, how can you guess my thoughts so well !" and the careless girl, impatient of rebuke as she was of labor, started laughing from her chair, and, seizing Margaret by both shoulders, pushed her to the door, exclaiming "Come away, Peggy, as fast as you can run ; for I must find where the squirrel, which we saw yesterday under the walnut tree, has found a hole for his home,

and whether he has some nuts laid up for winter ; I know if I stay five minutes longer, mother will give me some work to do, or make me sit down before that tiresome drawing board." And kissing her hand playfully to her mother, she ran out of the room, dragging her sister with her.

They were so engaged, searching among the stones and decayed trunks and fallen leaves for the home of the little nut-eater, that this conversation was quite forgotten till they were walking to school next morning. Then Annie, remembering the frosts had been so frequent lately, that the sumach and maple leaves were probably in the most beautiful state to be pressed for winter ornaments, declaimed loudly against school, as keeping her from gathering the bright leaves in good season.

"The truth is, Margaret, I am tired to death of school ; who wishes to sit all the morning poring over stupid books ? There is no use in my learning Arithmetic, for I shall never be a merchant ; I can talk and write well enough now without any more Grammar ; as for History, what do I care for all the old kings of Rome and England ! they did nothing but fight, and I do not approve of fighting ; writing always cramps my hand and inks my fingers ; then Latin, oh Latin ! I think the person who first thought of teaching that to girls, ought to have his name printed in the blackest ink, and hung up in every school-room to be hissed at."

"Why, Nannie," said Margaret, trying to restrain her mirth, but suddenly laughing outright, "how fast you can rattle off such nonsense : One would think your preference was to be an ignorant, instead of an educated girl."

"And true enough it is so, if lessons are to interfere in this way with my pleasures. It really amazes me to see you go into school so cheerfully every day, and look so happy while you are industriously occupied there. If I really thought, as you do, that it was my duty, perhaps I should like to study; but my heart is among the brooks and hills, and not in those stupid pages. When I turn over the leaves of the book, I think how unpleasant their rustle is compared with that of the forest leaves; in truth, sister, I prefer climbing Prospect Hill, looking so temping yonder in this October sunshine, to toiling up the hill of science; and I shall content myself with learning what is necessary to know, and let every thing else go."

"Ah!" replied Margaret, "we have talked of this so often, Nannie, that I cannot say to you anything more than I have already said. My own conscience never fails to rebuke me, if I omit to do all that I can to improve myself, 'neglect not the gift that is in thee,' sounds ever to me from my inmost soul; it seems to me as the voice of my Heavenly Father, warning and encouraging me to the best use of all the faculties which He has given me. Perhaps, dear, you may sometime arouse to this same feeling, and then I shall rejoice for you."

"No; never hope that, Margaret, for I go farther from it every day," She spoke the truth; for a wrong feeling indulged carries us farther and farther from the power of seeing the right, and makes it more difficult for us to hear the Divine Voice, which speaks from the depths of our holiest affections.

A year after this time Mr. and Mrs. Duncan decided that their daughters should go to Boston to receive, in the

school of a gentleman there, such instructions as their own village could not afford. They had never been separated from their parents, and with tearful eyes heard the announcement of the plan ; to pass a whole year away from all which could seem like home, to live among strangers during all that time, and miss their father's morning greeting, their mother's hourly care,—what could reconcile them to it ! Annie repeated again and again that it could not be ; they should be perfectly miserable, and all the knowledge they could gain would never compensate them for being separated from her parents and dear Robert. Mr. Duncan so represented the propriety of doing it, that Margaret soon acceded to the plan ; Annie, rather than to be separated from her sister and friend, opposed it no longer.

None but those who have been thus separated from home and all its dear delights, can estimate the heart-sickness of the twins the first day of their residence in the city, after their parents had returned home. It was the day of entrance in their new school ; and the friendly tone of their teacher failed to put them at ease, when the hasty glance which they cast round the room showed not one familiar face.

“ Oh ! if we were only in the woods, or any place in the world but here ! ” whispered Annie as they took the seats assigned them ; and Margaret's quivering lip showed that she was trying to suppress the same feeling. When the first day of trial was over, and the sisters, locked in each other's arms, laid their faces on the same pillow, the uncontrollable burst of tears told what each had suffered ; sobbing they sank to sleep, to dream of the beloved fireside and hear the murmuring of the village

stream. But this first grief soon wore away, returning but rarely to cloud their happy hours.

And how was their time spent? It was to Margaret a year of great improvement; the advantages of her situation were not lost upon her; her studies were pursued with unwearied diligence; her natural taste for drawing she cultivated with the best teacher, while Annie protested against having anything more to do than was required at school, and would not use the pencil. After a few days of industry in school, she relapsed into her former habits; at the close of the year they returned home, one, with the sweet consciousness of duty done; the other, to repent in after years her wasted hours and slighted privileges.

Years rolled by, strengthening the tender affection of these sisters, and strengthening too the habits which each had formed. But a great change had come over their mode of life. By repeated and most unexpected losses, Mr. Duncan had seen all his wealth pass from his possession; the fine spacious dwelling house, where Annie and Margaret had slept in their cradle, was sold by the auctioneer, and, with a few articles of their plainest furniture, they found a new home in a very small and humble house. The household work was to be done by their own hands, and every luxury to which they had been accustomed was to be resigned. These privations were borne with cheerful countenances and willing hearts; they felt how little these outward circumstances had to do with real happiness; and the fervent, abiding love with which their hearts warmed towards each other, made any spot a happy one where they could be united. In their poverty the sisters felt they ought to assist their fa-

ther, whose enfeebled health rendered exertion painful to him. In what way their assistance should be given was the question. Margaret was well fitted to teach ; but there was already a good school in the village, and it was settled in the family council, that she must not leave home and all the dear ones who clung so fondly to her there, to take a school elsewhere. By giving lessons in French and Italian to a class of girls, and by selling her needle-work, she received what made them all more comfortable. But poor Annie, what could she do ? She had always despised sewing, and so had never become skilful in the use of her needle ; she had suffered herself to remain ignorant at school of what she might have acquired with a common share of labor, and now ignorant she must remain ; household work of all kinds she had avoided, and now felt her helplessness ; she might have assisted her father in writing, of which he had much to do, but her writing was so bad as to be nearly illegible ; and though she might have relieved him often by attending to his money affairs, she could not, for she had never expected to be a merchant. With heavy heart she compared herself with Margaret, sighing for the impossible return of school-days, that she might use well the hours she had so unwisely wasted.

Robert, their younger brother, had entered college when his father was a wealthy man ; but his failure in business, the next year, made it impossible for him to support his son there, as he had expected. Robert however, energetic and active, determined to use every exertion in his power to support himself through his collegiate course. By the most rigid economy in term time, and keeping school in the vacations, he defrayed the whole

expense of his education ; devoting himself with untiring assiduity to his studies, and thinking no labor hard which should fit him to be a useful man and good lawyer. He received the first honors of his class, and returned home to prosecute the study of the law. But after a short time, the eyes which had served him so well began to fail in their office ; intense study had injured them to such a degree, that the physician assured him blindness must be the consequence of farther use of that delicate organ, and he found himself obliged to refrain entirely from study. It was a disappointment too bitter for words to describe ; he had pictured to himself the eminence he should attain in his profession ; the comforts he should provide for the dear home-circle, and now to be suddenly cut off from this, was a blight to his fondest hopes. He did not suffer alone ; for what pained one heart in that united family, pained all. Margaret and Annie talked to each other for hours of what might possibly be done for him. The wonderful cures effected by a celebrated oculist in a distant city, had been reported in their village ;—but how to get enough money to meet the expense of the journey and the medical care ? Margaret redoubled her labors, hoping to save enough from their necessity to accomplish it. With her whole heart would Annie have shared the toil ; but she could do very little. All that was saved, and carefully placed in their bureau, they counted again and again ; but it was a slow and scanty gathering, and their hearts sometimes failed in their generous, secret plan.

One evening a German, who had been residing a short time in their village, mentioned, in Margaret's presence, that he was very desirous of procuring sketches of various

fine views in that place to carry to a friend in Hamburg, who retained a warm affection for it, as the spot of his nativity ; that probably nothing would gratify him so much, as thus to recall the scenes of his boyhood's pleasures. He added, he must however give up this design, as he was himself unskilled in the use of the pencil, and could find no artist in the village. Margaret modestly offered to try what she could do ; her drawing lessons in Boston had given her power to sketch faithfully from nature, and she said to herself, " Here will be something more for Robert's box." As Annie wandered with her over the spots where their young feet had bounded so often, she sighed to think the only share she could take in her sister's occupation, was to watch its progress.

The drawings were completed, liberally paid for, and pronounced excellent by the gentleman who had engaged them ; the money was deposited in its destined box, and Margaret went on with her daily work with a new impulse.

But what was her surprise to receive, six weeks after, a letter from Hamburg, from the gentleman to whom the drawings had been carried ; a letter expressing the most enthusiastic delight with the sketches, and unqualified admiration of their execution. Leaving his Massachusetts home when a boy, Mr. G. had resided ever since in Germany, where he had acquired immense wealth. There, a bachelor, amid the complicated cares of active business, living amid the dark walls of warehouses and city streets, his heart had often turned with lingering fondness to the sylvan beauties of his boyhood's home. Flitting fancies of gurgling streams, the old half-ruined mill, the green where he had played foot-ball, and the

little pond, where he had launched his mimic ships in early, careless days, stole ever and anon into the thoughts of the opulent merchant, and seemed like some sweet dream, brightening his daily life. But when the very stream and woods and old familiar spots stood before him, faithfully represented upon the paper, and recalling, with incredible freshness, the haunts of the companions he had loved, and the scenes of his joy with them, the strong man was overcome, and a flood of tears poured over the cheeks which had been deeply furrowed by earthly cares. He wrote in terms of unbounded gratitude to her, who had given him such gratification, and inclosed a draft of 500 dollars, as no more than sufficient compensation for the pleasure he had received. He expressed too his determination to wind up his business concerns in Hamburg, and return to the place of his birth; for those drawings had uttered to him a call he could not resist.

Margarett threw the letter into her mother's lap and, wild with delight, danced about the room, exclaiming, "Now for the journey to New York!" for the sum she was to receive was far beyond what was necessary for that.

With no loss of time, Robert's trunk was prepared, and he on his way to consult the oculist, and place himself under his care. It was a slow and tedious process; but there was no doubt of a cure; with a light and grateful heart, Margarett closed her eyes each night; for she felt she had been allowed by our Father to be the means of procuring for her dear brother this great blessing. When his sight should be restored, he must return again to his professional studies, and she sometimes feared that he

might suffer again in the same way ; but trust in His love who rules all things for the best, calmed all those fears.

He returned after some months to his home and his studies ; at the same time arrived the Hamburg merchant, intending to make his native place his future home. But habit was too strong ; though he found much to charm him, he missed sadly what had passed away ; he asked in vain for his early friends ; most of them had gone to other parts of the country, or to the spirit-land, and he felt alone among the glens and hills of his youthful days. He soon returned to Europe, but not without having formed the most friendly connexion with Mr. Duncan's family. He assured Robert it was too soon for him to study again, and as he was strongly attracted by his manly and ingenuous character, he invited him to journey with him through France and Italy ; and on his return supplied him with funds to continue his studies.

When Robert commenced practice as a lawyer, he placed his first fee in Margaret's hands, saying, " It is yours, my blessed sister ; for to your devoted love I owe all that I can ever be in my profession." And when many years had passed, and the youth and maiden had become the distinguished judge and the honored matron, his voice would tremble and his eye glisten, as he related to his children, what a ministering angel Aunt Margaret had been to him in his day of need.

Poor Annie ! she never, when a child, thought it necessary to fit herself to be a useful woman.

H. E. S.

THE S. S. TEACHER'S BEST TIME FOR PREPARATION.

No one can be a really good teacher without careful and thorough preparation from week to week. The most gifted minds need to prepare themselves by study and meditation each week in order to avoid monotony and that they may give life and spirit to their instructions. For still stronger reasons, teachers with only average or ordinary capacity ought often to replenish their minds with material. No mind has such a fund of inventive genius that it may not be aided by drawing from other sources than its own thoughts. Those teachers who are engaged in engrossing pursuits have need to set apart a particular time each week for the performance of their duty of preparation, and they should let no ordinary pleasures or duties encroach upon the season thus set apart or appropriated to this necessary, excellent and delightful work. Such sentiments as we have been expressing are held by most of those who are practically acquainted with Sabbath school instruction. We are glad that they are, and wish they were felt more deeply and acted upon more faithfully than they are.

There is another condition connected with preparation which is as important as its thoroughness, but which is not, we think, duly regarded. We refer to the **TIME** of the preparation. We are of opinion that the later in the week any given amount of preparatory study is performed the better; and the less time there is intervening between the *studying* of a lesson and the *giving of instructions* upon it the more full, distinct, earnest and interesting those instructions will be. And the reason of this is obvious.

If the studying of the Sunday lesson is the last thing done by the teacher before going to the class its subject is uppermost in the thoughts ; its principles, illustrations and details are familiar and distinctly present to the mind. But if on the other hand four or five days are suffered to pass after the preparatory study of a lesson is performed, before the instructions upon it are given, the duties, cares, thoughts, and labors of those four or five days will have usurped the first place in the teacher's mind. Many of the facts, details, and illustrations, and perhaps some of the principles of the lesson will have been forgotten. Only a general impression of it will remain. It will not be present to the teacher's thoughts in all its fulness of detail. It will not be fresh to him. He cannot speak about it with spirit, with interest, with animation. He will hesitate and falter ; he will speak only in generalities or abstractions and this mode of instruction seldom interests children. If we hear an eloquent lecture or sermon the subject of it for the time deeply impresses our minds. We ponder it and speak of it to those about us. Let a week pass by and the case is changed. The interests, cares and duties of that week have employed our hands and busied our thoughts. The eloquence and fervency of the preacher or the lecturer may not be and probably are not forgotten, but their glowing sentiments which for the time seemed to pervade and take possession of our minds have been superseded by, or buried underneath other more recent impressions, thoughts and experiences. This results from a law of the mind that the things last learned are most distinct and clear in its conceptions and most impressive to its feelings. As in looking at a landscape the near objects are most clearly seen, look larger

in proportion, and are more apt to call forth remark than those more distant, so in the mind's experience those things which are recent, (or near in point of time,) are more clear to its perceptions, more impressive to its feelings, seem comparatively more important, and are more likely to occasion remark than those long past. For example : we meet a friend in the street who has just risen from perusing the ' Advocate of Peace,' or has just heard a speech from Garrison or Gough. No sooner have salutations passed than the friend earnestly or indignantly exclaims, " When will people learn the folly and wickedness of war ?" or " Is n't it abominable that in this country, boasting as she does of her free institutions, there should be one person out of every seven of her whole population held in abject servitude more than seven-fold worse than that from which our patriotic revolutionary fathers delivered us ?" or " What awful perversions of the faculties does strong drink occasion ! How many gifted intellects has it besotted, how many loving hearts has it maddened to more than beastly ferocity ! How many vigorous frames has it laid low in untimely and ignominious graves ! How many happy homes has it ruined ! The earth is black with this sin of intemperance. The blood of its victims crieth from the ground in every corner of the civilized world, and ' there is an ear which heareth the cry.' " Meet that same friend a week afterwards and we might be with him for hours and hear not a word about either of these subjects, for the simple reason that he has since been attending to and interested in other matters and these more recent experiences are uppermost in his thoughts and most distinctly present to his imagination and affections.

If the preparatory study and meditation of the Sunday school teacher is attended to on Saturday night and Sunday morning, and he goes directly afterward to his class, the subject of the lesson is uppermost in his thoughts, and clear to the mind. His feelings are impressed and moved by the subject from the contemplation of which he has just risen. He speaks to his class upon it earnestly and freely. He urges it upon them with the true eloquence of hearty feeling. No hesitations and doubts hurt the effect of his instructions. But if the preparations are made early in the week, four or five days, with all their engrossing cares, duties, and anxieties intervene between the study and the recitation. These experiences will have driven from the mind the facts and principles of the lesson, almost all its particulars will have been forgotten and only its general features and impressions will remain, and no teacher can do justice to himself or to his class who teaches in generalities or abstractions. It is the line upon line upon precept upon precept, that fixes the attention and impresses the minds of children. We have been led to this train of remark from the impression that wrong practice on this point may exist. Some may suppose that if they bestow a given amount of studious labor on a lesson, it is of no importance at what time in the week that study is performed. Or they may think it meritorious to perform this preparatory study early in the week lest if they defer it till later they may be prevented from performing it at all. We approve of teachers giving to the work of preparation a high rank among their duties. But for the reasons to which we have adverted, the later in the week it is done, the better for

all concerned. We have of course no objection to teachers studying both early in the week and late in the week, but if they can do but *one*, we decidedly prefer the latter and later period.

A. C.

THE CARD-HOUSE.

Gentle neighbors, wherefore laugh,
When the wind, like idle chaff,
Blows away my careful pile?—
Is it worth your smile?

You build castles in the air;
Morning sees them tall and fair:
But, when shuts the eye of day,
Tell me, where are they?

Read ye not a lesson here—
Ye who mammon's temples rear?
Know ye not your glories must
Crumble soon to dust?

Gentle neighbors, spare your laugh,
When the wind, like idle chaff,
Blows away my careful pile:—
What build ye the while?

C. T. B.

KNOWLEDGE and power, instead of being a substitute for justice, instead of exalting the oppressor, only deepen his guilt and fill the measure of his sin.

C. FOLLEN.

BE HONEST.

As I was one day walking through Quincy Market in Boston, my attention was suddenly attracted by a scene which I took pleasure in witnessing. Although it is not often my happiness to witness such true honesty displayed, I hope it is by no means uncommon. Two little boys were passing along in the same direction as myself, when they discovered a delicious peach lying in their very path. It was at such a distance from the fruit stalls that it was very evident some purchaser had dropped it. The peach was very tempting, and too many otherwise well disposed boys would have felt justified in devoting it to their own use. But not so with our little friends. Instead of saying to themselves, "it is ours for we found it in the public pathway," they looked about in search of the right owner. At some distance ahead they saw a gentleman carrying a quantity of peaches which he had purchased. He did not know that he had lost any, but the lads supposing the peach which they had found to be his property, hastened to restore it to him. For this service they received his thanks and went their way with contented hearts, for the consciousness of having done right imparts lightness of heart to the doer. How much happier must they have been after receiving the gentleman's thanks for their kindness, than they would have been if they had gone into some bye place and ate their new found prize.

A few days after this occurrence I was passing by this same market-house. Along the outer edge of the side-walk were ranged the wagons of the hard working farmers who had come to the city to dispose of the products of their farms. Much beautiful fruit was there exposed by them for sale. Apples, pears, and peaches in

great variety, enough to tempt the appetite of the most fastidious of the passers by. But how different a scene did I witness here from that which occurred but a few days before within the market-house—several dirty and neglected boys were sauntering about and would go and examine the fruit at this or that wagon whenever a prospect of a successful theft presented itself. I waited not long before one of the boys took up a peach, and, looking a moment to ascertain whether he was observed, started with a quick pace and was soon out of sight. How great the contrast, my young readers, and how forcibly were these scenes impressed upon my memory. Months have passed by, but still they are as fresh as if they had transpired but yesterday. Can you doubt which boy was the happiest?

J. H. A.

THE OLD HERMIT.

A YOUNG man, who had great cause of complaint against another, told an old hermit that he was resolved to be avenged. The good old man did all that he could to dissuade him, but seeing that it was impossible, and the young man persisted in seeking vengeance, he said to him, "At least, my young friend, let us pray together, before you execute your design."

Then he began to pray in this way: "It is no longer necessary, O God, that thou shouldst defend this young man and declare thyself his protector, since he has taken upon himself the right of seeking his own revenge."

The young man fell on his knees before the old hermit, and prayed for pardon for his wicked thought, and declared that he would no longer seek revenge of those who had injured him.

